

POETS OF THE SHIRES

Warwickshire





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WARWICKSHIRE POETS





William Shakespeare

From the Painting by Ford Madox Brown.

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The Poets of the Shires

WARWICKSHIRE POETS

EDITED BY

CHARLES HENRY POOLE, LL.D., *W.E.T. 10*

“*Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti*”

“Here poets, worthy their inspiring god,
And of unblemished life, make their abode”

LONDON

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THE EDITOR OF
"THE POETS OF THE SHIRES"

DEDICATES THIS VOLUME

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF DENBIGH
AND DESMOND

AS A VERY SLIGHT MARK OF RESPECT,

ESTEEM AND AFFECTION

A. D. Shakespeare Day 1914

682-0000

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“ Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy ”—SHAKESPEARE.

PREFACE



WARWICKSHIRE! Stratford! Shakespeare! What poetry encircles these magic words, what emotions do they not stir in the hearts of those who love the English tongue and its literature!

The lovers of Warwickshire, Stratford and Shakespeare are world-spread, for this trinity of words binds all the nations of the earth in sweet harmony to accord praise, love, reverence to each one for the sake of ONE—Shakespeare—the greatest in this triad of names.

Warwickshire is the fairest gem in England's coronet of counties. It contains Stratford, whose heart pulsates the world, for here is the home, retreat and resting-place of Shakespeare. In historical associations it can well hold its own, as also for its picturesque presentments on every side. Its old-world towns of Stratford, Warwick with its castle and its ancient houses, Kenilworth with its historical memories, Coventry, the Bruges of our land, where the very streets remind us of myth and legend, and existing just as they were centuries ago. These are but samples of its ancient towns. Its stately halls and manor-houses, unparalleled for number and antiquity, its quaint villages and its Avon—the loveliest river in England—all known to Shakespeare;

and the inhabitants of this county, even in this twentieth century, using many of the words in their vocabulary of speech which he used and heard in the villages and lanes in the Forest of Arden.

The beauty of this "leafy county" has, without doubt, appealed to all its sons. Its buildings and scenery impelled Sir William Dugdale to write his *Warwickshire*, and perhaps inspired Sir Thomas Malory of Newbold Revel to pen his *Morte d'Arthur*, full of English chivalry and noble deeds.

Edward Cave, the founder of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, was a native of Warwickshire, and during his editorship of this storehouse of antiquarian lore all things of interest appertaining to his county found a resting-place in its pages, and notably a view of Stratford-on-Avon in 1746.

The poets of this shire are nearly all remarkable for their love of their homes in it—Landor loved his Ipsley; Feilding, his Newnham; Lord Leigh, his Stoneleigh, and his granddaughter sighs in one of her poems for her home in the "Northern Isle."

Somerville and Jago, Satchwell and Jordan, follow in their wake; the poets prove that loyalty to home flows over to the village, then to the county and country, and this loyalty will, let us hope, by the influence of poets yet unborn, fill the "welkin" with a wider message given to us at the first Christmas Eve, that nations may learn such a loyal obedience to Christ that there must be "Peace on earth," although this ideal may have been, and alas! still is, forgotten. The record of sanguinary contests, of empires lost and won, may dazzle the

imagination and amuse the fancy, yet it cannot be denied that the gradual advancement of society from barbarism, rudeness and confusion is due mainly to the art of the poet and the professors of it.

Poetry is the first of the finer arts into which uncivilised nations deviate, and the veneration in which they held their bards and minstrels proves the influence they had over their hearts. Orpheus and Amphion, well known in classical legend, were the civilisers of their native countries, who united their countrymen in the bonds of society, softening their uncouth manners and sentiments by the power of their strains.

The poet, then, Orpheus-like, cannot actually communicate his art, but he may soften rugged natures into sympathy. He cannot teach the expression of harmony, but he may awaken the *perception* of it. And the mind so awakened will find

*"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"*

and

*"See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath his feet."*

Poetry will prove a talisman or key to the "Palace of Delight," revealing its hidden treasures, and the nature thereof, until "a primrose by a river's brim" will become grand, beautiful, wonderful, sublime, which, until *perception*, was simply "a yellow primrose and it was nothing more."

*"The soul of poesy still lives ! still breathes
 Its melodies to gentle hearts, and wreathes
 For them its fairy flowers ; still hath its spell
 The power to wake the lovely things that dwell,
 Unseen, around us in the mystic air,
 Yea, even as Music liveth ever there !
 Though silent oft the spirit-voice must be,
 Till, with a trembling hand, man sets it free ;
 By genius, almost divinely, taught
 To vocalise his heart's unworded thought."*

Poetry is embodied in the name of Shakespeare, but the biography of his life is a life's study, and I have neither time nor space in this volume, nor inclination, nor even learning to add aught to *conjectures* made by the learned on the poet's life-history, but I have given so much of his poetry, that it will show "he led a life of allegory ; his works are the comments on it" ; and, in the words of William Hazlitt, I have preferred to try "to know the force of human genius by reading Shakespeare, and to see the insignificance of human learning by studying his commentators." "Shakespeare," writes W. S. Landor, "is not our poet, but the world's. Therefore on him no speech !" Strongest minds are often those of whom we know the least, hence little is known of him, as was the case with Homer and others. He was born at Stratford, 1564. Married Ann Hathaway, 1582. Retired to Stratford, where at New Place he wrote his *Tempest*, perhaps the most beautiful of his plays. Died in 1616, and the flattering words on his monument the centuries have not yet reversed. Born : Married : Died :

such is the epitaph of most of the sons of men, and to supply the hiatus between these events would be difficult in the case of most. Shakespeare's dates, however, refuse to be dry, for it has been observed that his birth and death day happened on St George's Day—23rd April—the former in 1564 and the latter in 1616. His birth year was in the reign of Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors; his death year in the reign of the first of the Stuarts.

The Shakespearean extracts will be ushered into the presence of my readers by a poet who was, at the time the verses were written, perhaps the youngest who ever wrote a line in praise of Shakespeare. This poem, to a cultured mind, will recall the language and delicacy of some of the Elizabethans. It shows a reverential attitude towards OUR NATIONAL POET, and this attitude must be taken by all Shakespeare's lovers and friends! Mr Orde Ward—the "Poet Laureate of Sussex"—sings of Shakespeare's Art.

The frontispiece to this volume seems to demand a line or two of explanation. It is here produced by the courtesy of the Art Gallery Committee of the Manchester Corporation, and is their copyright. The portraits of Shakespeare are all too inferior as works of art to give any conception of what manner of man he was. Poets have in their imaginative mood painted him, "with pointed beard," passing "by London Bridge—his frequent way," or when at the Mermaid, "reclining easeful in his leathern chair, in russet doublet, bearded and benign," sitting apart, "weaving—who knows?—what wondrous woof of song, what other Hamlet from the shifting throng."

His "pale-plain-favoured face, the smile whereof is beautiful; the eyes, grey, changeful, bright, low-lidded now, and luminous as love; anon soul searching, ominous as night, seer-like, inscrutable, revealing deeps wherein a mighty spirit wakes or sleeps."

None of the portraits supposed to be his answer to the conceptions of him in any degree, with the exception of the bust in Stratford Church. The Droeshout, supposed to be the original of the plate engraved for the First Folio, is, of course, interesting, but a poor performance as a work of art. The Stratford portrait, framed in the wood once forming part of the structure of Shakespeare's house, is little better. The Chandos—so named from its former owner, the Duke of Chandos—differing from the two others in being the representation of an "amiable person," earringed!

It was left to Ford Madox Brown to supply a portrait of our national poet from the study of the traits in which the best-vouched portraits agree, as also those which seemed to be most likely true to fact. The picture was painted in 1850.

There is a caustic saying of Dr Parr's on record, that Warwickshire produced Shakespeare and became effete. I trust that this volume will, in the opinion of readers and critics, prove the fallacy of this remark of the almost forgotten learned eccentric of the eighteenth century. One of the poets of this shire certainly had his revenge in sketching his foibles, as can be read at page 185. Michael Drayton, Sir Fulke Greville, John Marston,

Sir Thomas Overbury, the Earl of Bristol, Sir Henry Goodyer, the two Landors, Lord Leigh, C. J. Feilding, Charles Lloyd, George Eliot, together with the sweet singers of our own days who are happily with us, prove that the " Spirit of Poesy " is not either effete or dead in Warwickshire. Its charm has even drawn many poets of other shires to dwell within its confines and accord it their praise, notably Joseph Addison, T. Warton, and, at the present day, Mr Norman Gale, a native of Surrey. The latter's praise of Warwickshire is that of a true devotee, and in its lanes he dreams of the presence of Shakespeare, and in listening to the songs of its birds he feels that

*" The bough
Is bending with immortals now,
And gods go large in Warwickshire ! "*

Laurence Hart, who was born in Staffordshire but lived much in Warwickshire, shows a poetic spirit of lasting affection when he exclaims, in his beautiful little poem to *Birdingbury* :

*" Dear spot ! Remembrance holds thee yet,
So warm and close, thy pencilled name,
Floods all my thoughts, desire, and aim,
As with a rain of wild regret ;
I should but give my love to shame,
Could I forget."*

Any editor of anthological works must, while endeavouring to gratify the various tastes of his

readers, occasionally feel a considerable degree of embarrassment, and in his moments of hesitation will be tempted to exclaim with Tibullus :

“ Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, iubet alter.”

I have to state that in reference to the poets or their poems that I have, as I did in editing *The Treasury of Bird Poems*, followed the Horatian dictum, “ Not to swear allegiance to any master,” without being magisterial. The poets I have assigned to the counties of their birth, and in the case of some members of the peerage to the county containing the family seat.

As to the selections of poems I have been mainly guided by the able contributors, who have, by their kindly suggestions and warm encouragement, rendered my somewhat arduous task pleasant and lightsome. To them—one and all—I offer my heartfelt gratitude and thanks for their efforts to aid me in so great an undertaking as the editing of such a projected series as *The Poets of the Shires*.

As I cannot claim for this work exhaustiveness or freedom from errors, either of serious omission in the list of poets, or unwilful commissions in other respects, readers will do me a favour if they will communicate with me, so that, if necessary, these defects may be rectified in a supplementary volume.

Lastly, if, by recalling the attention of any to this part of learning—enshrining and resetting the scattered gems of poetic genius—I may earn Dr Johnson’s encomium, that one who does so “ may

be truly said to advance the literature of his own age," I shall be well rewarded.

Pliny tells us that "No man's abilities are so remarkably shining as not to stand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world." I therefore trust this first volume of *The Poets of the Shires* will meet with a favourable reception—for I, too, can say with Shakespeare,

"In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends."

C. H. POOLE.

SHAKESPEARE—THE LIGHT OF POESY

He was not of an age, but for all time.

Ben Jonson.

*In poetry there is but one supreme,
Though there are many angels round his throne,
Mighty and beauteous, while his face is hid.*

W. S. Landor.

DARE I approach to offer thee my praise ?
Since mighty voices drown the utterance
Of those who seek to pay thy due in speech ;
For every man who ever hand did raise
To grasp a pen and set his thoughts a-dance
Owes such a debt to thee, who trod the way
Of every thought, that no man can repay,
Since Jonson's voice shook forth, and spoke what
each
Proud silver tongue did vainly strive to say,
Yet failed !
Their minds forever sought fit words—yet failed—
To render thanks to thee by night, by day,
For when the lips would speak, thought fled away,
Or in thy glory paled,
And failed !

Yet, though they failed, some lesser tribute sprang
From eager hearts ; for merely one fleet thought
Of thee tunes every sense to harmony,

Raising all those who of thy greatness sang
To heights of poesy—one touch they caught
And wove it in their song ! Still, once I feared
In dreams thy lordly shade took shape ; appeared
To me and spoke, saying “ If verily
I am what thou deem’st, why hast thou neared
With praise,
Who art not worthy thus to give me praise ? ”
Yet rang an all-wise sympathy, that cheered,
In thy clear voice, denying words that reared
A doubt of all man says
In praise !

For so it seemed that thy great spirit took
The smallest thought of those who sought in song
To render praise, and cast a glory o’er
The halting words confined within a book,
Till they became one pæan, pure and strong ;
Though heard not oft, it rings aloud through space
Hanging above that spot which thou didst grace—
Fair Stratford ! Yea, is heard for evermore
A murmur there, our listening hearts can trace—
Thy voice !

Its sweetness from high Heaven came—thy voice.
Remembering this all thoughts the tongue outpace,
Which, faltering, sinks to silence. True solace,
This charm makes all rejoice—
Thy voice !

R. M. INGERSLEY.

GEMS FROM THE PLAYS, SONNETS, AND SONGS OF SHAKESPEARE

PROSPERO'S ADIEU TO MAGIC

"The Tempest" Act V. Sc. 1

YE elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt ; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar : graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

THE ART OF WOOING

"Two Gentlemen of Verona" Act III. Sc. 1

A WOMAN sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away !"
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN

"Measure for Measure" Act III. Sc. 1

AY, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;

This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

HEADSTRONG LIBERTY

“ The Comedy of Errors ” Act II. Sc. I

WHY, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls :
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

“ I KNOW A BANK WHEREON THE WILD
THYME BLOWS ”

“ *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* ” Act II. Sc. 2

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

THE POET

“ *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* ” Act V. Sc. 1

LOVERS and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven ;
And as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

MERCY

“ The Merchant of Venice ” Act IV. Sc. I

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

MOONLIGHT

"The Merchant of Venice" Act V. Sc. 1

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

ADVERSITY

"As You Like It" Act II. Sc. 1

SWEET are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life exempt from public haunt
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

"As You Like It" Act II. Sc. 7

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :

They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

WOMEN'S DUTY

" Taming of the Shrew " Act V. Sc. 2

THY husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience ;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

UNSPOKEN LOVE

“ Twelfth Night ” Act II. Sc. 4

SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more : but indeed
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

ILL DEEDS

“ King John ” Act IV. Sc. 2

O, WHEN the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

PATRIOTISM

“ *King Richard II.*” *Act II. Sc. 1*

METHINKS I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him :
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death !

SLEEPLESSNESS

" King Henry IV." Part II. Act III. Sc. 1

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

BEFORE HARFLEUR

" King Henry V." Act III. Sc. 1

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument :
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry " God for Harry, England, and Saint George ! "

BEFORE AGINCOURT

“ *King Henry V.*” Act IV. Sc. 1

O GOD of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts ;
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown !
I Richard's body have interred new ;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood :
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

A KING'S WISH

“ *King Henry V.*” Act IV. Sc. 3

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say " To-morrow is Saint Crispian " :
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say " These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day : then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

JOAN OF ARC'S ORIGIN

" King Henry VI." Part I. Act I. Sc. 2

DAUPHIN, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate :
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation

And free my country from calamity :
 Her aid she promised and assured success :
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infused on me
 That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated :
 My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

A SON'S LAMENT

" King Henry VI." Part II. Act V. Sc. 2

Enter young CLIFFORD.

SHAME and confusion ! all is on the rout ;
 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance ! Let no soldier fly.
 He that is truly dedicate to war
 Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
 Hath not essentially but by circumstance
 The name of valour. [*Sceing his dead father*] O, let
 the vile world end,
 And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together !
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease ! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle ? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares ;
No more will I their babes : tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity :
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did :
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house :
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[Exit, bearing off his father.]

A SOLILOQUY

" King Henry VI." Part III. Act II. Sc. 5

THIS battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;

So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

DEFORMITY

“ Richard III.” Act I. Sc. 1

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monument

Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
 And descant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

THE UNITING OF THE ROSES

" King Richard III." Act V. Sc. 4

INTER their bodies as becomes their births :
 Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us :
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :
That she may long live here, God say amen !

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL

" King Henry VIII." Act III. Sc. 2

FAREWELL ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

WOLSEY'S DEATH

" King Henry VIII." Act IV. Sc. 2

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him ;
To whom he gave these words, " O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;

Give him a little earth for charity ! ”
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still : and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

WOLSEY'S CHARACTER

“ *King Henry VIII.*” *Act IV. Sc. 2*

THIS cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;

For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

TIME

“ Troilus and Cressida ” Act III. Sc. 3

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingritudes :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue : if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost ;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do in
present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours ;

For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

A FAREWELL

" Coriolanus " Act IV. Sc. 1

COME, leave your tears : a brief farewell : the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage ? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating ; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning : you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

QUEEN MAB

"Romeo and Juliet" Act I. Sc. 4

O, THEN, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid ;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are :
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again.

FANTASY

" Romeo and Juliet " Act I. Sc. 4

TRUE, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

VANITY OF GLORY

" Timon of Athens " Act IV. Sc. 2

O, THE fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who would be so mock'd with glory ? or to live

But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again ?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions.

BRAVERY

" Julius Cæsar " Act I. Sc. 2

FOR once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me " Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? " Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried " Help me, Cassius, or I sink ! "
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

IRONIC PERSUASION

“ Julius Cæsar ” Act III. Sc. 2

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?
O judgement : thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

INGRATITUDE

From the same

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii :
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

A NOBLE ROMAN

" Julius Cæsar " Act V. Sc. 5

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world " This was a man ! "

THE THREE WITCHES

" *Macbeth* " Act I. Sc. 1

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place ?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin !

Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair :
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

THE DAGGER SCENE

" *Macbeth* " Act II. Sc. 1

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest ; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing :
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives :
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*]
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SLEEP

“ Macbeth ” Act II. Sc. 2

METHOUGHT, I heard a voice cry, “ Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep,” the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell’d sleave of care,
The death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,
Chief nourisher in life’s feast.

POLONIUS’ ADVICE TO HIS SON

“ Hamlet ” Act I. Sc. 3

AND these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion’d thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch’d, unfledg’d comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear ’t that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express’d in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;

And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all—to thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

HAMLET'S FATHER'S GHOST

“ Hamlet ” Act I. Sc. 5

I AM thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine ;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

" Hamlet " Act III. Sc. I

To be, or not to be—that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?—To die—to sleep—
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

WISDOM AND GOODNESS COMPARED

" King Lear " Act IV. Sc. 2

WISDOM and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done ?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would
lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited !
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

PERSPECTIVES

" King Lear " Act IV. Sc. 6

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles : half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

LOVE RECIPROCATED

" Othello " Act I. Sc. 3

HER father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history :
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence :
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man ; she thank'd
 me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

" Antony and Cleopatra " Act II. Sc. 2

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were
silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

TIME THE KING OF MEN

" Pericles " Act II. Sc. 3

YON king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was ;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence ;
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,

Did veil their crowns to his supremacy :
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light :
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men,
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

SONNETS

II

WHEN forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer " This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine !
 This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy ?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee : “ thou single wilt prove none.”

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
O fearful meditation ! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

CV

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 " Fair, kind, and true " is all my argument,
 " Fair, kind, and true " varying to other words ;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 " Fair, kind, and true," have often lived alone,
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXV

Were 't ought to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent ?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

SONGS

LOVE IN SPRING

"As You Like It" Act V. Sc. 3

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

THE OWL

" Love's Labour's Lost " Act V. Sc. 2

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit ;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit ;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GODS

" The Tempest " Act IV. Sc. 1

HONOUR, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres blessing so is on you.

“ WHO IS SILVIA ? ”

“ *Two Gentlemen of Verona* ” Act IV. Sc. 2

Who is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair and wise is she ;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

“ SIGH NO MORE, LADIES ”

“ *Much Ado About Nothing* ” Act II. Sc. 3

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy :
Then sigh not so, etc.

DRINKING SONG

“ *Antony and Cleopatra* ” Act II. Sc. 2

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne !
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd :
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round !

"AN EXCELLENT SONG"

"Othello" Act II. Sc. 3

AND let me the canakin clink, clink ;
And let me the canakin clink :
A soldier 's a man ;
A life's but a span ;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

WILLOW SONG

"Othello" Act IV. Sc. 3

THE poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans ;
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;
Sing willow, willow, willow :
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

ORPHEUS AND HIS LUTE

"King Henry VIII." Act II. Sc. 4

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :

To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

OPHELIA'S SONG

" Hamlet " Act IV. Sc. 5

AND will he not come again ?
And will he not come again ?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll :
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan :
God ha' mercy on his soul !

DIRGE

"Cymbeline" Act IV. Sc. 2

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

THE JOLLY SHEPHERD

“ *King Lear* ” Act III. Sc. 6

SLEEPEST or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?
Thy sheep be in the corn ;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

“ THE RAIN IT RAINETH ”

“ *Twelfth Night* ” Act V. Sc. 5

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man’s estate,
With hey, ho, etc.
’Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, etc.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, etc.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, etc.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, etc.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, etc.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, etc.
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

THE SONG OF THE FAIRIES

From "Midsummer-Night's Dream" Act II. Sc. 2

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here.
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

SHAKESPEARE'S ART

Nor for a single time or race he wrought,
Our Shakespeare and the world's, who from his
throne

Flashed the clear lightnings of his cosmic thought
That shaped the human mind to fairer forms ;
Mingled with all, and standing calm in storms,
But still aloft, alone.

And those that are the nearest to him now
Have looked within the wise magician's face,
And caught some reflex from that royal brow,
Learning to live, in knowing how to die ;
And yet, beneath his awful shadow, lie
The kingdoms in his grace.

O none but he could wield that mighty wand
Which called creations out of night to birth,
And ruled this life and wrung from that beyond
Its final secret with the master's touch ;
Because he loved so, and his faith was such
It made new heavens and earth.

For he it was, this Prospero, that drew
Aside its awful veil from Nature's deeps,
And read the riddle which is old and new ;
To show the glory at the heart of things,
The universe that childlike plays and sings
And on God's Bosom sleeps.

He crossed the gulf unto the farther shore,
With eyes undazzled and unfaltering feet ;
He spake what all the world had dreamed before
But none had bodied forth, and trod the shrine
Which is at once the earthly and Divine,
As though his native street.

The great doors opened, to their rightful lord—
Where'er he knocked, whene'er they knew his will—
Their bounds and barriers of their own accord ;
They knelt to him and breathed the beauty out
Which healed all time of darkness and of doubt,
And they are open still.

Thence comes it that the lands have brighter flowers
And yon blue roses roof even angry skies,
Because he blessed and made them doubly ours ;
And, while he babbled of green country fields,
Poured on them (as on broken hearts and shields)
The rich humanities.

He took our loves and laughters and the spoils
Of ages, 'daring deeds and golden guile,
To mould a perfect life of tears and toils ;
And drawing from his sacred fountains men
Retuned, refashioned, from his cosmic ken
Shall ever weep and smile.

F. W. ORDE WARD.



FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROKE

From the original in the collection of The Right Honourable Lord Willoughby De Broke.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE

FIRST LORD BROOKE



SIR FULKE GREVILLE was of illustrious descent. His father, after whom he was called, came of the Beauchamps of Powick and the de Brookes. His mother was Anne, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland. He was their only son, born in 1554. He and Sir Philip Sidney were born in the same year, and were kinsmen and schoolfellows; both were entered on the same day at Shrewsbury School, in 1564, the year of Shakespeare's birth. The Records of our ancient schools often give us many interesting exhibitions of humanity and sentiment, for "Phillipe Sidney," after leaving school, came back to visit it, in 1573. His father, the "Lord P'sident" of the Welsh Marches, came with him, and the School spent on its distinguished alumnus—still its crowning glory, "7s. 2d. on wine, and cakes, and other things." Fulke Greville seems to have left Shrewsbury for Oxford at the age of sixteen, but later migrated to Cambridge and matriculated at Jesus College, as a fellow-commoner, 20th May 1568.

After his academical studies were over in England, he went to the Continent, and on his return was introduced at Court under the ægis of Sir Henry Sidney and Walsingham. He disappointed them somewhat, for he did not quite agree with the methods employed at that period in the attaining of preferments, deeming that they should be given rather on the score of merit than of

influence. Accordingly, as many of his schemes which he projected were frustrated by the Queen, he settled down to a courtier's life of enjoyment and pleasure, and in his hours of leisure devoted himself to literature and became its patron, so much so, that he founded an historical lectureship at Cambridge, and also encouraged Speed, the rival of Stow and D'Avenant, to pursue his antiquarian studies. Sir Edward Dyer was a close friend of Sidney and Greville, the three forming a fine triumvirate.

In 1597 Greville, the " guarded favourite " of Elizabeth, was knighted, and in the last year of her reign she bestowed on him an estate—Wedgenock, which had come to the Crown on the attainder of the Dudleys. He assisted at the coronation of James I., and was created Knight of the Bath, and had conferred on him the castle of Warwick, then in ruins and used as a county jail. He spent twenty thousand pounds, and made it, as Dugdale, the illustrious Warwickshire historian, states, so " that no place in the Midlands can compare with it in stateliness and delight." In 1620 he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Brooke of Beauchamp's Court, and so became, as Mr Nowell Smith tells us, " conspicuously one of the new nobility, which built its fortunes, its Warwick castles and Beauchamp's-courts out of the ruins of the Mediæval baronage and the Mediæval Church."

In the following year after his elevation to the peerage, he resigned his ministerial offices, including the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, for which he had received forty pounds a year. He, however, retained the office of a Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber until his seventy-fourth year, when he was assassinated by Ralph Haywood, at Brooke House, in Holborn, in 1628. He was buried with much solemnity in an octagonal room, once the chapter-house of the Collegiate Church of

St Mary's, Warwick, in a tomb of black and white marble, which he had constructed in his lifetime. The inscription reads :

" Folke Grevill

*Servant to Queene Elizabeth, Concellor to King James
Frend to Sir Philip Sidney. Trophæum Peccati."*

Sir Fulke Greville, first Lord Brooke, has gained immortality by the life of his friend, schoolfellow, and kinsman. He may be called the "Boswell" of the Elizabethan age. His prose is ornate ; his poetry didactic and his sonnets unlike any other sonnets of his own times. His *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* ; *A Letter to an Honourable Lady* ; *A Letter on Travel* (written for his cousin Grevill Varney, whom he had adopted as his heir), are good specimens of his prose. His poetical works, most of which were published about five years after his death, were *Cælica*, a collection of one hundred and nine songs and sonnets, some of them of great length ; *A Treatise of Humane Learning* ; *An Inquisition of Fame and Honour* ; *A Treatise of Wars* ; and in 1670 appeared his *Remains*, being Poems of Monarchy and Religion, printed for the first time. His two tragedies *Alaham* and *Mustapha*, founded on the model of the ancient drama, treat of political science.

C. H. POOLE.

LAMENT FOR SIDNEY

From " Phœnix Nest "

SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lov'd and lost, the
wonder of our age,

Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost
ere now,
Enrag'd I write, I know not what ; dead, quick, I
know not how.

Hard-hearted minds relent, and Rigour's tears
abound,
And Envy strangely rues his end, in whom no fault
she found ;
Knowledge his light hath lost, Valour hath slain her
knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's
delight.

Place pensive wails his fall, whose presence was her
pride,
Time crieth out, my ebb is come : his life was my
spring tide,
Fame mourns in that she lost, the ground of her
reports,
Each living wight laments his lack, and all in sundry
sorts.

He was—woe worth that word—to each well-thinking
mind,
A spotless friend, a matchless man, whose virtue ever
shined,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he
writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest
works of wit.

He only like himself, was second unto none,
Where death—though life—we rue, and wrong, and
all in vain do moan ;
Their loss, not him wail they, that fill the world with
cries,
Death slew not him, but he made death his ladder
to the skies.

Now sink of sorrow I, who live, the more the wrong,
Who wishing Death, whom death denies, whose
thread is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no relief,
Must spend my ever-dying days, in never-ending
grief.

Heart's ease and only I, like parallels, run on,
Whose equal length, keep equal breadth, and never
meet in one,
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrows'
cell,
Shall not run out, though leak they will, for liking
him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreams,
Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy, eclipsèd are thy
beams,
Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts, which quietness
brings forth,
And farewell, friendship's sacred league, uniting
minds of worth.

And farewell, merry heart, the gift of guiltless minds,
And all sports, which for lives restore, variety assigns,
Let all that sweet is, void ! in me no mirth may
 dwell,
Philip, the cause of all this woe, my life's content,
 farewell.

Now rhyme, the son of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endless grief, which deads my life, yet knows not
 how to kill,
Go seek that hapless tomb, which if ye hap to find,
Salute the stones, that keep the limbs, that held so
 good a mind.

EYES

From " Cælica "

You little stars that live in skies,
And glory in Apollo's glory ;
In whose aspects conjoinèd lies,
The heaven's will and Nature's story,
Joy to be likened to those eyes :
Which eyes make all eyes glad or sorry ;
 For when you force thoughts from above,
 These over-rule your force by love.

And thou, O Love, which in these eyes
Hast married Reason with Affection,
And made them saints of Beauty's skies,
Where joys are shadows of perfection ;

Lend me thy wings that I may rise
Up not by worth but thy election ;
For I have vowed in strangest fashion,
To love, and never seek compassion.

TO HIS LADY-LOVE

From " Calica "

LOVE, the delight of all well-thinking minds ;
Delight, the fruit of virtue dearly lov'd ;
Virtue, the highest good, that Reason finds ;
Reason, the fire wherein men's thoughts be prov'd ;
Are from the world by Nature's power bereft,
And in one creature, for her glory, left.

Beauty, her cover is, the eye's true pleasure ;
In Honour's fame she lives, the ear's sweet music ;
Excess of wonder grows from her true measure ;
Her worth is Passion's wound, and Passion's physic ;
From her true heart, clear springs of wisdom flow,
Which imag'd in her words and deeds, men know.

Time fain would stay, that she might never leave her ;
Place doth rejoice, that she must needs contain her ;
Death craves of Heaven, that she may not bereave
her ;
The heavens know their own, and do maintain her ;
Delight, Love, Reason, Virtue, let it be,
To set all women light, but only she.

A CHORUS OF PRIESTS

From " Mustapha "

O WEARISOME condition of Humanity !
Borne under one law, to another, bound :
Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
Created sick, commanded to be sound :
What meaneth Nature by these divers laws ?
Passion and reason, self-division cause :
Is it the mark, or majesty of Power
To make offences that it may forgive :
Nature herself, doth her own self deflower,
To hate those errors, she herself doth give.
For how should man think that he may not do
If Nature did not fail and punish too ?
Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
Only commands things difficult and hard.
Forbids us all things, which it knows we lust,
Makes easy pains, impossible reward.
If Nature did not take delight in blood,
She would have made more easy ways to good.
We that are bound by vows, and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To preach belief in God and stir devotion,
To preach of Heaven's wonders and delights :
Yet when each of us in his own heart looks,
He finds the God there, far unlike his books.

KNOWLEDGE

From " Humane Learning "

THE mind of man is this world's dimension,
And knowledge is the measure of the mind ;
And as the mind, in her vast comprehension,
Contains more worlds than all the world can find :
 So knowledge doth itself far more extend,
 Than all the minds of men can comprehend.

A climbing height it is without a head ;
Depth without bottom, way without an end ;
A circle with no line environèd ;
Not comprehended, all it comprehends ;
 Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind,
 Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.

For our defects in nature who sees not ?
We enter first, *things present* not conceiving,
Not knowing future, what is past forgot ;
All other creatures instant power receiving
 To help themselves : man only bringeth sense
 To feel and wail his native impotence.

RICHARD HATHWAY



HERE and there among the half-forgotten dramatists of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries is found the name of Richard Hathway. Writing, struggling for fame, collaborating with each other and often quarrelling, fraternising at obscure, quaint old London taverns, leading a strange, uncertain life, a glamour is over them all. And among them the name of Hathway should find an echo in the hearts of those who love Warwickshire, for Shakespeare's sake, for it seems more than probable that Richard Hathway or Hathaway was born in Warwickshire of the Shottery family, from which came Anne, the wife of Shakespeare. Hathway, living about 1600, was no doubt well acquainted with the great dramatist and his family, but most matters in connection with him are conjecture.

Some among his contemporaries thought him an excellent writer of comedies, but none of his plays is known to be in existence, except *The first part of the True and Honourable Historie of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the Good Lord Cobham*, written by Hathway, Drayton, Anthony Munday and Robert Wilson, though it has been wrongly attributed to other hands. This was successfully acted in 1599 at the Rose Theatre, Henslowe being the manager, upon whom Hathway was at one time dependent. The four dramatists received from him the sum of ten pounds through Thomas Downton for the complete play, though Part II. seems never to have been published. The first part was printed in 1600, once anonymously and once under the name of Shakespeare.

Presuming Hathway to have been related to Shakespeare, may it not have been this poet's idea in the first place to use the great dramatist's name, with or without his knowledge? Among others with whom he collaborated were Dekker, Chettle, Day, Haughton, Rankins and Wentworth Smith. In 1600, also, Hathway had verses prefixed to *Belvedere, or Garden of the Muses*, an anthology by John Bodenham.

The story of *Sir John Oldcastle*, which is of some merit in parts, is of course taken from the life of that nobleman, who flourished in the fourteenth century, and who, though since reputed faint-hearted, was warrior enough to take part in the suppression of the Welsh, and other expeditions, but died on the scaffold in a barbarous manner for his rebellious assistance of Lollard preachers. The character of Falstaff is supposed to have been a representation of him. *Sir John Oldcastle* is known more on account of being attributed to Shakespeare than for any other reason. It would be nearly impossible to say which of the four authors wrote the lines here given.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

PRAISE IN ADVERSITY

From "Sir John Oldcastle" Act V. Sc. 9

PRAISE be to Him whose plenty sends both this
And all things else our mortal bodies need !
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
We now are in ; for what is it on earth,
Nay under heaven, continues at a stay ?
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflow'd ?
Follows not darkness, when the day is gone ?

And see we not sometimes the eye of heaven
Dimm'd with o'erflying clouds? There's not that
work

Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin.

WISHED-FOR SLEEP

From " Sir John Oldcastle " Act V. Sc. 9

I WOULD I had the skill, with tuned voice,
To draw on sleep with some sweet melody.
But imperfection, and unaptness too,
Are both repugnant : fear inserts the one ;
The other nature hath denied me use.
But what talk I of means to purchase that
Is freely happen'd ? Sleep with gentle hand
Hath shut his eyelids. O victorious labour,
How soon thy power can charm the body's sense !
And now thou likewise climb'st unto my brain,
Making my heavy temples stoop to thee.
Great God of heaven, from danger keep us free !

THOMAS GREENE



ON the tomb of Sir Fulke Greville is engraved that he was the "friend of Sir Philip Sidney." To his mind this was the worthiest thing that could be recorded of him. So it must be remembered of Thomas Greene, born at Stratford-upon-Avon, that he was the friend of Shakespeare, a proud title to possess, though some claim for him a relationship.

In *A Poet's Vision and a Prince's Glory*, Greene writes :

*" I prattled poesie in my nurse's arms,
And, born where late our swan of Avon sung,
In Avon's streams we both of us have lav'd,
And both came out together."*

In our poet's youth, companies of strolling players occasionally visited Stratford, and no doubt these played upon his fancy, so that he decided to make his way to London, even in those days the resort for adventurous genius, and seek employment on the stage, an example followed by Shakespeare, whom he seems to have introduced to the theatre. Several actors were natives of Stratford, though whether Burbage was one of these is uncertain. Greene made a name for himself, and Thomas Heywood so admired his style that he wrote : " There was not an actor of his nature, in his time, of better ability in the performance of what he undertook, more applauded by the audience, of greater grace at the Court, or of more general love in the City." A play, *The City Gallant*, was

renamed *Greene's Tu Quoque* by the author, John Cook, out of compliment to his acting therein.

There are some verses by Greene prefixed to Drayton's poems, 1613, and he wrote the play, *A Poet's Vision and a Prince's Glory*, 1603. This piece has sometimes been wrongly attributed to Robert Greene, who, though an infinitely greater writer than Thomas, was, unlike him, no friend of Shakespeare.

Thomas Greene, actor and dramatist, might be described in the words of Sir Thomas Overbury in his *Character of an Excellent Actor*: "He adds grace to the poet's labours; for what in the poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music."

R. M. INGERSLEY.

ON THE ACCESSION OF JAMES I

From "A Poet's Vision and a Prince's Glory"

BUT now, O ever blest, eternal sweet !
The laurel and a triple crown doth meet,
Now cometh in our long-detainèd Spring,
Reducèd back by a victorious King,
Whose triple crown, to all more glorious praise,
Is triply crownèd with a triple bays,
Which is the richest crown a King can have ;
It keeps him from oblivion of the grave,
Where, after some expense of running time,
Upon whose back doth dissolution climb,
His other crown, that gilded but the eye,
Will quickly fade, when fadeth majesty,

But this, so long as Heaven lends a breath,
Shall freshly spring in spite of fate and death.
To be a Prince it is an honoured thing,
Yet every poet to himself's a king.
But where in one they both commixèd be,
He then is equal to a deity.

MICHAEL DRAYTON



NUNEATON with its district is rich not only in historical but also literary associations: the town's ancient abbey; historic Atherstone; Astley, the home of queens; Mancetter, known to the Romans as Manduessedum; the elevated camp of Oldbury; Fenny Drayton, the birthplace of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, and Weston Hall, once the home and abode of the de Bary and Hayward families; but more interesting than these historical associations are the literary ones connected with the "Drayton and George Eliot Country," whose key is Nuneaton—the Milby of the latter writer.

The poets of our county seem to take a delight in selecting for the purpose of illustrating their immortal works, scenes and facts tinged with their own native surroundings—Shakespeare sings of his Warwickshire Arden; Drayton, Somerville, Jago, Lord Leigh and others do the like.

Prose and poetry seem then wedded to pay their tribute of love to this county whose loveliness has given them inspiration.

Michael Drayton was born at Hartshill, one year before Shakespeare. Hartshill is in the parish of Mancetter, about three miles from Nuneaton. His birth-house was discovered about sixty years ago.

Hartshill is built on an undulating plateau, with an extensive view over a fine and richly cultivated tract of country, so that the "Peak," and the high ground around Weedon in the neighbouring county of North-



S Harding del^t

R Clomp sculpt

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

ampton, are clearly seen. These surroundings find a place in our poet's voluminous *Poly-Olbion*.

Michael Drayton as a boy served in the Goodyere family as a "proper page," and at Polesworth Abbey, their seat, he studied with Sir Henry Goodyere's uncle, also of the same name. The younger Sir Henry, although he had "the vision and the faculty divine," has left us only a few courtly fragments of verse.

As a young man, probably loving Sir Henry's sister-in-law and cousin, he was influenced to produce his *Idea*. Her marriage with Sir Henry Rainsford gave us the sonnet *Since there is no help—come let us kiss and part*. The *Idea*, published in 1593, was moulded on Spenser's *Calendar*. Readers of Drayton's lyrics will perceive by his beautiful "daffadil" poem, that his flight of song was acquired by many "essays" in the lyric realms.

Drayton, like his great contemporary and master, Shakespeare, was a patriot, as is seen in his *England's Heroicall Epistles*, published in 1597, yet the work brought him little favour at Court, nor did his elaborate panegyric on James' accession in 1603. He then became an esquire to Sir W. Aston, of Tixall, in Staffordshire, by whose patronage in 1606 he was enabled to publish his poems—lyrical and pastoral—*Odes and Eglogs*. In them may be found his *Agincourt*, a ballad imitated by many poets, and notably by Heywood and Tennyson.

It is interesting to record here that at the end of the ballad just mentioned are found his Elegies, one of which—an apostrophe to Shakespeare—he inscribes to his "most dearly loved friend, Henery Reynolds, Esquire, of Poets and Poesie."

"*Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
As any one that trafick'd with the stage.*"

This praise of Shakespeare seems to show us that Drayton had no great liking for the drama when it is compared with that he bestowed on Spenser.

The great work of Drayton's life was his *Poly-Olbion*. He spent twenty years in its composition. It is, indeed, a noble one of eighteen songs or cantos. It is a wonderful monument to patient research and industry!

The extract which is given from his thirteenth song will please every lover of birds and sports, as the poet saw them in his beloved county, and more especially in the Forest of Arden—that forest immortalised by Shakespeare. It is striking to notice the scope of Drayton's powers as exemplified by the contrast of fact in his *Poly-Olbion*, and the most fanciful fairy poetry in *Nymphidia*, the connecting link seeming to be the constant glimpse of legendary lore in the former.

After publishing other minor works, including the quaint and amusing fairy tale—the *Nymphidia*, he died in Fleet Street, 1631, and was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. Ben Jonson is supposed to have written his epitaph.

Our poet was of unblemished character. Francis Meres compares him to the Roman Flaccus, as a man regarded by his contemporaries as "Good." He was of "vertuous disposition, honest conversation, and well-governed carriage."

Drayton was singular in his friendships, and among his friends was found Henry Reynolds, of whom mention has been made, and of whose friendship our poet has left in a verse-epistle a striking picture:

"My dearly lovèd friend, how oft have we
In winter evenings, meaning to be free,
To some well-chosen place used to retire,
And there, with moderate meat and wine and fire,
Have passed the hours contentedly with chat,
Now talked of this, and then discoursed of that,

*Spoke of our verses 'twixt ourselves ; if not,
Other men's lines, which we by chance had got,
Or some stage pieces famous long before,
Of which your happy memory had store ;
And I remember you much pleasèd were
Of those that livèd long ago to hear,
As well as of those of these latter times
Who have enriched our language with their rhymes."*

C. H. POOLE.

THE FAIRIES' PALACE

From " Nymphidia "

THIS palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it :
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded :
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

POLY-OLBION

THE THIRTEENTH SONG

The Argument

*This Song our Shire of Warwick sounds ;
 Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
 Through many shapes the Muse here roves ;
 Now sporting in those shady Groves,
 The tunes of Birds oft stays to hear :
 Then, finding herds of lusty Deer,
 She huntress-like the Hart pursues ;
 And like a Hermit walks, to chuse
 The Simples ev'rywhere that grow ;
 Comes Ancor's glory next to show ;
 Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds ;
 To th' Vale of Red-horse then proceeds,
 To play her part the rest among ;
 There shutteth up her Thirteenth Song.*

UPON the Mid-lands now th'industrious Muse doth
 fall ;
 That Shire which we the Heart of *England* well may
 call,
 As she herself extends (the midst which is decreed)
 Betwixt S. *Michael's Mount*, and *Barwick*-bord'ring
Tweed,
 Brave *Warwick* ; that abroad so long advanc'd her
 Bear,
 By her illustrious Earls renownèd everywhere ;

Above her neighbouring Shires which always bore
her head.

*My native Country then, which so brave spirits hast
bred,*

*If there be virtue yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou breath'd'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own whilst now I sing of thee ;
Of all thy later Brood th'unworthiest though I be.*

Muse, first of *Arden* tell, whose footsteps yet are
found

In her rough wood-lands more than any other ground
That mighty *Arden* held even in her height of pride ;
Her one hand touching *Trent*, the other *Severne's* side.

* * * * *

When *Phæbus* lifts his head out of the Winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant
Spring,

But Hunts-up to the Morn the feath'ed *Sylvans*
sing :

And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those Quiristers are perch'd with many a speckled
breast.

Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring
East

Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous Night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the Morning's
sight :

On which the mirthful Quires, with their clear open
throats,

Unto the joyful Morn so strain their warbling notes,

That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every-
where.

The *Throstell*, with shrill sharps ; as purposely he
song

T'awake the lustless Sun ; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets
thrill :

The *Woosell* near at hand, that hath a golden bill ;
As Nature him had mark'd of purpose, t'let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different
be ;

For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant
May ;

Upon his dulcet pipe the *Merle* doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the *Nightingale* hard-by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth
ply,

As though the other birds she to her tunes would
draw.

And, but that Nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that Charmer of the Night
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would
spare,

That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts, at first had learn'd of her.

To *Philomel* the next, the *Linnet* we prefer ;
And by that warbling bird, the *Wood-Lark* place we
then,

The *Reed-sparrow*, the *Nope*, the *Red-breast*, and the
Wren,

The *Yellow-pate* ; which though she hurt the blooming tree,

Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.

And of these chanting fowls, the *Goldfinch* not behind,

That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.

The *Tydie* for her notes as delicate as they,

The laughing *Hecco*, then the counterfeiting *Jay*,

The softer, with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,

Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)

Thus sing away the Morn, until the mounting sun,

Through thick exhalèd fogs, his golden head hath run,

And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps

To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,

Not hearing other noise but this of chatt'ring birds,

Feed fairly on the launds ; both sorts of seasonèd

Deer :

Here walk, the stately *Red*, the freckled *Fallow* there :

The *Bucks* and lusty *Stags* amongst the *Rascalls* strew'd,

As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

Of all the beasts which we for our venereal name,

The *Hart* amongst the rest, the hunter's noblest game :

Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er
report,
Or by description touch, t'express that wondrous
sport
(Yet might have well beseem'd th'ancients' nobler
songs)
To our old *Arden* here, most fitly it belongs :
Yet shall she not invoke the Muses to her aid ;
But thee *Diana* bright, a Goddess and a maid :
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady
grove,
Which oft hast borne thy bow (great Huntress) us'd
to rove
At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The *Lion*, *Panther*, *Ounce*, the *Bear* and *Tiger* fierce ;
And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty forest's
Queen,
With thy dishevell'd Nymphs attir'd in youthful
green,
About the launds hast scour'd, and wastes both far
and near,
Brave Huntress : but no beast shall prove thy
quarries here ;
Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty *Red*,
The *Stag* for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom, when with his
hounds
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbèd
grounds
Where harbour'd is the *Hart* ; there often from his
feed
The dogs of him do find ; or thorough skilful heed,

The huntsman by his slot, or breaking earth, perceives,

Or ent'ring of the thick by pressing of the greaves
Where he hath gone to lodge. Now when the *Hart*
doth hear

The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret lair,
He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes
doth drive,

As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he
makes,

He with his branchèd head the tender saplings
shakes,

That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to
weep ;

When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring
place :

And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
Rechating with his horn, which then the hunter
chears.

Whilst still the lusty *Stag* his high-palm'd head
upbears,

His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing (from all beasts) his courage in his flight.

But when th'approaching foes still following he
perceives,

That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he
leaves ;

And o'er the champain flies : which when th'as-
sembly find,

Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.

But being then imbost, the noble stately deer
When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arere)
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing
soil :

That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,
And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-
wooll'd sheep,

Them frightening from the guard of those who had
their keep.

But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries.
Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he
letteth stand

T'assail him with his goad : so with his hook in
hand,

The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth
hallow :

When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and
huntsmen follow ;

Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of strength,
His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,
The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
To anything he meets now at his sad decay.

The cruel rav'nous hounds and bloody hunters near,
This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but
fear,

Some bank or quick-set finds : to which his haunch
oppos'd,

He turns upon his foes, that soon have him inclos'd.
The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at
bay,

And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,


With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.

The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,
He desp'rately assails ; until oppress'd by force,
He, who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.

SONNET

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done : you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain ;
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

SIR HENRY GOODYER

HE estate of Polesworth, in the Forest of Arden, with which the name of Sir Henry Goodyer is so much connected, belonged to the poet's uncle, also named Sir Henry Goodyer, whose father, Francis Goodyer, first obtained it. Polesworth is memorable as that part of Warwickshire where the first religious house in the county was erected, being a nunnery of St Edith. The nuns were forced to leave their retreat by Robert Marmion, to whose family William the Conqueror had granted Polesworth, but a year later they were restored, and Marmion became their benefactor.

The poet, Henry, was the son of Sir William Goodyer of Monks' Kirby, where he was born in 1571. He married his cousin, Frances, daughter of the elder Sir Henry and one of his heiresses. This Sir Henry Goodyer had been a supporter of Mary Queen of Scots, for whose cause he suffered much. He died about 1595, when the estate of Polesworth came to his nephew, Henry. The fortunes of the family were at a very low ebb, and Sir Henry, the younger, who received his knighthood in 1599, spent his life in endeavouring to restore them. It is said he was constantly applying for Court favour to obtain an increase to his empty coffers and to keep up the dignity of his position, applications that lasted until his death, though once he succeeded on account of certain services to the Crown in obtaining fifty pounds per annum from the grant of a small forfeited estate. At one time he was a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to King James the First. Sir Henry died on 18th March 1627, and

Polesworth went to his eldest surviving child, Lucy, who had married Sir Francis Nethersole, himself a poet. The following epitaph on Goodyer is preserved in Camden's *Remains*:

*"An ill year of a Goodyere us bereft,
Who gone to God much lack of him here left;
Full of good gifts, of body and of mind,
Wise, comely, learned, eloquent and kind."*

Sir Henry Goodyer was greatly interested in the career of his fellow Warwickshire poet, Michael Drayton, who probably owed his education mainly to Sir Henry's uncle, Sir Henry Goodyer, the elder, and Sir Walter Aston, the former of whom brought him up at Polesworth Abbey; he was later recommended to the Countess of Bedford through the Goodyers. Drayton's *Idea* was in all likelihood Anne Goodyer, cousin to the poet and sister to his wife. Drayton often visited Polesworth, and addressed an ode to Sir Henry, in which he commemorated one of these occasions. Ben Jonson also experienced its hospitality.

One would term Goodyer a courtly poet. Though only a few of his verses remain, scattered through various manuscripts, and some in Coryate's *Crudities* and Joshua Sylvester's *Lachrymæ Lachrymarum*, they are enough to show he was no poetic genius fired by the very flame of poetry, but one who indulged in the writing of smooth verse as a cultured pastime, and in this he succeeded better than many in that age, when nearly all men of any learning, or even culture, turned to verse, for he was an associate of some of the greater poets. But this enters on the ground of the everlasting subject of the difference between mere verse and poetry.

Sir Henry was one of a circle of poets who assembled around the Countess of Bedford at her Twickenham

house, and included Ben Jonson, Drayton, Daniel and Dr John Donne. The most memorable part of Goodyer's career is his friendship for Donne, of which Izaak Walton speaks. This friendship was so close that it would seem Goodyer was one of the first whom the fine old Dean of St Paul's informed of his intent to publish his poems.

Donne, while at Mitcham, wrote a verse-letter to Sir Henry, with whom he regularly corresponded, and the two poets wrote a very fancifully poetical interlineary poem together in the spring of 1613, when Donne visited Goodyer at Polesworth. The lines were apparently addressed to their respective wives.

Among the many stories told in connection with Thomas Coryate is one which called forth some lines from Goodyer, his friend. Coryate, knowing how such eccentricities amused King James, and always ready for harmless amusement in a manner well understood by this lovable traveller, caused himself to be carried, enclosed in a trunk, before the King during a Court masque, and jumping out at the opportune moment caused much hilarity. Whereon Goodyer wrote the following lines in reference to Coryate:—

*“ If any think Tom dull and heavy, know,
The Court and City's mirth cannot be so :
Who thinks him light, ask them who had the task
To bear him in a trunk unto the masque.”*

As regards Sir Henry's surname it is curious to note the many ways in which it is spelt—Goodyer, Goodier, Goodyere and Goodere, almost as varied as that of Shakespeare himself. It seems strange how the spelling of some of our poets' names should get so confused through the ages, when even the wording of many a minor writer's works should be recorded with a moderate amount of accuracy.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

VERSE-LETTER BY DR JOHN DONNE
AND SIR HENRY GOODYER

SINCE every tree begins to blossom now,
Perfuming and enamelling each bough,
Hearts should as well as they some fruits allow.

For since one old poor sun serves all the rest,
You several suns, that warm and light each breast,
Do by that influence all your thoughts digest.

And that you two may so your virtues move
On better matter than beams from above,
Thus our twined souls send forth these buds of love,

As in devotions men join both their hands,
We make ours do one act, to seal the bands,
By which we enthrall ourselves to your commands.

And each for other's faith and zeal stand bound,
As safe as spirits are from any wound,
So free from impure thoughts they shall be found.

Admit our magic then by which we do
Make you appear to us, and us to you,
Supplying all the Muses in you two.

We do consider no flower that is sweet,
But we your breath in that exhaling meet,
And as true types of you, them humbly greet.

Here in our nightingales we hear you sing,
Who so do make the whole year through a spring,
And save us from the sphere of autumn's sting.

In Ancor's calm face we your smoothness see,
Your minds unmingled, and as clear as she
That keeps untouched her first virginity.

Did all St Edith's nuns descend again,
To honour Polesworth with their cloister'd train,
Compared with you each would confess some stain.

Or should we more bleed out our thoughts in ink,
No paper—though it would be glad to drink
Those drops—could comprehend what we do think.

For 'twere in us ambition to write
So, that because we two you two unite,
Our letter should, as you, be infinite.

EDWARD LAPWORTH



THOUGH so little is known of Edward Lapworth, physician and poet, yet interest is lent to his life on account of the comparatively small number of medical men who were also poets. Notable among those possessed of this form of dual accomplishments are, in the past, David Macbeth Moir and Dr John Armstrong (author of the poem on *The Art of Preserving Health*), and at the present time Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Edward Lapworth, born in Warwickshire in 1574, was the son of a physician. There is Lapworth in Warwickshire, which, from the name, might just possibly have been his native place, or that of his family. He seems to have had a good career at Oxford, being admitted B.A. (from St Alban Hall). After a time, as master of Magdalen College School, he obtained his M.B. and in 1611 his M.D. He gained several distinctions and eventually a lectureship. He practised medicine at Bath, spending most of his time between that place and Oxford, nearly to the end of his life. In some notes of this period he has left on record the birth of a two-headed child at Oxford.

It has come down to us that Lapworth was a short, fat man, this seeming to be the only personal touch recorded of him. He was twice married, his second wife being the daughter of Sir George Snigg.

Dr Lapworth was the author of occasional verses, and wrote Latin poems, scattered in various books, including Joshua Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, and collections of Oxford verses such as those on the Death of Queen

Elizabeth, though they seem never to have been published collectively.

He died at Bath in 1636, and was buried in the Abbey Church there.

The lines quoted below as by "Dr Latworth" are almost certainly from his pen.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

LINES BY "DR LATWORTH UPON HIS DEATH-BED "

From MS. Ashmole 781 in the Bodleian Library

My God I speake it from full assurance
ffaith shall avowe Clayme by aproportion
My God that holdes my spirrit deptor in durance
ffettered with sinne and shackled with temptation
Deare for thy Mercie soone enlarge mee
nor sinne nor Hell nor ought beside shall charge me

My sowle may nowe be gon vnto her maker
Maker of her but not of her infection
for thats her owne when Gods love doth forsake her
ffinall forsakinge vs not in election
ffor wheare by grace God once shall make his
dwellinge
There may be smitinge but there is noe felling

Sweete Iesu bid thy Porter then admit mee
I hold this life and lives delight in loathing
If ought be on my backe that doth not fit me
Strip mee of all and give me bridall Cloathing

Soe shall I be receved by my liverye
And Prisoner Sowle shall ioy at Iailes deliverye

Earth what art thou ? a pointe a senceles Center
ffrindes what are you ? an ages trustles tryall
life what art thou ? a daily doubtfull venture
Death what art thou ? a better lifes espiall

Flesh what art thou ? a loose untemperd Morter
And sicknes what art thou ? Heavens churlish
Porter.

FINIS

JOHN MARSTON



JOHN MARSTON, the colleague of "rare" Ben Jonson, Webster and George Chapman, the "learned shepherd of Hitching Hill," though he wrote in collaboration with some few of the dramatists of his time, never found a "Fletcher" for his "Beaumont," for, like Jonson, he was ever at feud with his fellows. No doubt, if he had found some congenial and gifted spirit to permanently work in harmony with him his plays might have been freer of those blemishes which in too many cases undoubtedly mark them, for on those occasions when he rises to his best he seems far superior to much else that he wrote, as if the different writings were by different men. He was very bitter against those who wrote coarse plays, yet he himself was one of the coarsest writers.

There is much of conjecture about the incidents of Marston's life, but it would appear that he was born in Coventry, about the year 1575. His father, one time a "Counsellor" of the Middle Temple, sent him, at the age of sixteen, to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he was entered 4th February 1592, and admitted B.A. 1594. He took Anglican orders, and in 1616 obtained the living of Christchurch, Hampshire, resigning it three years before his death, and leaving to it in his will, to quote its quaint wording, "the somme of five pounds, to be paide within sixe monthes, nexte after my decease."

He married Mary, daughter of the Rev. William Wilkes, chaplain to James I.

Though a bitter satirist in his works, his character

could also be in accordance at times with the jovial lines written in one of his plays :

“ *Music, tobacco, sack and sleepe,
The tide of sorrow backward keepe.*”

At one time he much admired Ben Jonson, and dedicated *The Malcontent* to him, but they eventually became at feud, and Jonson boasted to Drummond of Hawthornden that he had beaten Marston and taken his pistol from him, but it has been said that if he had sometimes taken his *pen* it would have been better. Marston ridiculed Jonson under the name of “Torquatus,” but the latter also satirised the Warwickshire poet in *The Poetaster*.

Shortly before his death Marston became so ill that he was obliged to make his mark in place of signing his name to the quaint will he caused to be drawn up on 17th June 1634. He died a few days after, on 25th June, in the parish of Aldermanbury, and was buried in the Temple Church near his father. OBLIVIONI SACRUM ! Such was the inscription on the stone which marks his resting-place.

John Marston was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, translations and satires, one of which, *Pigmalion's Image*, brought out under his assumed name of William Kinsayder, was ordered to be burnt for its coarseness. His first book of satires was *The Scourge of Villanie*. He wrote two comedies, *The Malcontent* and *The Dutch Courtesan*, as also the tragedies, *Antonio and Mellida*, in two parts, and *Sophonisba*. He augmented his first version of *The Malcontent*, and additions were made by Webster, who wrote an “Induction” for it when played by “the King's Majesty's Servants.” His other plays include *What You Will* ; *Parasitaster, or the Fawne* ; *The Insatiate*

Countess and Eastward Ho, Marston collaborating in the last-named with Jonson and Chapman.

His literary work has well been weighed up as "a glaring example of the extravagance, mis-use of genuine power, and lack of taste, which mars so much of the Elizabethan Drama." Charles Lamb, though, found much beauty in the prologue to *Antonio and Mellida*.

Like many of the Elizabethan poets, he also wrote pageants. *The City Pageant* and an entertainment in honour of Alice, "Countesse Dowager of Darby," are characteristic of the times. He also wrote verses in Chester's *Love's Martyr*, 1601, being a description of a wondrous creature arising out of the ashes of the Phoenix and the Turtle Dove. This is of literary interest as it is akin to the thought embodied in Shakespeare's *Phoenix and Turtle*, also printed in Chester's *Love's Martyr*.

Swinburne has addressed to him, "this noble heart of hatred," a fine sonnet, which can be read in his *Sonnets on English Dramatic Poets*.

C. H. POOLE.

A BEWILDERED SCHOLAR AND HIS DOG

From "What You Will" Act II. Sc. 1

DELIGHT, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dunces, por'd on the old print
Of titled words—and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp oil, bated my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins—and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty sawe

Of Antick Donate,—still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I ; first *an sit anima*,
Then, and it were mortal. O hold, hold !
At that they are at brain buffets, fell by the ears
Amain pell-mell together—still my spaniel slept.
Then whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex-traduce ; but whether't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions all so strongly propt,
I stagger'd, knew not what was firmer part ;
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pried,
Stufft noting books—and still my spaniel slept.
At length he wak'd and yawn'd, and by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

A TRUE RIGHT KING

From " Antonio and Mellida " Act IV.

WHY man, I never was a Prince till now,
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaves, Tyrrian purple, chaires of state,
Troops of pide butterflies, that flutter still
In greatnesse summer, that confirm a prince :
Tis not the unsavoury breath of multitudes,
Showting and clapping, with confused dinne,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares do aught, save wrong,
Feares nothing mortall, but to be unjust,
Who is not blowne up with the flattering puffs

Of spongy sycophants : Who stands unmov'd,
 Despight the justling of opinion :
 Who can enjoy himselfe, maugre the throng
 That strive to presse his quiet out of him :
 Who sits upon Jove's footstoole, as I do,
 Adoring, not affecting majestie :
 Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crowne
 Of clear content : this, Lucio, is a king.
 And of this empire, every man's possest,
 That's worth his soule.

TO EVERLASTING OBLIVION

From " The Scourge of Villanie "

THOU mightie gulfe, insatiate cormorant !
 Deride me not, though I seeme petulant
 To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
 For ever their faire poems flourish may ;
 But as for mee, hungry oblivion
 Devour me quick, accept my orizon :
 My earnest prayers, which doe importune thee,
 With gloomy shade of thy still emperie,
 To vaile both me and my rude poesie.
 Farre worthier lines, in silence of thy state,
 Doe sleepe securely, free from love or hate ;
 From which this living nere can be exempt,
 But whilst it breathes will hate and furie tempt
 Then close his eyes with thy all-dimming band,
 Which not right glorious actions can withstand ;

Peace, hateful tongues, I now in silence pace,
Unlesse some hounde doe wake me from my place,
I with this sharpe, yet well-meant poesie,
Will sleepe secure, right free from injurie
Of cancred hate, or rankest villanie.

PROEMIUM IN LIBRUM SECUNDUM

From " Satyres "

I CANNOT quote a motto Italionate,
Or brand my satyres with some Spanish terme ;
I cannot with swolne lines magnificate
Mine owne poore worth, or as immaculate
Task other rimes, as if no blot did staine,
No blemish soyle, my young satyrick vaine.

Nor can I make my soule a merchandize,
Seeking conceits to sute these artlesse times ;
Or daine for base reward to poetize,
Soothing the world with oyly flatteries.
Shall mercenary thoughts provoke me write—
Shall I for lucre be a parasite ?

SIR JOHN DIGBY

FIRST EARL OF BRISTOL



THREE political poets—Milton, Andrew Marvel and John, first Earl of Bristol—if tested by the standard of Lord Macaulay in perhaps the noblest language which he ever penned, were of those “few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure ; which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting ; which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High.” It is outside the province of this series—*The Poets of the Shires*—to deal either with their political or religious opinions—subjects which might give rise to partisan discussions.

John, first Earl of Bristol, lived, as did the two who are mentioned above in company with him, in stirring times—times of no compromise, times of immediate decisions. Our poet, knowing the spirit of his century, spoke out his conscientious convictions, so that when James I. bade him carry on negotiations that the future Charles I. should marry a Spanish princess, he declared “that it would be better, if the future Queen of England should be a protestant.” Freeing thereby his conscience, he resolved to carry out the task laid upon him, for he was a supporter of the Monarchy and a protestor against Puritanism. He went to Spain to arrange the royal marriage. The Spanish Court could or would not agree to a match, but

in the negotiations for it he kept his honour. He was no loser thereby, and Sir John Digby was advanced to the peerage as Baron Digby (1618), and later to the earldom of Bristol. Here it is interesting to note that by his later creation Warwickshire added two of her sons to the peerage in the same year (1622), and on the same day—the 15th of September, when Sir William Feilding, of Newnham Paddox, was also created Earl of Denbigh, a title still held by the noble Earl, his descendant, of whom Englishmen have reason to be proud. The wife of the first peer was the patroness of the immortal Crashaw, who dedicated to her his sacred poems, *Carmen Deo Nostro*, as an acknowledgment of his obligations on account of her “goodness and charity.”

John, first Earl of Bristol, must not be confused with Sir John Digby, born in 1605 and dying in 1645, who was the brother of Sir Kenelm Digby.

Our poet was born at Coleshill (1580), a town of great antiquity, and even now retaining its ancient whipping-post, stocks and curfew bell. It figures in Domesday Book as “Coleshelle,” and held by King Edward the Confessor. The church contains many monuments to the Clinton family, who held the town in the time of Henry II., and through them it passed to the Mountforts, in whose possession it remained until 1495, when Sir Simon was attainted of high treason for aiding Perkin Warbeck. His estates were confiscated and granted to Sir Simon Digby, who had, as constable of the Tower, conducted the unfortunate plotter to his trial and execution. The altar tombs of the Digby family in the church are interesting, dating from 1519. The original residence at Coleshill Park, the birthplace of our poet, has been long destroyed, but the “Farm” originally formed the stables of it. Another relic of the ancient home of the Digbys is found at Ettington in the shape of a summer-house of stone, adorned with the Digby crest.

John, first Earl of Bristol, was the son of Sir George Digby and of Abigail, daughter of Sir Arthur Henningham. In 1595 he entered, as a fellow-commoner, Magdalen College, Oxford, and was one of the poets appointed by the university to bewail the death of Sir Henry Unton, of Wadley in Berkshire, who had been knighted for his bravery at Zutphen—a battlefield which will for ever be associated with the never-dying name of Sir Philip Sidney. After leaving Oxford, we find him, in 1605, sent by Lord Harrington to inform James I. of the Gunpowder plotters' failure for seizing the Princess Elizabeth. The king made him a gentleman of the privy chamber and his carver. Two years later he knighted him. He ultimately married Beatrix, the widow of Sir John Dyve, and in 1652, after his strenuous services in serving king and country, died at Paris.

His works have received very scanty notice ; in *The Dictionary of National Biography* there is no mention of his poems. The fact of the Digby family producing so many *literati* has led to much confusion. Colville, in his *Warwickshire Worthies*, mentions that he wrote tracts, pamphlets, speeches and poems. A specimen of his English and Latin versification is subjoined :

“ Grieve not dear love, although we often part,
But know that nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up with tender art,
To brook the day when we must part for ever.

For nature, doubting we should be surpriz'd
By that sad day, whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Doth keep us dayly school'd and exercised
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us.”

This little specimen of verse is taken from Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, and was set to music by Henry Lawes in his *Ayres and Songs*. Henry Lawes, it will be remembered, put to music Milton's *Comus*.

A LATIN LAMENT

From "Funebria"

*"Parva dabit nubes pluvias : capit ungula nomen
Ifidis : Iliaden parvula testa nucis :
Exiguâ chartâ totus depingitur orbis ;
Cæsaris effigiem quilibet affis habet :
Cum nequeam Vntoni defuncti dicere laudes,
Digno pro meritis carmine, flebo tamen."*

This Latin lament was written in 1596, on the death of Sir Henry Unton. Its archaic words, and sweet cadence, and its "*flebo tamen*"—nevertheless, I will weep—well illustrate the Latin versification among the learned at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the Inns of Court in the sixteenth century.

C. H. POOLE.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY



F all the strange histories that occur in the lives of our poets there is none more strange and terrible than the mysterious tragedy that closed the brilliant career of Overbury. The misery of his fate contrasts strangely with the peace of the little Warwickshire village of Compton Scorpion, once known as Compton Scorfen, in the parish of Ilmington, where Sir Thomas Overbury was born.

According to some writers the poet is supposed to have been born in Gloucestershire, being the son of Nicholas Overbury of that county, who was knighted at Warwick; Nicholas Overbury, however, married a daughter of the Palmers, a family long possessed of the manorial rights of Compton Scorpion, and here, in the house of his grandfather, Giles Palmer, Sir Thomas Overbury was born in 1581. Anthony à Wood states that here he received his early education, proceeding later to Queen's College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. in 1595, and afterwards settling in the Middle Temple. Here he met William Browne, of the Inner Temple, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, and probably John Ford, the great dramatist, both of whom have lines to his memory. In fact, the elegies on Overbury, and lines on his poem, *The Wife*, would fill a small volume.

Among his associates Robert Carr, who became Viscount Rochester and afterwards Earl of Somerset, stands first, Overbury having met him in Scotland when travelling there as a young man. With this nobleman's rise to the favour of James I., Overbury, now his secretary, shared in his good fortune, for he was an accomplished



From an extra rare Print by R. Elstrucke.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

and much-travelled courtier, and he received a knighthood in 1608. This friendship passed through various phases till the time when Sir Thomas, after at first helping him in the writing of his love letters, warned Somerset against marrying the notorious Countess of Essex, from which incident arose their great quarrel. This incurred the hatred of the Countess, who had slowly been alienating her husband, the Earl of Essex, from her, and from this time onward, seemingly by the aid of her great-uncle, the Earl of Northampton, and others, she strove to bring about his disgrace and death, which she eventually accomplished in the following manner.

His enemies, knowing his arrogant spirit, and anticipating his refusal, influenced the king, who for some time had borne a bitter grudge against him, to send him on an embassy abroad. Overbury declined to leave England, seeing that Somerset would soon marry the Countess if left to himself, and incidentally his own successful career would be checked, and was eventually imprisoned in the Tower for his disobedience. Sir Henry Wotton expressed the opinion that Sir Thomas would return no more from his imprisonment.

At last he was at the mercy of the unscrupulous Countess, who had several times before schemed for his undoing and even for his murder, and she soon found means, by the aid of a newly appointed Lieutenant, Sir Jervis Elvis, to introduce her accomplices, chief of whom were Richard Weston and Mrs Anne Turner, a former maid in the Countess's employ, into the Tower. For three months the ghastly work went on of plying Overbury with white arsenic and various other poisons secretly administered in his food, during which time his agonies daily increased, yet none of those who saw him could render him any relief, and even his own father was refused admittance to him. At length, reduced to an indescribable state, he expired on 15th September 1613, and was

buried in the Tower, far away from his native Warwickshire.

The murder, however, was discovered, those who accomplished it being tried and four of them condemned to death, while Somerset and his wife (for he had since married the Countess of Essex, the instigator of the crime, whose divorce from Essex had soon been accomplished), were pardoned by the king ! Thus, with this memorable trial and the strange action of James I., ended the tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury. An impenetrable cloud of mystery hangs over this poisoning, baffling in its density, covering, no doubt, greater secrets than can be guessed, apart from the more palpable facts on record, secrets in the life of James I., his favourite Somerset and even Overbury himself.

This tragedy formed a topic for many writers when the murder was known, and the rough outline supplied the theme of a play, *Sir Thomas Overbury*, written by Richard Savage, the version, of course, being the author's own, though the real drama is surely as tragic as any written by his contemporaries. The estrangement of Overbury and Somerset is one of the saddest stories in the annals of friendship, and one would gladly believe it true that the latter had no hand in the actual murder of his noble whilom friend, though of this there is little or no doubt, and give credence to his words in the play when he exclaims in his sorrow :

*" How have I wander'd thro' a maze of errors,
And labour'd for destruction !—Of mankind
I had but one true friend, and him the most
Of all mankind have wrong'd—reproachful thought ! "*

But the Somerset of real life harboured very different sentiments to these when he refused to visit his friend in prison.

In the closing scene, Overbury's last words are addressed to Somerset and "Isabella," the lady who, in the play, was the ill-fated poet's love. The terrors of his position are well drawn when he cries out in his distress :

*"Flames wind about my breast—my brain's on fire,
And my eyes swim in a blue sea of sulphur."*

Then later :

*"A sickly damp creeps cold—O love!—O friendship!
Sustain me! catch my fleeting soul!—farewell!"*

If such a tragic fate had not overtaken him at the early age of thirty-two, Overbury must inevitably have filled a larger place in our literature than that he now occupies, for among his writings are to be found sayings in use at the present day, for example: "Beauty . . . is but skin deep," yet Thomas Campbell says truly of him, "As a poet, he has few imposing attractions: his beauties must be fetched by repeated perusal."

Sir Thomas Overbury is a character study—on the one side his arrogance, his strong determination to gain his own ends at any cost, and something in his life darkly hidden; on the other, his ideals, his loyalty to friendship, his fearlessness in speaking the truth, and courage in upholding what he deemed to be right in matters of honour, save for the part he at first played in the affair of Somerset and the Countess of Essex. Surely there is something to admire in him, taking into consideration the atmosphere of intrigue by which he was surrounded. One would wish to know more of such a man, the central figure of one of the most terrible, yet absorbing histories—and a poet! R. L. Stevenson, in his essay, *Books that have Influenced Me*, remarks on "the truly mingled tissue of man's nature, and how huge faults and shining virtues

cohabit and persevere in the same character," a saying of which Overbury would appear to be a striking example.

Underlying his extremely cynical expressions in many of his writings, there is an undercurrent of deep insight into human nature, and on rare occasions even a gleam of sympathy.

His authentic poetical works are few, *A Wife* (1614) being his masterpiece. Written in rather a stilted manner, though carefully thought out, it was well received on its publication, and the publisher, Lawrence Lisle, wrote in the Foreword to the ninth impression: "Had such a poem been extant among the ancient Romans, although they wanted our easy conservations of wit by printing, they would have committed it to brass, lest injurious time deprive it of due eternity."

There is also a paraphrase in verse from his facile pen of Ovid's *Remedy of Love*. His prose works include *Characters*, mostly written with remarkable discernment and contributed to by other hands; *Newes from Any Whence*; *Observations in His Travailes*, and the quaint writing, *Crumms Fal'n from King James's Table*, collected in Dr Rimbault's edition in *The Library of Old Authors*.

Ben Jonson was at one time the friend of Overbury, but they eventually quarrelled. Jonson wrote the following lines to him when he first rose to favour at court:

"So Phœbus make me worthy of his bays,
As but to speak thee, Overbury's praise :
So where thou liv'st, thou mak'st life understood,
Where, what makes others great, doth keep thee good !
I think, the fate of court thy coming crav'd,
That the wit there and manners might be sav'd :
For since, what ignorance, what pride is fled !
And letters, and humanity in the stead !

*Repent thee not of thy fair precedent,
Could make such men, and such a place repent :
Nor may any fear to lose of their degree,
Who in such ambition can but follow thee."*

R. M. INGERSLEY.

ON BOOKS

From "A Wife"

BOOKES are a part of man's prerogative,
In formall inke they thoughts and voyces hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time-present travell that of old.

Our life, fame peeceth longer at the end,
And bookes it farther backward doe extend.

[The author of this poem, after enumerating the qualities that he deemed should belong to a good wife, writes:]

All these good parts a perfect woman make :
Adde love to me, they make a perfect wife :
Without her love, her beauty should I take,
As that of pictures ; dead ; *that* gives it life :
Till then her beauty like the sun doth shine
Alike to all ; that makes it only mine.

WISE SAYINGS

From "The Remedy of Love"

BY running farre, brookes runne with greater force,
'Tis easier to hold in, than stop thy horse.

The tree which now is father to a shade,
 And often head against the winde hath made,
 I could at first have pluckt up with my hand,
 Though the sunnes prospect now it dares with-
 stand.

The river which now multipli'd doth swell,
 Is in its cradle but a little well.
 Oft, that which when 'tis done is but a skarre,
 Becomes a wound while we the cure deferre.

—Friendly counsell urged out of date,
 Doth fret the sore, and cause the hearers hate.

—Custome with the hardest things that are,
 Will make us in short time familiar.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S EPITAPH

Written by Himself

THE span of my daies measur'd, here I rest,
 That is, my body ; but my soule, his guest,
 Is hence ascended : whither, neither time,
 Nor faith, nor hope, but only love can clime ;
 Where being now enlightened, she doth know
 The truth of all men argue of below :
 Only this dust doth here in pawne remaine,
 That, when the world dissolves, she come againe.

JOHN DOVER



JOHN DOVER, born at Barton-on-the-Heath in 1644, was the son of a Royalist captain, and grandson of a well-known Warwickshire character, Captain Robert Dover, an attorney and a great promoter of sports in the county, and founder of the Olympic games held on the Cotswold Hills, where Dover's Hill, the scene of Somerville's poem, *Hobbinol, or the Rural Games*, still recalls memories of the jovial and peaceful man who started the games as an antidote to the growing puritanical feelings of those parts. Many famous poets sang the praises of these sports, and their songs were collected in a volume entitled *Annalia Dubrensis*.

The grandson of Robert Dover became a demy of Magdalen, Oxford, in 1661. He entered Gray's Inn and was called to the Bar; later he went to live at Banbury, Oxfordshire, gave up the law, took Holy Orders, and became rector of Drayton, where he resided until the close of his long life in 1725. In his leisure John Dover found relaxation in reading the classics, being especially fond of Plutarch's lives of the Roman generals, and in his younger days, while studying for the law, he wrote a tragedy, *The Roman Generals, or the Distressed Ladies*, followed several years later by another play, *The White Rose*.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

THE WORLD IS BUT A TENNIS-COURT

From "The Roman Generals"

THE World is but a tennis-court, where fate
Tosses the men for balls, and plays the state.
Banded about, they rise and do descend,
Whose glories hazard oft their fatal end.
Hath Cæsar by his conquests made Rome great,
That he at once in her might's wars repeat ?
Or that those kingdoms to her empire lain,
In fighting her, might be fought o'er again ?
Or did he nations to this end subdue,
That all in her might at one time accrue ?
No, we must stop this pride, lest we endure
What our delay may put beyond our cure.

LUKE MILBOURNE



LUKE MILBOURNE, whose name is sometimes spelt without the final *e*, was born at Wroxall, in 1649; he was the son of Luke Milbourne, a Nonconformist minister, holding the chaplaincy of Wroxall, who died in 1668, and was buried in St Michael's churchyard, Coventry. Luke the younger entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he is known to have written verse, and afterwards travelled, both abroad and in England, for he is noticed as being at Hamburg and Rotterdam, and later at Harwich, Yarmouth and London. He was beneficed at Yarmouth about 1689, and found a friend in the Rev. Rowland Davies, who kept a journal, from which Colville made extracts. This friendship forms the pleasantest incident in his life, and Davies, who helped him in his services, tells us that Milbourne was interested in astronomy about this time, especially in an automaton, which he showed him, made by "Mr Watson of Coventry, wherein all the stars' motions and planets were exactly represented in clockwork, and all the problems and observations in astronomy therein fully answered." Davies must have found something congenial in Milbourne to have joined him at times in a "flask of canary wine." While at Yarmouth he wrote a lampoon on that town, calling it *Ostia*. He also wrote many sermons, often mentioning King Charles the First's martyrdom, but they were not always well received, Bishop Kennett especially disagreeing with him.

He was one time lecturer at St Leonard's, Shoreditch, and in 1704 rector of St Ethelburga's, London.

Not so pleasant as his Yarmouth days are other passages in his life, nor is so pleasant a light cast on his character as that showing his friendship with Davies. He lived in an age when much good verse turned to satire, and to its lash he fell a victim by the foolish and unfortunate manner in which he attacked the *Virgil* of John Dryden; for this he suffered considerably in more than one reply. Milbourne had issued part of a translation of *Virgil* before Dryden's, and the fact of the great poet treating the same subject in a way incomparably better than his own, coupled with his resentment of Dryden's attitude towards the clergy, caused him to write *Notes on Dryden's Virgil, in a Letter to a Friend* in 1698. In speaking of Dryden's work Dr Johnson says: "Milbourne, indeed, a clergyman, attacked it; but his outrages seem to be ebullitions of a mind agitated by stronger resentment than bad poetry can excite, and previously resolved not to be pleased." After this remark, "since his attempt has given him a place in literary history," Johnson quotes from the criticism of Milbourne, who committed the crowning fault of adding to it specimens of his own work by way of comparison. Unnecessarily, perhaps, Dryden himself retaliated in satirical language, saying that, if Milbourne and he were placed together, he personally would not be "thought the worst poet of the age."

Alexander Pope, who loved to recall that he had seen Dryden, and used his style as a pattern, took up the cudgels and mentions Milbourne, joined with the name of Sir Richard Blackmore, as a thoroughly unworthy critic, in that fine, though often cold, exposition of classic poetry, the *Essay on Criticism*, wherein he exclaims in reference to Dryden:

" Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:

*Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But like a shadow proves the substance true :
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th'opposing body's grossness, not its own."*

From these lines it would appear that Pope, though perhaps not always impartial where Dryden was concerned, regarded Milbourne as one of the "cut-throat bandit" type of critics. He also mentions him in the second book of *The Dunciad*.

Luke Milbourne died in London on 15th April 1720.

He published many sermons and tracts, and, among other works, *A Short Defence of the Order of the Church of England* (anonymously) ; a poetical version of Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ* under the title *The Christian Pattern Paraphrased* (1697), one of his most notable works ; a version of *The Psalms of David in English Metre* ; and *The Moderate Cabal, a Satyr in Verse*. Lines from the last-named, quoted below, on Bishop Burnet, are of exceptional interest when compared with Dryden's remarks on the same prelate.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

LINES

From "The Moderate Cabal"

TELL me, my Muse, for thou or none can'st tell,
 Where does this wondrous Moderation dwell ;
 This monster which our British Field o'erpowers,
 And all the seeds of heavenly truth devours ;

Makes our fair paradise a desert wild,
 By Zijm and Gijm, by bats and owls defiled,
 While the bright sword hangs flaming o'er the gate,
 And all who'd enter, only meet their fate.

Was she an Angel of that Rebel Crew
 Whom Lucifer from their bright stations drew,
 Who thrust from Heaven, a tyrant reigns on earth,
 And gives a thousand hideous phantoms birth !

Or did she spring from putrid soil of old,
 When that vast deluge o'er the surface rolled,
 Dried up and gone, prolific mud grew warm
 With quickening beams, and gave her life and form ?
 Or when on Python bright Apollo tried
 His golden shafts, did, when that serpent died,
 From his black blood this fiercer Hydra spring,
 And from a thousand mouths a thousand poisons
 fling ?

A SATIRE

APPARENTLY ON BISHOP BURNET

From "The Moderate Cabal"

WITH these appears a big-boned Northern Priest,
 With pliant body and with brawny fist,
 Whose weighty blows the dusty cushions thrash,
 And make the trembling pulpit's wainscot crash.
 He th'Apostolic Order's title claims,
 But that the Sc——h C——th sleeves the Mitre
 shames ;

A wretch made up of spiteful shams and lies,
Who fills whole reams with ugly calumnies,
Writes brazen legends of the sacred tribe,
But to the libel dares no name subscribe ;

Him Moderation as her Chaplain takes,
And he his honours to her Highness makes.
No ranker Tory ever passed the Tweed,
No city air a ranker Whig could breed ;
But yesterday he'd Non-Resistance preach,
To-day Resistance and Rebellion teach.

The Mitre's scandal and the Garter's blot,
Fawning, yet hated by the true-born Scot,
The laughing-stock of every Party grown,
Despised by good men, and belov'd by none.

THOMAS ROGERS



HERE is little to be related of Thomas Rogers, an almost unknown poet of the seventeenth century, though his memory is preserved by Anthony à Wood, Foster in *Alumni Oxonienses*, and Frederick Leigh Colville in his *Worthies of Warwickshire*. He was born on 27th December 1660, at Hampton Lucy, once Bishop's Hampton. Many Warwickshire place-names possess a similar charming sound to the ear, such as Monks' Kirby, Fenny Compton, Compton Scorpion and Chilvers' Coton, all birthplaces of poets, to mention only a few.

The grandfather and father of Rogers were successively rectors of Bishop's Hampton. Here, at the free school, the poet received the rudiments of learning, proceeding to Trinity College, Oxford, about 1675, but some three years later he migrated to Hart Hall, since merged into Exeter College. He entered the ministry of the Church of England and became rector of Slapton, Northamptonshire, in 1690. On the accession of William and Mary he wrote his first poem, *Lux Occidentalis*. In 1693 appeared other works of his, including *The Loyal and Impartial Satyr*; *A Poesy for Lovers, or the Terrestrial Venus unmasked, in four poems*, and *The Commonwealth Man unmasked*, the last-named being dedicated to William III. Rogers himself presented it on his knees to the King. In this year he seems to have written various works, showing he would have developed into a copious, if not a memorable, author, and he was gifted with a splendid memory, but in the following year, 1694, while at the house of a certain Mr Wright, a school-

master in Bunhill Fields, he was seized by small-pox, and died on 8th June. He was buried in the church of St Mary Overy, Southwark, the resting-place of many a worthy—Gower, Massinger, the saintly Andrewes, and the brother of the immortal Shakespeare.

There is little recorded in the life of Rogers to lay strong hold on the mind except the pitifulness of its close in his thirty-fourth year.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

THE GRAND DECISION

TO THE MEMORY OF CRANMER

From "The Loyal and Impartial Satyrist"

METHINKS I see th'illustrious Criminal
 Hurried from prison to a Judgment-Hall,
 Where he met devils in the shape of men,
 And 'twas the noblest triumph he could gain ;
 Heaven had decreed that he should downwards tend,
 And visit Hell before he could ascend.
 Methinks I see the busie Tempter stand,
 Crying, Hold back, Cranmer, hold back thy hand,
 While he, urged on by zeal and glorious shame,
 Plunged his immortal hand into the Flame.
 The blazing pile could not his soul affright,
 But halo-like did play before his sight,
 And served to light the Martyr on his way
 To blessed Canaan and Eternal Day.

.

Brave to the last, he faced his destiny,
When it was somewhat more than Death to see.
With blissful thoughts he did past toils recount,
And seemed transfigured on the Fatal Mount ;
With port divine, and with atoning breath,
He pardoned, prayed and blessed i' th' hour of death.
He prayed, and upward looked to th' opening skies,
Then blessed again with lifted hands and eyes,
And as his body fell, his soul did rise ;
It flew aloft upon the Wings o' th' Wind,
The Prophet upward soared, his mantle fell behind.

JOHN TIPPER



BEFORE Edward Cave, a Warwickshire man, started the first great periodical, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1731, there were various publications of a miscellaneous character, many known as almanacs. One of these was *The Ladies' Diary*, started in 1704 by John Tipper, a native of Coventry. The date of his birth is not known, but in 1699 he became master of Bablake School in his native city; he was an excellent mathematician and introduced his knowledge of this subject into his almanac in the form of papers and problems, and this eventually led to a short-lived publication devoted to mathematics, *Delights for the Ingenious*, which appeared monthly. He also founded *Great Britain's Diary, or the Union Almanack*. John Tipper edited *The Ladies' Diary* till his death in 1713. His other works were an incomplete history of Coventry and an entertainment in verse performed by the boys of Bablake School in 1706, on the Thanksgiving Day for the victories in Flanders and Spain. In this poetical entertainment are lines addressed to Queen Anne, in much the same spirit as those in *The Moderate Cabal*, where Luke Milbourne writes

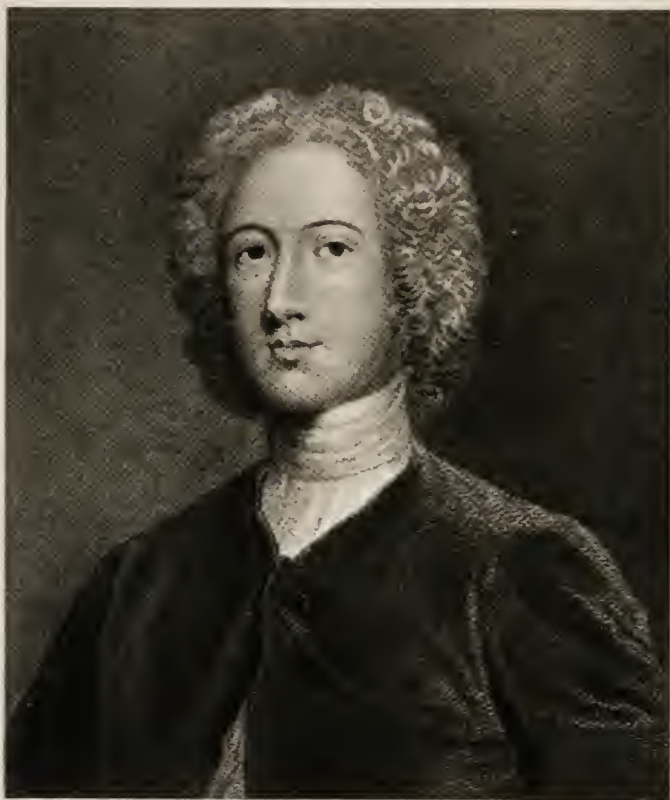
“ *Anna, the truly Christian temper tries,
For knaves too honest, and for fools too wise.*”

The following extract is quoted by Colville as “a specimen of our author's loyalty as well as of his versifying powers.”

R. M. INGERSLEY.

LINES TO THE QUEEN

GREAT is our Queen in birth ; her lineage springs
From a long race of rightful British kings.
Devout is she, as holy hermits are,
Who share their time 'twixt extasie and pray'r,
Modest as infant roses in their bloom,
Who, in a blush, their fragrant life consume ;
So chaste, the dead themselves are only more :
So pure, could virtue in a shape appear,
'Twould choose to have no other form than her.
May earth give lasting joy to all her years,
And Heav'n be still propitious to her prayers ;
And may a chain of happy days arise,
Days like to this, to sing her victories.
And e'er her mighty doom is seal'd by Fate,
May death and length of years behind her wait.



WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE



AMONG the poets of all countries there are some whose lives are marked by a sad significance, a group of men standing alone in the midst of a throng of brilliant singers ; men who, for one cause or another, became the victims of alcohol or opium, and among them are such great names as those of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Edgar Allan Poe. Temperament and the influences that happened to surround it, prolonged illness, some deep sorrow or pecuniary troubles, all have had their share in forming this company among the immortals, and their strange histories. And it would seem that on the outskirts of this group stands Somerville, though not till his last years did he become prone to those excesses which brought about his death, for his early life was bright and vigorous, and it is on this picture of him, wherein is seen the true noble-hearted Somerville spending his days in the open air of the country, that one would rather dwell, forgetting his later life and the shadows that lent it gloom.

William Somerville, or Somervile, was born in the year 1675, according to some at Wolsley on the banks of the Trent, his father, Robert Somervile, having married the daughter of Sir Charles Wolsley, of Wolsley, Staffordshire, but many writers state his birthplace to be Edstone in Warwickshire, an estate then worth £1500 per annum, inherited from a long ancestral line, one of the first families in the county (Lord Somerville of Scotland being a branch of the same), so our poet is a true Warwickshire man by descent, and he writes of himself in

an *Imitation of Horace*, Book IV. Ode IX., that he was "born near Avona's winding stream," and not, as stated by some, near the Trent.

He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, where he was elected a fellow of New College, and later of All Souls, after which period he was admitted to the Middle Temple. He lived mostly in the country at Edstone Hall, and became a Justice of the Peace and a typical hunting squire with a good kennel of dogs. He was ever thoughtful for his poorer neighbours and well liked through all the countryside. Comparatively little is known of his life, but it was about the beginning of this time that he first displayed his real poetical abilities, and his writings are easily distinguishable as the work of a sportsman and a man who had studied much. He believed in public libraries, for at his death he left twenty pounds to the parish library for books. On the 1st of February 1708 he married Mary, the daughter of Hugh Bethel of Rise, Yorkshire.

His fame rests mainly on his lengthy poem, *The Chace* (1735), which it were unnecessary to quote in full here even if the scope of this work would allow, but it stands high among the descriptive pieces of our language, and shows the poet's turn of mind better than any other of his works. It contains many fine passages and is a subject upon which he, above all his contemporaries, was well fitted to write. The poet was entering the "sixties" when he brought out *The Chace*, and wrote in the preface, "I hope therefore I may be indulged . . . if, at my leisure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, some of those chaces, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age." He seems to be the forerunner of such poets as Whyte-Melville, R. E. Egerton Warburton of Cheshire, and Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Other outstanding pieces are *The Two Springs, a Fable* (1725); *Field Sports*; *Hobbinol, or the Rural*

Games, and *The Bowling Green*. He also wrote many miscellaneous poems, *Fables*, *Tales*, *Imitations*, *Odes* and *Epistles*, addressed to the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Stanhope, the Earl of Halifax, Addison, Pope, Allan Ramsay and James Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*. One epistle is inscribed to *Mr Addison, on his Purchasing an Estate in Warwickshire*, and contains the oft-quoted lines :

*“ When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin’s aid.”*

“Clio” being the letters Addison used to mark his papers in *The Spectator*. The estate purchased must have been Bilton.

Allan Ramsay, who with others has laudatory verses to the poet, wrote of Somerville’s poems :

*“ I conn’d each line with joyous care,
As I can such from sun to sun,
And, like the glutton o’er his fare
Delicious, thought them too soon done.”*

The shorter poems are very varied, some most tasteful and others somewhat coarse.

Much interest was at one time taken in the portraits of the poet, who tells of himself that he was “a squire well born and six foot high,” and consequently his *Epistle to Mr Aikman* on his painting a full-length portrait is noteworthy, as is also the following reference to a picture of the poet in Lady Luxbrough’s letters to Shenstone, where she says : “I return Mr Somerville’s picture ; I think it very like Worledge’s, and indeed like Mr Somerville ; but methinks it scarcely does him justice, as some of the least agreeable features

in his face are rather too strongly marked, as under the eye, etc., and I think as he was a very fair man the pencil might be fainter." Among portraits of him there is one by Kneller.

In the *Epistle to Mr Aikman* there is a pointed touch of humour when, after a digression, the poet remarks :

*" A short digression to condemn were hard,
Or Heav'n have mercy on each modern bard."*

It was towards the end of his life that he took to the excesses already mentioned, which seem even more pitiable when one remembers his early open-air life. His hospitable and convivial mode of living involved him in financial difficulties that so preyed upon his mind that he took to habits of intemperance that shortened and darkened his life. There is an eloquent excuse for this in the letter of his friend, William Shenstone, who wrote of his passing with great sorrow. "For a man of high spirit, conscious of having (at least in one production) generally pleased the world, to be plagued and threatened by wretches that are low in every sense ; to be forced to drink himself into pains of the body in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is a misery." Shenstone erected an urn to the memory of his brother poet.

William Somerville's wife died eleven years before the poet, leaving him childless, and if one may judge by the Latin epitaph written by him on her tombstone he adored his wife, and the wording is another proof of the affectionate character of Somerville. He died at Edstone on 17th July 1742, and was buried at Wooton Wawen, near Henley in Arden, in this, his county, a calm resting-place where the old church recalls Saxon times—a veritable haunt of ancient peace.

In the neighbouring churchyard of Aston Cantlow

there is an epitaph written by Somerville on Hugh Lumber, a husbandman :

*“ In cottages and homely cells
True piety neglected dwells,
Till call’d to Heav’n, her native seat,
Where the good man alone is great ;
’Tis then this humble dust shall rise,
And view his Judge with joyful eyes,
While haughty tyrants shrink afraid,
And call the mountains to their aid.”*

There is also a Latin epitaph written by our poet in Wooton Wawen churchyard on his huntsman, James Boeter, and here also, “with his loved master, Somerville,” lies another huntsman, John Hoitt. It is pleasant to know that a memorial to the author of *The Chace* was placed on the north wall of Wooton Wawen church in 1898, and thereon is preserved his epitaph from his own pen, surmounted by his arms :

*“ In this Church was buried
William Somerville, Esqre., of Edstone,
The Poet of the Chace.
If you discover any virtue in me imitate it,
If you detect any failing shun it with your
Utmost strength. Remember that though young
You may be even now on the verge of death.
You know that you must die. Trust in Christ.
This Tablet was placed here to
Perpetuate the memory of Somerville by
S. Kinglake, Esqre., and others
A.D. 1898.
‘ Whose hoarse sounding horn
Invites thee to the chace, the sport of kings,
Image of war, without its guilt.’ ”*

R. M. INGERSLEY.

OPENING LINES

From "The Chace," Book I

THE Chace I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou great Prince !
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous show
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th'exploits
Of thy illustrious house ; while virgins pave
Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal Youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain ;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft-warbling ; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the sport of kings ;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth !
And if in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand ;
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,

Or hew thy passage through th'embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame ; inspir'd by thee,
The nobler chace of glory shall pursue
Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of
death.

MERCY

From " The Chace," Book III

O MERCY, heavenly born ! sweet attribute !
Thou great, thou best prerogative of pow'r !
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath ; soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE

From " The Chace," Book IV

YE guardian pow'rs who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths ;
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th'expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul
To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing ; unskill'd to range

From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way ;
 And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
 Worlds above worlds ; subservient to his voice,
 Who veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
 Gives light to all ; bids the great system move,
 And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
 Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself. Yet this at least
 Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
 Calm and serene ; nor lost in false pursuits
 Of wealth or honours ; but enough to raise
 My drooping friends, preventing modest want
 That dares not ask. And if to crown my joys,
 Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
 Blooms in my life's decline ; fields, woods, and
 streams,
 Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
 Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
 The lazy morn, and glad th'horizon round.

ADDRESS TO HIS ELBOW-CHAIR

NEW-CLOTHED

MY dear companion, and my faithful friend !
 If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend ;
 If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
 Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall,
 Why should'st not thou attend my humble lays,
 And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise ?
 True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau ;
 But what are trappings and external show ?

To real worth alone I make my court ;
Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.
Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay,
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey ;
The safe retreat of every lurking mouse ;
Derided, shunn'd ; the lumber of my house.
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before !
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my sires of yore !
'Tis thus capricious fortune wheels us round ;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful then, my constancy I prov'd ;
I knew thy worth ; my friends in rags I lov'd :
I lov'd thee more ; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
My benefactor when the tide was turned.
With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.
Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd,
And every wayward appetite obey'd ;
But sage experience taught me how to prize
Myself, and how this world : she bade me rise
To nobler flights, regardless of a race
Of factious emmets ; pointed where to place
My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,
And, patiently, what Heav'n has sent endure ;
From all the futile cares of business free,
Not fond of life, but yet content to be :
Here mark the fleeting hours, regret the past,
And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies,
And all the malice of the storm defies ;
With ease of body bless'd, and peace of mind,

Pities the restless crew he left behind ;
Whilst in his cell he meditates alone
On his great voyage to the world unknown.

PRESENTING TO A LADY A WHITE ROSE
AND A RED

ON THE TENTH OF JUNE

If this pale rose offend your sight,
It in your bosom wear,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there :

But, Celia, should the red be chose,
With gay vermilion bright,
'Twould sicken at each blush that glows,
And in despair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain ;
As uncontrollable as Fate
Imperial Love shall reign.

Each haughty faction shall obey,
And Whigs and Tories join,
Submit to your despotic sway,
Confess your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious Monarch ! own,
They're tyrants that oppress ;
'Tis mercy must support your throne,
And 'tis like Heav'n to bless.

TO MR ADDISON

OCCASIONED BY HIS

PURCHASING AN ESTATE IN WARWICKSHIRE

EACH land remote your curious eye has view'd
That Grecian arts or Roman arms subdued ;
Search'd every region, every distant soil,
With pleasing labour and instructive toil :
Say then, accomplish'd bard ! what god inclin'd
To these our humble plains your generous mind ?
Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,
Which none know better, or describe so well.
In vain ambrosial fruits invite your stay,
In vain the myrtle groves obstruct your way,
And ductile streams that round the borders stray.
Your wiser choice prefers this spot of earth,
Distinguish'd by th'immortal Shakspeare's birth ;
Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,
And nourishes the glebe with fattening tides ;
Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant soil,
And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.
Here, on the painted borders of the flood,
The babe was born, his bed with roses strow'd :

Here, in an ancient venerable dome,
Oppress'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb.
Angels unseen watch o'er his hallow'd urn,
And in soft elegies complaining mourn ;
While the bless'd saint, in loftier strains above,
Reveals the wonders of eternal Love.
The heav'ns, delighted in his tuneful lays,
With silent joy attend their Maker's praise.
In Heav'n he sings ; on earth your Muse supplies
Th'important loss, and heals our weeping eyes :
Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
With equal genius, but superior art.
Hail, happy pair ! ordain'd by turns to bless,
And save a sinking nation in distress ;
By great examples to reform the crowd,
Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood.

RICHARD JAGO



THE name of Richard Jago is overshadowed by those of the mighty ones of the county. Yet, though overshadowed, it can never be quite eclipsed, for his verse was thought highly of by many in his own time, foremost among whom were his friends and fellow-poets, William Shenstone and William Somerville. Jago, however, is not much known at the present day, and shares but little of the fame won by his two contemporaries. His verses mainly bear the mark of the quiet country gentleman, enhanced by his literary gifts and turn of mind, and there is also a pleasing smoothness about some of his poems.

His father, the Rev. Richard Jago, married Margaret Parker, of Henley in Arden, in 1711. He was rector of the parish of Beaudesert, not far from Henley, and in this neighbourhood Richard Jago the poet, his third son, was born, on 1st October 1715. At one time a formidable castle, erected about the period of the Norman Conquest, reared its walls at Beaudesert, but this stronghold fell in the Wars of the Roses. Although the site where it stood is all but lost, these surroundings must have left their impression on the mind of Jago, in his youth.

He was educated at Solihull School, to which he pays a tribute in his poem, *Edge-Hill*, in the following lines:—

*“ Hail, Solihull ! respectful I salute
Thy walls ; more awful once ! when, from the sweets
Of festive freedom and domestic ease,*

*With throbbing heart, to the stern discipline
Of pedagogue morose I sad return'd."*

Here he studied with Shenstone and Ladbroke under Mr Crumpton, and in 1732 went on to University College, Oxford, entering as a servitor, where he cemented what proved to be a lasting friendship with Shenstone, who visited him secretly on account of his lower position at college, and whose influence is very largely seen in many of his tastes. Shenstone is known to have suggested the subject of at least one of Jago's poems, and many are dedicated to this accomplished poet. It is interesting to remember that Shenstone inscribed the following words on a garden seat, as a proof of his affection for Jago :

*"Amicitiae et Meritis
Richardi Jago."*

On 9th July 1738, Jago took his degree of Master of Arts, having entered the Church the year before.

On leaving Oxford he served the curacy of Snitterfield, in his own county. John Shakespeare, the father of William Shakespeare, is traced to a family who occupied land here. About 1744, Jago married Dorothea Susanna Fancourt, of whom it has been said that her "virtues and affections formed the chief joys of his life." She was the daughter of the Rev. John Fancourt of Kimcote. Jago held two other livings, Harbury and Chesterton, both in Warwickshire ; at Chesterton occurred the death of his wife in 1751, leaving him with a large family of children ; he was the father of three sons, who all died before him, and four daughters. After this sorrow he returned to Snitterfield, of which he had obtained the vicarage in 1754 through the interest of Lord Clare (afterwards Robert

Craggs, Earl Nugent, himself a poet). He lived there in great comfort, and about this time turned seriously to poetry. In 1759 he married again, his second wife being Margaret, the daughter of James Underwood of Rugely, in Staffordshire.

The poet's abilities received the notice of Lord Wiloughby de Broke, near whom he resided, and this nobleman advanced him, in 1771, to the living of Kimcote, the home of his first wife, in Leicestershire, worth about £300 a year, an advance on his former income, when he resigned his first two small livings. He seems, however, to have spent the greater part of his time at Snitterfield, which emphasises his affection for his own shire. He was greatly interested in ornamenting the vicarage grounds, showing the same taste as that of the poet Shenstone. In front of the vicarage there once stood three splendid birch-trees, known as "The Three Sisters," planted by Jago's three daughters. For about one hundred and forty years these noble trees stood as relics of the time when the poet's family lived at Snitterfield, though they are now blown down.

Here he died, aged sixty-five, in 1781, after a short illness, and was buried at his own desire in a vault built for himself beneath the central passage of the church, but the stone was removed into the choir vestry when the church was repaved with tiles in 1882, a hundred years after his death. The inscription reads :

*"To the Memory
of the Rev. Richard Jago, A.M.,
He Departed this Life
May 1781."*

The day of May on which he died, the 8th, has never been inserted.

From his habits and mode of living, in his later years, he seems to embody the idea of a certain calm type of

gentleman, kindly and sincere, and not without a quiet sense of humour, so easy to picture regularly perusing the pages of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, where it is interesting to remember his name has appeared. Of his figure it is recorded that he was about medium height.

It is strange that even this retiring man could not escape from the unscrupulous behaviour of some persons who attempted to appropriate one or two of his writings as their own. His elegy on *The Blackbirds*, on appearing with his name in Dodsley's *Miscellanies*, was claimed by a theatrical manager, who stated the name Jago to be a *nom de guerre* coined from the tragedy of *Othello*! All this shows that the elegy was thought more of in those days than now. By a misunderstanding it was also at one time ascribed to Gilbert West.

Richard Jago's known writings are not very extensive, *Edge Hill, or the Rural Prospect Delineated and Moralized*, a poem in four books, though somewhat drawn out in parts, introduces some clever descriptions of the famous battle fought during the Civil Wars of the Royalists and Parliamentarians, and is his chief work. This poem is full of allusions to the lovely scenery, towns and grand old mansions of Warwickshire.

Other principal pieces are *Labour and Genius, a Fable*, an *Elegy on Man*, *The Swallows*, *The Blackbirds*, and *The Goldfinches*. Of these last three Thomson says he has touched

"A theme unknown to Fame, the passion of the Groves."

He also wrote *Adam, an Oratorio compiled from the "Paradise Lost" of Milton and set to Music*. He published several sermons. His collected poems were published in 1784.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

ROUNDELAY

WRITTEN FOR THE JUBILEE AT STRATFORD-UPON-
AVON, 1769

SISTERS of the tuneful train,
Attend your parent's jocund strain,
'Tis Fancy calls you ; follow me
To celebrate the Jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakespeare's bust
Points out, and guards his sleeping dust ;
The sons of scenic mirth agree,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you,
Th'aërial Sprites and Fairy-crew,
And the sister Graces three,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
The 'broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
And the mask of comic glee,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

From Birnam Wood, and Bosworth Field,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums and martial symphony,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Desdemona's hapless fate,

With frantic deeds of jealousy,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's Wives forgot,
With their harmless merry plot,
The whitening mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite
The humours of the braggard Knight,
Fat Knight, and ancient Pistol he,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

But see in crowds the Gay, the Fair,
To the splendid scene repair,
A scene as fine as fine can be,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

ABSENCE

With leaden foot Time creeps along,
While Delia is away,
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah ! envious power ! reverse my doom,
Now double thy career ;
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,
And rest them when she's here.

SOLIHULL

AN APOSTROPHE TO HIS SCHOOL AND TO SHENSTONE,
HIS SCHOOLFELLOW

From "Edge-Hill," Book III

HAIL, Solihull ! respectful I salute
Thy walls ; more awful once ! when, from the sweets
Of festive freedom and domestic ease,
With throbbing heart, to the stern discipline
Of pedagogue morose I sad return'd.
But though no more his brow severe, nor dread
Of birchen sceptre awes my riper age,
A sterner tyrant rises to my view,
With deadlier weapon arm'd. Ah, critic ! spare,
Oh, spare the Muse, who feels her youthful fears
On thee transfer'd, and trembles at thy lash.
Against the venal tribe that prostitutes
The tuneful art, to soothe the villain's breast,
To blazon fools, or feed the pamper'd lust
Of bloated vanity ; against the tribe
Which casts its wanton jests at holy truths,
Or clothes with virtue's garb th'accursed train
Of loathsome vices, lift thy vengeful arm,
And all thy just severity exert.
Enough to venial faults and hapless want
Of animated numbers, such as breathe
The soul of epic song, hath erst been paid
Within these walls, still stain'd with infant blood.

Yet may I not forget the pious care
Of love parental, anxious to improve

My youthful mind. Nor yet the debt disown
 Due to severe restraint and rigid laws,
 The wholesome curb of Passion's headstrong reign.
 To them I owe, that e'er with painful toil
 Through Priscian's crabbed rules, laborious task !
 I held my course ; till the dull tiresome road
 Plac'd me on classic ground, that well repaid
 The labours of the way.

Nor can the Muse, while she these scenes surveys,
 Forget her Shenstone, in the youthful toil
 Associate ; whose bright dawn of genius oft
 Smooth'd my incondite verse ; whose friendly voice
 Call'd me from giddy sports to follow him
 Intent on better themes—call'd me to taste
 The charms of British song, the pictured page
 Admire, or mark his imitative skill ;
 Or with him range in solitary shades,
 And scoop rude grottos in the shelving bank.
 Such were the joys that cheer'd life's early morn ;
 Such the strong sympathy of soul, that knit
 Our hearts congenial in sweet amity !
 On Cherwell's banks, by kindred science nurs'd ;
 And well-matur'd in life's advancing stage,
 When on Ardenna's plain we fondly stray'd,
 With mutual trust and amicable thought ;
 Or in the social circle gaily join'd :
 Or round his Leasowes' happy circuit rov'd ;
 On hill and dale invoking every Muse,
 Nor Tempe's shade, nor Aganippe's fount
 Envied ; so willingly the Dryads nurs'd
 His groves ; so liberally their crystal urns

The Naiads poured, enchanted with his spells ;
 And pleas'd to see their ever-flowing streams
 Led by his hand, in many a mazy line ;
 Or in the copious tide collected large,
 Or tumbling from the rock in sportive falls,
 Now from the lofty bank, precipitate ;
 And now, in gentler course, with murmurs soft
 Soothing the ear ! and now, in concert join'd,
 Fall above fall, oblique and intricate,
 Among the twisted roots. Ah ! whilst I write,
 In deeper murmur flows the saddening stream ;
 Wither the groves ; and from the beauteous scene,
 Its soft enchantments fly. No more for me
 A charm it wears, since he, alas ! is gone,
 Whose genius plann'd it, and whose spirit grac'd.
 Ah ! hourly does the fatal doom, pronounc'd
 Against rebellious sin, some social band
 Dissolve, and leave a thousand friends to weep ;
 Soon such themselves, as those they now lament !
 This mournful tribute to thy memory paid,
 The Muse pursues her solitary way ;
 But heavily pursues, since thou art gone,
 Whose counsel brighten'd, and whose friendship
 shar'd
 The pleasing task.

THE AVON

From "Edge-Hill," Book I

HAIL, beauteous Avon, hail ! on whose fair banks
The smiling daisies, and their sister tribes,
Violets, and cuckoo-buds, and lady-smocks,
A brighter dye disclose, and proudly tell,
That Shakspeare, as he stray'd these meads along,
Their simple charms admir'd, and in his verse
Preserv'd, in never-fading bloom to live.

And thou, whose birth these walls unrival'd boast,
That mock'st the rules of the proud Stagyrite,
And learning's tedious toil, hail, mighty bard !
Thou great magician, hail ! Thy piercing thought
Unaided saw each movement of the mind,
As skilful artists view the small machine,
The secret springs and nice dependencies,
And to thy mimic scenes, by fancy wrought
To such a wondrous shape, th'impassion'd breast
In floods of grief or peals of laughter bow'd,
Obedient to the wonder-working strain,
Like the tun'd string responsive to the touch,
Or to the wizard's charm, the passive storm.
Humour and wit, the tragic pomp, or phrase
Familiar, flow'd spontaneous from thy tongue,
As flowers from Nature's lap. Thy potent spells
From their bright seats ærial sprites detain'd,
Or from their unseen haunts, and slumbering shades,
Awak'd the fairy tribes, with jocund step
The circled green and leafy hall to tread :
While, from his dripping caves, old Avon sent
His willing Naiads to their harmless rout.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME



HENLEY in Arden was the birthplace of Benjamin, the son of John Beddome, in 1717. In close proximity to Henley is Beaudesert, where the poet Jago was born two years before. Beddome's father was a Baptist clergyman, who intended him for the medical profession, but he had a desire to become a minister, and was trained for his sacred profession at the Baptist College, Bristol. He obtained in 1740 the appointment to the ministerial charge of Bourton-on-the-Water, in East Gloucestershire, where he continued pastor of the Baptist church at that place till his death in 1795.

He was distinguished for his Biblical scholarship, but more for his eight hundred and thirty hymns, some of which are found in many of the hymnals now in use. The *Dictionary of National Biography* states that his personal character was marked by great urbanity and courtesy. To the sick and the poor he was extremely generous and charitable.

C. H. POOLE.

HYMN

Psalm cxvi. 14.

WITNESS, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak :
To Him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break ;—

That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

PETER WHALLEY



PETER WHALLEY, born at Rugby in 1722, educated at Merchant Taylors' School, proceeding thence to St John's, Oxford, of which college he became a fellow, took Anglican Orders and was appointed vicar of St Sepulchre's, Northampton. He deserves a niche in the Temple of the Muses for his poetry, his works on Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and his corrections of the proofs of Pope's *Shakespeare*, which brought him only ten pounds. After these achievements, his life took a sad turn; impecuniosity set in, attributed by some to the extravagance of his young wife, thereby compelling him to leave his home for that of a Mr Waldron, where he obtained some respite from the attacks of his merciless creditors. They, however, gave him no chance to prosecute his Jonsonian studies. He fled to Flanders and, after a few months' residence in that country, died at Ostend in 1791. His apostrophe to Hervey, the celebrated author of the *Meditations*, is a beautiful composition :

“ *Thou Hervey, too,
Whose page and soul alike breathe humblest love
To thy ador'd Redeemer ! thou hast shewn
That pity and polish'd elegance
May well together suit ; and while remains
Or piety, or elegance, thy works,
Like genuine gold, the touchstone will abide,
And grateful to thy countrymen remain !
Oh ! may I to my lowly strains derive
Some merit from the friendship of thy name ;*

*Strains, whose exalted subject fills thy heart
So constant with delight ; and from thy tongue
In converse pours such streams of eloquence,
That the wrapt hearer wonders at his fears
Of death ere while, and glowing with the love
Of Jesu, caught from thee, longs to behold
His Saviour in the clouds. For who can stand
Amidst the sweetness of Arabian groves,
And not bear thence some fragrance ?—valu'd friend,
Proceed ; and (thy too feeble strength renew'd)
May to hoar age thy journey be prolong'd,
And strew'd each step with blessings to mankind."*

It is interesting to antiquaries to note that a committee of Northamptonshire gentlemen, in 1755, selected him as a fitting person to prepare for publication a history of Northamptonshire. The first volume came out in 1762, and the first part of the second volume in 1769. This delay was caused by the troubles to which reference has been made. The work was ultimately finished by a committee appointed to continue its publication.

C. H. POOLE.

JOHN HUCKELL



STRATFORD-ON-AVON is so full of the memory of Shakespeare that all else in connection with it is forgotten. His light shines there so vividly that any lesser light sheds a feeble glimmer beside his radiance, yet by it (to use Henry Vaughan's quaint word) "tined and lighted."

One born in the atmosphere that Shakespeare first breathed was John Huckell. His father was a burgess of Stratford, where John was born in 1729, and when old enough he was sent to the Grammar School, where he may have received the inspiration to write poetry. During this period the charm of his birthplace and the music of the Avon must have sunk into his soul. On April the 8th. 1747, he matriculated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he spent some time, proceeding B.A. in 1751. Later he was appointed to the curacy of Hounslow, Middlesex, when he went to live at Isleworth, his chapel lying between that parish and Heston. He died at Isleworth in September 1771.

In 1758 appeared his *Avon; a Poem in Three Parts*, published in Birmingham and printed by the "celebrated" John Baskerville. Another edition was published at Stratford in 1811. It is mentioned in *The Beauties of England and Wales*, wherein the poet's name is spelt Huckel. He wrote *An Epistle to David Garrick, Esq.*, in connection with the Shakespeare Jubilee of 1769, when, with others, his fellow Stratford poet, John Jordan, also wrote lines to Garrick.

Avon is a stately and smoothly written poem of some

thirteen hundred lines, describing the classic ground along the banks where "Avon's chrystal flows," and incidents in the history enacted near its verges, intermingled with the natural beauties and poesy of the river. There is a mention of Addison, where Huckell, like Somerville, refers to him as "Clio," on account of the way he marked his papers in *The Spectator*.

*"Thy fountains, Bilton, lend their lucid store,
But weep their Clio tuneful now no more."*

The poem carries the reader with it in occasional fine passages, one of the best being on Shakespeare, wherein occurs the line :

"How little spoil death gain'd when Shakespear fell."

It is worthy of remembrance if only for this striking tribute to undying fame.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

THE SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE

From "Avon," Part I

BEHOLD, behold the laurel'd Shakespear rise,
Grace in his mien, and lightning in his eyes,
See vary'd wit in ev'ry feature play,
See kindling passions, rap the soul away.
Possess'd of more than his own Prosp'ro's skill,
He makes me what, and leads me where he will.
Diffusing wide the social flow of soul,
With Falstaff now we quaff the sprightly bowl :

Now borne sublime on magic wings I go,
O'er haunted heaths, and Calidonian snow,
To knock at bold Macbeth's perfidious gate,
And wake revenge for gentle Duncan's fate.
An exile now, thro' peaceful Arden's Grove,
I seek the bands of loyalty and love :
Now warm in Agincourt's illustrious field,
See trembling Gallia's boastful squadrons yield.
Now snatch'd away, o'er hills and vales I fly,
Till Rome's proud structures fill my ravish'd eye ;
Stay, Brutus, stay, Rome merits not the blow ;
Can *she* be free at once and venal too ?
See rank corruption lure the birds of prey,
And call each dormant monster into day.
Why swell the sails, why sounds the dashing oar ?
Bring bays, bring myrtle for th'advent'rous Moor.
Ah, gen'rous Fair in Beauty's fav'rite Ile,
Why fall thy tears, and fades thy nuptial smile ?
Infernal fiend ! to ev'ry conscience dead,
Behold the tragic load of yonder bed !
But what is he whom yonder doors dismiss
In such a night, so stern, so black as this ?
In darkness lost, except the lightning's gleam
Wraps his white head, like Hecla's brows in flame.
Sworn of his train, with Honest Kent I draw,
The heart-struck monarch to the shelt'ring straw.
But see ! the laurel'd Guide with serious smile,
Precedes my way to yon majestic pile,¹
Whose sacred foot for many a distant day,
Has press'd the verge of Avon's wat'ry way,
The doors expand, the visto'd arches sound ;

¹ The Church of Stratford-upon-Avon.

With pleasing awe I tread my kindred ground :
Persisting on I see the orient sky,
Thro' fretted windows meet m'attentive eye.
Behold, he cries, the mark that checks the tide
Of all our passions, and of all our pride,
The rock which breaks light pleasures frothy swell,
The bounds, which ev'ry earth-born hope repel ;
Alone undaunted virtue can proceed ;
While fame flies back to tell the glorious deed.
No more ; away the fair delusion's gone,
And leaves me looking on his fun'ral stone.
But where's the grateful pomp, th'ambitious strife
Of art in glorious rivalry with life ?
To bear him high no trophy'd columns rise,
No cloud-capt pyramid ascends the skies,
Proclaims this want the jealousies of art ?
Or say with him did ev'ry Muse depart ?
Here Avon, o'er her Parian Urn reclin'd,
Should see her waves in fluid marble wind ;
While (in the stream the Attic Laurel thrown)
She gives the buskin'd Muse a nobler crown.
Along the rising bank should prostrate lye
Pale Envy's train, and turn the dazzled eye,
To see the Bard's triumphant carr appear,
Where Nature sits the skilful charioteer.
In view might rise on Corinth's flow'ry pride,
Fame's ample dome, with gates expanded wide :
While the white steeds extend the shining rein,
And spring emergent from the radiant plain.
Chain'd to the shining wheels, on either hand,
The captive Passions wait his high command.
Hope here should smile, Despair should languish here,

Light Joy should laugh, and Sorrow drop the tear ;
Revenge should seem with secret wish to feel
The purple point, and whet the destin'd steel ;
While jaundic'd Jealousy, all wildly dress'd,
Hugs the dire caustic to her shuddering breast ;
Absorb'd in woe should Melancholy sigh,
And boundless Madness ev'ry pow'r defy ;
Love's flowing eyes in languid softness roll,
And Hate's dark frowns betray the tortur'd soul ;
With hair erect pale Terror shake his chain ;
And lovely Pity soothe her borrow'd pain :
By daedal fancy charg'd with high relief,
The carr should swell with many a storied chief ;
There might the mimic tapers trembling gleam
Shew Richard, starting from the direful dream ;
The Master's hand should make the marble speak,
And pour cold horror o'er the frozen cheek ;
With haggard eyes might there th'awak'ning bride
Behold her Romeo breathless at her side ;
O'er the lov'd youth should hang the dying Fair,
And each loose limb her frantic deed declare ;
There, terror-struck for actions not his own,
Should Denmark's Prince seem starting from the
stone.

In ev'ry vein, and ev'ry nerve express'd
The pangs that tear his agonizing breast.
Here too—— But say this vain profusion why ?
O think of him how small a part could die.
Nor blame this just remembrance, meant to tell
How little spoil death gain'd when Shakespear fell.

JOHN FREETH



JOHN FREETH, who is numbered among the Warwickshire poets by the acclaim of his contemporaries, and—it must be confessed—of himself also, was utterly unacquainted with the “fine frenzy” which characterised the typical poet of our great dramatist’s conception. Freeth’s muse was entirely of the pedestrian order, and concerned itself with good living, with the joys of the tavern and the bowling green, and the passing events of his time. He was the son of Charles Freeth, who kept a coffee-house in Birmingham at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Born in 1731, he passed his “prentice days” in a brass foundry in Park Street, but ultimately found his way to the position of host of the coffee-house and tavern, which had been a favourite local resort among Birmingham men, and with the advent of the younger Freeth its popularity grew considerably. At one time, when the house was frequented by a number of men of outstanding talent and ability, a picture was painted by Johan Eckstein of the “Freeth Circle,” a fine group of old Birmingham worthies, with something of the Hogarthian manner, which is now exhibited in Aston Hall. John Freeth’s first work was inspired by the beginning of the canal navigation, and was entitled, *Inland Navigation, an ode humbly inscribed to the Inhabitants of Birmingham*, a small quarto brochure of sixteen pages, published in 1769. His first collection of songs was published two years later: *The Political Songster, addressed to the Sons of Freedom and Lovers of Liberty*, 1771, in which the author’s name was veiled under the happy

pseudonym of John Free. This scarce little volume was printed by John Baskerville, the famous printer, whose "magnificent editions," as Macaulay tells us, "went forth to astonish all the librarians of Europe." Many similar volumes followed, including *The Warwickshire Medley*, 1780; *Modern Songs on various Subjects, written on the immediate arrival of the different events*, 1782; *A Touch on the Times, or the Modern Political Songster*, 1783; *New Ballads to Old Familiar Tunes*, 1805, etc.

The title-page of the *Modern Songs* well hits off Freeth's chief characteristic. In an article on Freeth published many years ago in a local periodical we have a good picture of the old songster and his method. "Whenever the London coach brought exceptional news," says the writer, "Freeth, with the instincts of a reporter, was on the alert to utilise it. He versified the political topics of the day, and sang them to his companions at night. I can picture him, when the room was well filled with an expectant auditory, being called upon to 'favour the company.' I can fancy the few solemn whiffs he would take before laying down his pipe, and gravely raising his tankard, preparatory to singing his new verses." It is such a scene as this which is depicted in Eckstein's picture.

Freeth's house was the meeting-place of an old local society—the Birmingham Book Club—which flourished for many years after "poet Freeth" had been gathered to his fathers. It was the tavern-keeper's duty to summon the members to the annual dinner of the club, which was held in the summer-time. These rhymed invitation cards, which were always written by Freeth himself, give an interesting picture of the times, touch on the topics of the day, and enlarge upon the wholesome fare provided—

"Such as chickens and ham, as the season may suit,
The finest of beef and plum pudding to boot"—

and conclude with the toast of the day. Many of these quaint verses are reprinted in Dent's *Old and New Birmingham*, and form an interesting record of club life in a country town in the eighteenth century.

John Freeth lived to a green old age, and sang his ballads blithely almost to the close of a long life, and died on the 29th September 1808. An obituary notice in *Aris's Birmingham Gazette* summed up his qualities in words which admirably describe the man as we discern him through his simple, cheery ballads :

"His morals were unsullied, and his manner unaffected. Formed to enliven the social circle, possessing wit without acrimony, and independence of mind without pride, he was beloved by his friends, courted by strangers, and respected by all. The harmless yet pointed sallies of his muse will be remembered with pleasing pain by thousands who admired his talents and revere his virtues."

The ballad on *The Bowling-Green Festival* is fairly characteristic of Freeth's compositions.

ROBERT K. DENT.

THE BOWLING-GREEN FESTIVAL

IN life's merry round—with hearts that are sound,
 When subject to no innovations ;
 A Bowling-green feast—is surely the best,
 And finest of all recreations ;
 On WORCESTERSHIRE plains—where harmony reigns,
 If truly inviting the weather,
 For mirth all inclined—you'll frequently find,
 Good souls, a round hundred together.

On ven'son that's fine—how glorious to dine,
WILL SHAKESPEARE would thieve it, they tell us ;
And doubtless the BARD—paid a special regard,
To feasting with hearty good fellows ;
Let niggards humdrum—keep glouting at home,
Themselves and their families starving,
Whilst open and free—the lovers of glee,
The good things of nature are carving.

Pleasure in horse-racing often is found,
None will deny the assertion ;
To see the bold ROCKINGHAM sweep o'er the ground,
To many gives noble diversion ;
But when on the green—a party is seen,
To festive enjoyments invited,
Tho' rubs will ensue—when bowling's in view,
All—all with the sport are delighted.

Come, throw off the JACK—nor of playing be slack,
And mark well its different traces ;
Flee, flee, and beware—rub, rub, and forbear,
Are bowling-green jocular phrases ;
LEIGH SINTON's the village, where every year,
We meet to be friendly and joyous,
From feasting, my worthies, there's nothing to fear,
So the HEAD's not too much on the BIAS.

Tho' strange it may seem, not to look at the cost,
In WOR'STER 'tis roundly asserted ;
To a poor WIDOW's grief, that a bowling-green must,
To a *Vinegar-yard* be converted :

The DEAN in his mind—tho' worldly inclined,
In a *spiritual* light may review it,
But a VINEGAR SAINT—what language can paint,
'Twould puzzle a BISHOP to do it.

When the heart's blithe and gay—old sages will say,
Time's precious—let no one misuse it,
And as freedom's our boast—I'll offer a TOAST,
And I think not a soul will refuse it :
“ To those hearty cheer—for each other each year,
Whose friendship grows warmer and warmer,
And a good roll-about—in a tub of SOUR crout,
To every notorious INFORMER.”

JOHN FREETH'S EPITAPH

FREE and easy thro' life 'twas his wish to proceed,
Good men he revered be whatever their creed ;
His pride was a sociable evening to spend,
For no man loved better his Pipe and his Friend.



A quaint old Portrait of
BEN SATCHWELL

*Reproduced from "Glimpses of our Local Past, 1800-1894,"
by permission of the Leamington Spa Courier, Ltd.*

BENJAMIN SATCHWELL



LIKE Dr Johnson, Benjamin Satchwell owes some measure of his fame to a strong personality. His conversational powers appear to have been of no mean order. A visit to his cottage and a chat with the owner afforded entertainment to many a visitor to the rising Spa of Leamington Priors' towards the close of the eighteenth century. His disposition was marked by a geniality less conspicuous in the great Doctor.

The story of his simple, useful life is soon told. Born at the Old Mill in Leamington Priors' on 3rd January 1732, he was baptized in the Parish Church on the 16th of the same month, as the younger son of William and Frances Satchwell. Tradition says that Satchwells had been estate bailiffs to the lords of the manor for more than a century, though no proof exists of their residence in Leamington, prior to 1702.

The father died when Benjamin was thirteen years old. He was then apprenticed to a shoemaker in the neighbouring village of Offchurch, who not only taught his handicraft well, but inspired the boy with a love of books. These he obtained and read as opportunity offered. In 1783 he returned to his mother's home at the Mill and from his uprightness and intelligence soon acquired a reputation in his native village not only as an "honest mender of boots and shoes," but as a trustworthy "arbiter in local quarrels" at a time when Leamington could not boast of a lawyer. He saved a little money, became possessed of some small property, married, and to him were born eleven children.

Benjamin Satchwell was, however, more than a good shoemaker and wise adviser. He was one of those who see visions and dream dreams. His dreams were not of self-aggrandisement or material gain, but of the prosperity of his beloved village. Leamington possessed a spring of water of great repute in cases of hydrophobia. The thoughts of Satchwell went out to the possibility of the existence of other medicinal springs, which might make Leamington a rival to Cheltenham and Bath. Had he read in the Rous Roll of the "many springs" about the old well "where myght be made many wells"? We know not. His friend William Abbotts, proprietor of the "Dog Inn," shared his enthusiasm. Satchwell was a great frequenter of the "Dog Inn." He tells us

*"Some to the Dog do go to drink,
But I go there to smoke and think ;
To hear folks tell, o'er cup of ale,
How Leamington doth wag its tail."*

To those who ask in earnestness it is often given to find. One day—we know the date, 14th January 1784—the two friends who had waited and watched for signs noticed significant bubbles in the stream of water bordering the elm-lined lane, on the opposite side of the Old Well. The water proved saline to the taste. Medical evidence having been adduced as to its salubrious nature, Abbotts erected baths and Satchwell spread their fame and the charms of the village by glowing accounts published in the *Coventry Mercury*, and the London papers. Satchwell gave Abbotts his full share of the glory that accrued :

*"If Master Abbotts had not done
His baths of laud and praise,
It must have been poor Leamington
Now as in former days."*

Satchwell took an especial pride in the coming of distinguished visitors, of whom he kept a list, and as the village poet he greeted many in complimentary verse. His satisfaction was great when Leamington bade fair to "wear off the aspect of a country village."

This many-sided man organised the postal service and founded the Leamington Spa Charity for the purpose of providing baths gratuitously to those who otherwise would have been unable to avail themselves of the healing waters. A Herculean task truly. As secretary and treasurer it is recorded how the old man went the tedious round of hotel and boarding house, armed with a cumbersome manuscript book, describing the cures wrought, to plead with rugged but forcible eloquence the cause of the sick poor.

With it all, he wrote. His chief work was a poem entitled *The Rise and Fall of Troy*. Another, more practical in nature, was described thus: *Astronomical Characters and Their Use*. These, with most of the personal eulogies, "rustical roundelays," and materials for the history of the village, cannot be traced.

The remains of Benjamin Satchwell rest close to the south porch of the parish church. The inscription on the altar tomb erected by his daughter bears the date 1815, evidently a sculptor's error, for an obituary notice appears in *The Warwick Advertiser* on 8th December 1810, bearing testimony to the regret felt at the death of Mr Benjamin Satchwell, senior inhabitant of Leamington Priors', in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

His literary labours are lost, but if Benjamin Satchwell can lean out "from the gold bar of Heaven," though the street bearing his name might cause some disillusionment, he would recognise the realisation of his ideals in the fine hospital, the well-equipped baths and pump-room, the beautiful gardens and broad leafy avenues of the Royal Leamington Spa of which he

literally and figuratively laid one of the foundation stones. No man has lived in vain if his ideals have become real.

Satchwell's epitaph, now nearly effaced, ended with these lines :

“ *Hail the unassuming tomb
Of him who told where health and beauty bloom ;
Of him whose lengthened life improving ran—
A blameless, useful, venerable man.*”

E. J. NOTCUTT.

EULOGY

ON THE 25TH DAY OF OCTOBER 1810

LORD bless our King, prolong his days,
That he may keep us free—
For fifty years, reign'd past away,
Keep joyful *Jubilee*.

His fleets and armies, as times past,
Bless them where they do go ;
And give a joyful peace at last,
Unto each raging foe.

Now fifty years on British throne,
Our gracious King we see.
The future ages will be known,
By joyful *Jubilee*.

Lord, crown our King with happy days
That we may joyful be ;
And lead him in most righteous ways
To keep his *Jubilee*.

Let subjects all with one accord,
To praise the Lord agree,
With George the Third our King and Lord
And keep his *Jubilee*.

Great age and honour to our King
And Royal family
With grateful hearts we'll joyful sing
In this our *Jubilee*.

Let great and small this day accord,
Let high and low agree ;
And let the rich support the poor
To keep this *Jubilee*.

O God, preserve our gracious King,
That he may longer reign ;
And he, with honour, peace may bring
For ever to remain.

SIR HENRY BATE DUDLEY



THE subject of our memoir was a many-sided man, journalist, clergyman, and a fighting one, too, in more senses than one, for his irritable temper often landed him in conflict with his friends, usually ending in either a fight or a duel. He was, moreover, a magistrate of seven English counties and four Irish ones and—to add to these accomplishments—a poet.

He was born at Fenny Compton, 25th August 1745. The Rev. Henry Bate was his father, who held the living of North Frambridge, in Essex, to which he succeeded at his father's death. As a clergyman he was too fond of pleasure, and in its pursuits obtained notoriety. He was one of the earliest editors of *The Morning Post*, but in 1780 he quarrelled with his staff, and in the November of the same year he started *The Morning Herald* upon Liberal principles, in opposition to the former paper.

In 1781 Bate bought the advowson of Bradwell, in Essex, and in 1784 assumed the name of Dudley. The old incumbent died in 1797, and Dudley presented himself to the living. The bishop refused to induct him on the ground of simony. Dudley took legal proceedings; a compromise was effected, and then it was discovered that the right of presentation had lapsed to the Crown. He had much sympathy, for he had spent £28,000 on the church and benefice. In 1804 he obtained three preferments in Ireland, which he resigned on his presentation to the rectory of Willingham, Cambridgeshire, in 1812, and in the following year he was created a baronet.

Three years later the people of the county presented him with a piece of plate "for his very spirited and firm conduct during the riots." Courage was his characteristic, a quality which Dr Johnson gave him credit for, though he would not allow him to have any merit. He was certainly a lover of merit in others, even if the learned Doctor denied it him, for he was the friend of Garrick, a patron of William Shield and Gainsborough, and an admirer of Mrs Siddons.

His works comprise a great number of operas, including *The Flitch of Bacon* and *The Woodman* (songs from the latter were sung by amateurs about forty years ago), his legal quarrels, and an assize sermon preached in Ely Cathedral, of which he was a prebendary, before the judges opened the special commission for the trial of riots, 1816. His wife, whom he married in 1780, the sister of the actress, Mrs Hartley, assisted him in his comi-tragedy *Passages selected by Distinguished Personages, on the great Literary Trial of Vortigern and Rowena*. It went through at least five editions, a bulky octavo work in four volumes. He also contributed to the *Rolliad*, which had appeared in *The Morning Herald*. He died at Cheltenham on 1st February 1824.

C. H. POOLE.

SONG

From "The Woodman"

ZEPHYR, come, thou playful minion,
Greet with whispers soft mine ear ;
Hence, each breeze of ruder pinion,
Tell me I have nought to fear.

Gentle Zephyr, wing him over,
Tho' I ne'er behold him more ;
With the breath of some young lover
Waft him to his native shore.

THE STREAMLET THAT FLOWED ROUND
HER COT

From " The Woodman "

THE streamlet that flowed round her cot
All the charms of my Emily knew ;
How oft has its course been forgot,
While it passed, her dear image to view.

Believe me, the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it derived the fair prize,
For silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

JOHN JORDAN



JOHN JORDAN must not be overlooked in a collection of Warwickshire poets. Known as "the Stratford Poet," he was born on 2nd October 1746, at Tiddington, in the parish of Alveston some two miles from Stratford-upon-Avon. He was the son of John Jordan, and it is reported that, though he had but little education, his mind turned early to literature, encouraged by a gift of Dugdale's *Warwickshire*. With such tastes, and living in an atmosphere so congenial for acquiring Shakespearean lore, the very town of the *great* "Stratford Poet" being so close, it is not strange that he was ill-content to apply himself solely to his trade of wheelwright, but spent his leisure in Shakespearean and antiquarian studies, reading the few books he possessed, and collecting many of the stories circulating round Shakespeare's boyhood—in fact, he was over-zealous, even to the extent of giving credence to myths!

Among those who wrote verses for the Shakespeare Jubilee of 1769 were several Warwickshire poets, including Richard Jago and John Huckell, and on this occasion John Jordan wrote his first poem, addressed to Garrick, Steward of the Festival, and so joined his praise to that of other "bards" of his shire in honouring the poet who wrote of their Shakespeare :

"The Bard of all Bards was a Warwickshire Bard."

The surroundings in which Jordan lived influenced the only poetical work he published separately, *Welcombe*

Hills, near Stratford-upon-Avon, published with the assistance of his friend, the Rev. Joseph Greene, in London, 1777, with a picture of the subject prefixed. These hills, lying to the west of Alveston, between that place and Stratford, and pitted with great entrenchments probably made by the Saxons, must often have attracted Jordan, and the wild and rugged country inspired his Muse, for he tells of days spent among the hills, not returning till eventide :

*“ To Stratford then he took his well-known way,
Sweetly reflecting on the objects of the day.”*

This country was also in the mind of Jago when he wrote his lines on the origin and formation of mountains, in *Edge-Hill*. The theme of *Welcombe Hills* goes back in time to the sixth century and the struggle between Saxon and Briton, and is intermingled with thoughts on the beauties of the surrounding country. Towards the close of the poem the poet writes apologetically of himself and his verse :

*“ Pleas’d in his E’sham vale, and lowly class,
He only drew from simple nature’s glass ;
’Twas she alone inspired his humble mind,
With history and vague tradition join’d.”*

Though Jordan’s fame was little known beyond his native spot, where he was still remembered in Colvile’s time as “ the poet Jordan,” yet his knowledge of the neighbourhood of Stratford was of great interest and assistance to those visiting Shakespeare’s shrine, and Edmund Malone, after a visit to Stratford, wrote to him on matters connected with the traditions of those parts. Later Jordan visited Malone in London in 1799, and left him his manuscripts at his death. At one time Malone

raised forty pounds for the benefit of Jordan. "The Stratford Poet" was married, but his wife died the year before his visit to London. He died on 2nd July 1809, and lies in the charmed churchyard of Stratford, behind the Shakespeare monument. There is a tablet to his memory on the outside of the church.

Besides his verse he wrote *Original Collections of Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon* and *Original Memoirs of the Families of Shakespeare and Hart*. His writings all have the same note—Shakespeare and his county. Jordan was a truer Warwickshire man, if less of a poet, than many writers born in the shire.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

FAIRY RINGS

From "Welcombe Hills"

ON Welcombe Hills I tune my willing verse,
Point out their beauties, and their fame rehearse,
Their ancient fame shall elevate my lays,
A subject worthy of the Muse's praise.
Upon these Hills one pleasing morn I stray'd
To see what art and nature there display'd :
The DINGLES first attract my wondering sight ;
Their grandeur gave astonishing delight.

Near to these chasms I trac'd my winding way,
Till to a fairy ring I chanc'd to stray :
This in my mind a novel fancy bred,
And with myself contemplating I said,
Perhaps 'twas here some hardy hero stood,
Engag'd some foe, and shed his hated blood

In single combat, for some virgin's charms :
Inspir'd with beauty here prevail'd his arms ;
The vital stream gush'd from the gaping wound,
And stain'd with crimson this fair figur'd round ;
There clotted lay, 'til silver Cynthia's train
Lighted the fairies on the verdant plain,
With jocund revels here to frisk and play,
Free and unscorch'd by Sol's inclement ray.
Their music sounded soft, harmonious, sweet ;
Around they skipp'd and danc'd with airy feet,
Till Oberon, their princely leader, stood
And look'd aghast, scenting the human blood !
He bid his Sprights their jollity forbear :
They in an instant stopp'd each tuneful air,
Cover'd the loathsome gore with grass and flow'rs,
And leaves collected from the neighb'ring bow'rs :
These rites perform'd, the elves, 'til rising day,
The act recorded in melodious lay ;
The Ringlet then appear'd with brighter green
Than e'er before upon the turf was seen ;
Its colour ever will unsoil'd remain
By sheep or oxen, grazing on the plain ;
Succeeding springs its verdure will renew,
And spread fresh beauties to the shepherd's view.

VIEW FROM WELCOMBE HILLS

WHILE birds their joys in notes melodious tell,
And od'rous blossoms recreate the smell ;

When winds are calm, and firmament is clear,
How sweet the views in open air appear !
Hence eastward, Warwick tow'rs attract the sight ;
And westward, Stratford domes no less delight,
Chiefly that ancient solemn pile, whose stones
Have long enclos'd the much-lov'd Shakespear's
bones :
Some honour hence accrues, but who can claim,
Or dare to limit his unbounded fame ?

JOHN RYLAND



JOHN RYLAND, D.D., was the son of John Collet Ryland, a distinguished member of the Baptist denomination, of whom it is interesting to notice that he was baptised by Benjamin Beddome, and his mother, Freelove Collet, was a collateral descendant of Dean Colet, the founder of Milton's school. His son, the subject of this sketch, was distinguished also, and was born at Warwick on 29th January 1753, three years after his father had left Bristol to become pastor of the Baptist community in this ancient town of the county. He, as a boy, showed wonderful classical abilities, for he learnt Hebrew at five and Greek later, and received his early education in St Mary's parsonage house, rented to his father by the kindly rector, Dr Tate, who, when upbraided for so doing, retorted that he had brought the man as near the Established Church as possible yet he could not force him to enter it!

John Collet Ryland left Warwick in 1759 for Northampton, where he spent twenty-six years as minister and schoolmaster, and here John the younger assisted him in his school, and on his father's retirement in 1786 took sole charge of the congregation until 1793, when he was "called" to the pastorate of Broadmead Chapel at Bristol, which he held until his death in 1825. He was a man of many parts—a profound classical and Oriental scholar, a passionate student of natural history, "in the pursuit of which he was much assisted by the peculiar structure of his eyes, which were a kind of microscope."

Moreover, he might be described as a "painful" preacher, for it is said that he delivered no less than 8691 sermons, which were ever listened to with attention. He was one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society, and a popular hymn-writer, thirteen of his hymns are, according to Julian, the author of *Hymnology*, still in common use; they are simple and calm in thought and language, yet lacking poetry or passion.

The hymn following has been translated into Latin verse by the Rev. Richard Bingham in *Hymnologia Christiana Latina*.

C. H. POOLE.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HANDS

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

His decree who framed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.

Times the Tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my Heavenly Friend.

Plagues and death around me fly,
Till He bids I cannot die;

Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

O Thou, Gracious, Wise, and Just,
Unto Thee my life I trust ;
How can I bereavèd be,
Since I cannot part with Thee ?



THE HONOURABLE C. J. FEILDING

*From a picture by Sir N. Dance in the possession of
The Right Honourable The Earl of Denbigh and Desmond.*

THE HONOURABLE CHARLES JOHN FEILDING



EMBOWERED in beautiful and restful surroundings and a wealth of "greenh," somewhat off the beaten track, lies Newnham Paddox, the noble seat of the ancient family of the Denbighs, of the imperial house of the Hapsburgs, whose ancestors acquired it in the reign of Henry VI., by the marriage of William Feilding to a grand-daughter of Robert de Newnham.

Newnham is in the parish of Monks' Kirby, a place of great antiquity, for William I. bestowed it upon Geoffrey de Wirce, who, in 1077, by deed gave the tithes and lands of Monks' Kirby to the newly founded monastery of St Nicholas, at Angers. He rebuilt the church dedicated to St Mary the Virgin and St Edith.

Jago in his *Edge-Hill*, Book IV., refers to Newnham, whose walls—

*"With graceful pride ascend, the invert'd pile
In her clear stream, with flow'ry margin grac'd,
Admiring."*

It is interesting that the daffodil, a favourite flower of Shakespeare and Michael Drayton, now forms a great attraction for the Midlanders, who come to see the pleasure grounds, starred with these beautiful flowers.

The celebrated gates, brought from Berwick, in Salop, appeal much to bird-lovers, the little nuthatch, beautifully wrought in metal, finding a place on them.

Here then, at Newnham, was born on the 21st and

baptised on the 22nd of December 1761, the Honourable Charles John Feilding, the son of Basil, the sixth Earl of Denbigh, and Mary Cotton his countess, and first wife.

Our poet was educated at Harrow, under Dr Benjamin Heath, who met with opposition from Dr Parr, in the competition for the headmastership, so much so that, at Heath's election, the boys burst out into open rebellion, as the governors of the school refused their demand for the master of their choice. They asked that Harrow "might no longer be considered as a mere appendix to Eton."

Our poet proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was entered on 22nd October 1779, having for tutor a Mr Collier, and in 1782 as a "Fellow Commoner" proceeded to his M.A. degree.

Little is known of his life after leaving Cambridge, but it is known that before quitting the University he brought out *The Brothers, an Eclogue*—a work remarkable more for its fraternal affection than poetic genius, and dedicated it to his brother, William, Viscount Feilding.

At Newnham there is a beautiful picture, painted by Sir Nathaniel Dance, of the poet as a little boy, with his mother and William, who did as "Dorylas" in the pursuit of arms, capture off Portland, five Dutch ships and frigates of war, and seven transports, for "he was one whose bosom glowed with martial rage," while Charles John as "Damon" preferred, as he sings in his little book of verse, to

*"Improve the transient moments as they fly
With morals on a flower's mortality."*

The poet died, September 1788, assassinated, it is said, by his valet, either in France or Portugal.

A touching review of *The Brothers* appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1781. "These two brothers seem a modern Amphion and Zethus. Of the poem, in the

language of Dr Johnson, 'it is sufficient blame to say that it is a pastoral.' Yet, as Pope said of his own pastorals, we think it 'something better'; and of the genius of this young writer, from this, and other fugitive pieces that we have seen, we have a very advantageous opinion, as well as of his heart. The fraternal affection which inspires this poem, and with which the author has inscribed it 'To the Lord Viscount Feilding, (whom the ties of Nature prompt him to love, and merit compels him to esteem)' is a new subject for an Eclogue, and we cannot but recollect that Virgil, in his *Bucolics*, preluded to his *Æneid*, and Pope in his *Pastorals*, to the *Essay on Man*. The two brothers, under the names of Damon and Dorylas, are the interlocutors, enlarging on the praise of their respective pursuits, Peace and War, the pastoral (or learned) and the military life.

"Damon thus concludes :—

*' May'st thou—(but hence, disguise ! no Damon now,
'Tis CHARLES for WILLIAM breathes the ardent vow).
May'st thou, blest youth, with endless laurels crown'd,
Renown'd for conquest, as for worth renown'd,
Long live, thy Country's firm defence to prove,
And gain a nation's as a brother's love !
Nor (though far nobler aim thy bosom fires)
Scorn the rude verse which Friendship's voice inspires.
Friendship, who (mindful of that happy day,
Which gave the theme that animates my lay)
Bids every joy mortality can know,
Bids every joy, exempt from every woe,
Shed his bright sunshine o'er each future hour,
And mix with Virtue's garland, Pleasure's flower.*

"On the whole, the laurels which Mr Feilding has gathered on the banks of the Cam will do no discredit to that University, or to the noble house of Denbigh."

The following lines were written by "W. J." and
 "Inscribed to the Honourable Charles Feilding, on his
 Eclogue to his brother, William Lord Viscount Feilding."

*"Thou generous youth ! whose soul, to nature true,
 Loves the coy Muse in Granta's shades to woo,
 And fondly seeks, enamour'd of the Nine,
 Rocks, meads, and woods, and waterfalls divine,
 (Thy guiltless aim the Muse's laurel crown)
 Receive this tribute from a swain unknown.
 And oh, permit, thou favour'd of the Nine,
 A stranger-muse to mix her vows with thine !
 Oh may some guardian power, some son of light,
 Watch o'er thy WILLIAM in the hour of fight !
 And by his martial skill, and warrior-sword,
 May Britain see her ancient fame restor'd !
 Whilst bays, most justly won, shall shade his brow,
 Such glorious bays as deck CORNWALLIS now !
 And thou, with strains that glow, and words that burn,
 Thou, happy youth, shalt grace his glad return ;
 Shalt pour with ardent voice the grateful lay
 To hail the raptur'd hero on his way ;
 Shalt stamp, with glowing hand, thy brother's name,
 Close by thy own on the long roll of fame.
 And I, perhaps, by this most pleasing tale
 Allur'd to wander from my village-vale,
 May tread the crowded way, and strive to raise
 Some strain to swell the pæans of thy praise !
 How touch'd ! how rapt ! yet once again to join
 Thy well-known song, and mix my lays with thine !"*

C. H. POOLE.

DAMON'S SONG AND ECHO

From "The Brothers"

FANN'D by the gentlest breezes of the May,
Young Damon wildly tuned his untaught lay.
Wildly he tuned by inborn genius fired,
As Fancy prompted, and the Muse inspired.
He sung of tears that pale Amyntas shed
(Amyntas, weeping o'er his Delia dead) :
He sung, how, Thyrsis in the ground was laid
(The sweetest Poet of the Sylvan shade),
Sung how a Father heaved the heart-felt groan,
And with that Father's sorrows mix'd his own.

Nor did the dead alone engross his care,
He sung the living Youth, the living Fair.
He bade the gale to Strephon's ear convey,
To Strephon's partial ear, the friendly lay :
Of Laura's charms he told the silent Vale,
And wooed Sweet Echo to repeat the tale ;
Sweet Echo heard the prayer—Th'enchanted Swain
With fond delight sat list'ning to the strain,
On each returning note with rapture hung,
And wondered at the lays himself had sung.

DAMON TELLS DORYLAS HIS VISION OF
THE QUEEN OF SONG*From "The Brothers"*

To me these glades belong,
These glades where late I saw the Queen of Song.
Here, while beneath this silver hawthorn's shade,
At ease reclined, my careless limbs I laid :
(What time Day's fev'rish eye Eve's fingers close,
And her soft warblings lull him to repose.)
The heav'nly Maid, in vest of varying hue,
Tript o'er the daisied green, and met my view.
Bare was her heaving breast that shamed the snow,
And true to ev'ry touch of joy or woe.
Bright were her eyes, but in their radiance wild,
By turns in tears they swam, by turns they smiled.
Yet thro' the mournful show'rs (O strange to tell !)
Beamed rapture's sun, and gilt them as they fell.
"Blest youth (she cried) whose studious footsteps
run
From those rude scenes which peace delights to shun,
Who, far from Fashion and her tinsel train,
Prefer'st sweet Quiet's solitary reign ;
Whose heav'n fix'd eye is wont, at Night's calm noon,
To watch from cloud to cloud the wand'ring Moon ;
Whose pensive ear, while Silence hovers round,
Feeds on the village death-bells' distant sound ;
Or loves, as now, at evening's gentler hour,
To hear sweet Philomel from yonder bower ;

This pipe can life of all its cares beguile,
And win Misfortune's self to wear a smile.
This pipe be thine ! '' She spoke, and forth she drew
The mystic reed, then vanish'd from my view.

PHILIP BRACEBRIDGE HOMER



NO town or city has ever claimed Shakespeare as a native but the Warwickshire Stratford. Seven cities of Greece contended for the honour of producing one Homer, but the little town of Birdingbury, whose name is enshrined in *Domesday* as Berdingerie, has given to the learned world a *family* of Homers, distinguished for their literary attainments! The subject of this sketch was the tenth son of the Rev. Henry Sacheverell Homer, M.A., rector of Birdingbury, and was born in 1765. He was educated at Rugby School and at Oxford, where he matriculated at University College in 1781, and in 1783 obtained a demyship at Magdalen. Two years later he returned to Rugby School as an assistant master; this office he held for thirty-seven years. He died in 1838, 26th April.

Colville describes him as "a refined and exact scholar, and a man of kind-hearted liberality and Christian humility," yet as a teacher he evidently was not much of a disciplinarian, as the following little scholastic episode will testify: in his form there was an enormous boy, who took immense delight in teasing "Philly," for such was his nickname; on one occasion, the boy so irritated him that he sent him up to the headmaster with a "particular note" for a flogging, which was couched usually in this form: "Johnson—Mr Homer," but was altered to: "Mr Johnston—P. Homer." Dr Wool, on receiving it, said, "Which is to be flogged?"

Philip Bracebridge Homer's brother Arthur held the mastership before him at Rugby, and was the greatest

friend of the celebrated Dr Parr, who respected and loved him on account of his piety and classical attainments. The learned Doctor describes Philip as "rather irascible, sincere, honourable, generous, learned, ingenious and truly pious." For some reason or other our poet showed his irascibility by writing a squib, on the model of Martial, a very animated one certainly, on the character of Dr Parr, who was so pleased with the cantankerous verses that he took effectual means for a reconciliation.

*"To brutes humane, to kindred man a rod,
Proud to all mortals, humble to thy God,
In sects a bigot, and yet lik'd by none,
By those most fear'd, whom most you deem your own :
Lord o'er the greatest, to the least a slave,
Half weak, half strong, half timid, and half brave ;
To take a compliment of too much pride,
And yet most hurt when praises are denied ;
In dress all negligence, or else all state,
In speech all gentleness, or yet all hate ;
There, most a friend, where most you seem a foe,
So very knowing that you nothing know.
Thou art so deep discerning, yet so blind,
So learn'd, so ignorant, cruel, yet so kind,
So good, so bad, so foolish, and so wise,
By turns I love thee, and by turns despise."*

Homer was a voluminous poet ; his works have long ceased to attract the attention that they at first excited among the *literati* of his day as evinced by his frequent contributions to *The Gentleman's Magazine*. His poetical writings include *The Garland*, *Anthologia*, and *Poems, translated from the Italian of Metastasio*, who was imperial Court poet at Vienna and world-renowned for his melodramas, written in the eighteenth century.

C. H. POOLE.

LAURA

IN this cool hour, while Reason sways the soul,
And Love's delusions creep not o'er the sense,
To steal away the judgment ; whilst no fear
Thee to disgust, and no vain wish to please,
Prompts or retards the movement of this pen,
Let me describe thee, Laura, as thou art ;
Woman, not Angel ; human, not divine ;
In manners elegant, and, in approach,
Easy, but not familiar ; in thy gait
Graceful and winning ; in thy features fair,
But yet not beautiful ; in form not fine ;
And still most lovely ; modest in thy speech,
In mind sagacious ; cheerful in thy face,
And gay and smiling as the morn ; in heart
Solid and serious ; in thy friendship firm,
Cordial and true ; in all thy dealings just.

THE ADIEU

From the Italian of Metastasio

O CRUEL hour that bids us part !
My Laura, and my life, adieu !
How shall I live so far from you,
Thou first and dearest treasure of my heart ?

Oh ! I shall live in ceaseless pain,
Nor hope for happiness again ;
And thou, while cleaves this soul to thee,
Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me ?

After that peace, no longer mine,
Which thou bear'st with thee on thy way,
Suffer at least fond thought to stray,
And, where thou tread'st, to follow on the line :
Where'er thou goest, sweet maid, must I
In still-pursuing thought be nigh ;
And thou, while cleaves this soul to thee,
Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me ?

My steps on distant shores to rove,
I turn ; all pensive and alone,
There will I make my plaintive moan ;
And ask the rocks where dwells the maid I love.
Still in the East while lights his flame
The Sun, I'll call upon thy name
From hour to hour ; but ah ! for thee,
Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me ?

Oft shall I tread with footsteps due
Each pleasant field and fairy ground,
Where late such happiness I found ;
For, loveliest Laura, there I stray'd with you.
A hundred ways this heart to sting,
How many thoughts shall Memory bring !
But, ah ! while Memory dwells on thee,
Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me ?

There shall I say, where lifts its wave
Yon fount, she kindled with disdain,
And there, to bid me live again,
In sign of peace her lily hand she gave.
On hope I fed one moment there,
The next I languish'd in despair ;
Thus shall I say ; but ah ! for thee,
Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me ?

Where now thou goest, fair nymph, to dwell,
How many an ardent, wily youth
Shall press around to proffer truth,
And tales of sweetest tenderest love to tell !
Oh ! Gods ! who knows, amid such feints,
Such gentle homage, soft complaints ;
Oh ! Gods ! while cleaves his soul to thee,
Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me ?

Think on the pleasing painful dart
Thou leav'st, my life, within this breast ;
Think, without prospect to be blest,
I lov'd thee, dearest virgin, from my heart ;
Think on that cruel, hard adieu,
Which tears me from my bliss and you !
But, ah ! why say I " think " to thee ?
Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me ?

CHARLES LLOYD



HARLES LLOYD, the friend of Lamb and Coleridge, was born in Birmingham (in Edgbaston Street) in 1775. The family of Lloyd settled in Birmingham about the end of the seventeenth century, and became known in the latter part of the eighteenth as bankers, being the founders of Lloyd's Bank, which was the forerunner of the innumerable banks still bearing the family name which have pervaded the whole country.

Charles Lloyd's father (also named Charles), born in Birmingham, was a man of refined tastes and no little ability, of which he gave evidence in his translations of the *Epistles of Horace* (privately printed, 1812) and of the *Odyssey*, and part of the *Iliad*, the 24th book of which was also privately printed.

Charles Lloyd the elder married, in 1774, the only daughter of James Farmer of Leicester, and Charles Lloyd, who is the subject of this notice, was their first-born son. No more appropriate example of Lloyd's poetry can be given than the lines which he wrote on the death of his mother, Mary Lloyd, on the 22nd of February 1822, lines which are almost worthy of being placed side by side with those of Cowper written under like circumstances :

*" My dearest mother, could a lay of mine
Rescue thy memory from oblivion's gloom,
How gladly would my efforts try to build
Th'imperishable verse ; for thou wert one*

*Deserving well the love of those that knew thee,
Pious thou wert, sincere, and elevate
Above all vulgar thought : thy heart, the seat
Of every sensibility,
Was not for this world's ways. How well do I
Remember, when I yet was but a boy,
And only knew of death by name : ne'er yet
Had felt the nearest instincts of my heart
Rent by its cold inexorable hand ;
How well do I still recollect the beam
That brightened in thine eye, and o'er thy face
Spread like a glory, when some lovely scene
Of nature called on thee to gaze ; or when
In book which thou perusedst, thou did meet
With sympathetic sentiment, from strain
Lofty, impassioned, generous or devout.
How well do I remember when on eve
Of summer, thou didst sit and watch the sun's
Last radiance, watch the simple landscape seen
From nether windows of thy then abode,
With houses otherwise encompassed, how
Do I remember what serenity,
Bespeaking solemn and unearthly thoughts,
Brooded on all thy person ! How thou lookedst
Still I recall to mind, and, too, recall
How oft such hour, by some appropriate strain
From the Seasons' bard, and him of flight more lofty,
The Poet who did tune his sacred harp
To tell of man's first innocence, his fall,
And restoration—how such hour was filled
By some appropriate strain, from these with taste
Selected :—thy enunciation graced
Each apt quotation : for thy countenance,
Each gesture, tone of voice, an earnest gave,
Thou lentest more of feeling to the strain
By thee recited, than thou drew'st from thence.*

*Thou wert meet Priestess for an hour like this !
Thine was a breast tuned to each holier thought !
Thine was a voice which e'en an angel might
Have made its organ, in discourse with man
Rendering thee his interpretress ! So free
From aught of vulgar, sordid, mean, or low,
Were all thy feelings, that not only thou
Didst never to a mood which these inspire
Give utterance, but also in thy breast
Instinct connatural to such impulses
Could not be found ! ”*

Charles Lloyd was, as was natural, brought up to the family business of banking, but the routine of the bank was irksome to him, and a casual visit of Samuel Taylor Coleridge to Bingley House (the home of the Lloyd family) brought about the final break with business. So fascinated was Lloyd with Coleridge's conversation that he resolved to remove to Bristol (where the latter then lived), and thereafter, for some time, he and Coleridge lived together in a house on Kingsdown. In 1796 he published his first volume of verse, entitled *Poems on Various Subjects*. There was undoubtedly something stilted and awkward in his early verses, which lent themselves to the clever raillery of his friend Coleridge, who ridiculed them in certain *Mock Sonnets* which he published in *The Monthly Magazine*. Thereafter a coolness sprang up between the two friends, which ultimately brought about a separation. But before this arose, Coleridge had introduced him to Lamb, and the two became fast friends. In 1798 appeared a slender volume of *Blank Verse* by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, to which Coleridge also contributed several stanzas, and, in spite of the former coolness, the old friendship was renewed, and the three became inseparable friends, pilloried together in the rhymes of *The Anti-Jacobin* as

“ *Wandering bards that move
In sweet accord of harmony and love,*”

and in Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

Charles Lamb's affection for Lloyd appears in many references throughout his correspondence, and more particularly in a poem which he wrote *To Charles Lloyd*. Unfortunately Lloyd became a subject of fits and mental derangement, which clouded his life and caused his friends much anxiety. “ You will pray with me, I know,” wrote Lamb to Coleridge, “ for his recovery ; for surely, Coleridge, an exquisiteness of feeling like this must border on derangement. But I love him more and more, and will not give up the hope of his speedy recovery.”

Besides a novel in two volumes, entitled *Edmund Oliver*, he published a little volume entitled *Nugæ Canoræ* in 1823, and *Desultory Thoughts in London*, and also a translation of Alfieri which is held in some esteem. “ His mind,” says Justice Talfourd (the friend and biographer of Lamb and the author of the tragedy *Ion*), “ was chiefly remarkable for the fine power of analysis which distinguishes his *London*, and other of his later compositions. In this power of discriminating and distinguishing—carried to a pitch of almost painfulness—Lloyd has scarcely been equalled ; and his poems, though rugged in point of versification, will be found, by those who will read them with the calm attention they require, replete with critical and moral suggestions of the highest value.”

Charles Lloyd outlived his friend Lamb by five years, and finally settled at Versailles, where his mind completely broke up, and he died in 1839.

ROBERT K. DENT.





WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

From the Portrait by W. Fisher in the National Portrait Gallery.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR



NE of the most original personalities of the nineteenth century was Walter Savage Landor. He was the son of a physician, and was born in the historic town of Warwick on 30th January 1775. His family had large estates in Warwickshire and Staffordshire, and he inherited on his maternal side Tachbrook and Ipsley Court in the former county, where he spent his youth, and in a poem written in Wales he showed such affection for it that he exclaimed :

*" Oh ! what resistless madness made me roam
From cheerful friends and hospitable home !
Whether in Arrow's vale, or Tachbrook's grove,
My lyre resounded liberty and love.*

*Let me once more my native land regain,
Bounding with steady pride and high disdain ;
Then will I pardon all the faults of fate,
And hang fresh garlands, Ipsley, on thy gate."*

He received his education preparatory for Rugby School at Knowle. At Rugby, he was famous for breaking bounds, boxing, leaping and the usual sports of a public school, as well as for making Latin and Greek verses. He possessed an individuality almost too defiant. A story of his schooldays is the key to Landor's life, for it is related that in one of his fishing excursions he brought an angry farmer to surrender when he was found dragging the latter's fish pond. Instead of falling on his knees and

begging pardon, our poet threw the net over him and so compelled his captor to let him off.

His masterfulness followed him to Oxford, where he obtained the sobriquet of the "Mad Jacobin" on account of his revolutionary opinions, which the "dons" of his college — Trinity — disliked. His firing a gun in the "Quad" led to his rustication. His next passage of arms was with his father on the choice of a profession. He would not join the Army at his father's bidding, who then offered him four hundred pounds a year if he would follow the Law; this also he would not do, and consequently had to fall back on a small annual income of one hundred and fifty pounds, assisted by his earnings from literary pursuits.

In 1794 he set out for London, took lodgings, and in the following year brought out the *Poems of Walter Savage Landor*, as also some Latin verses which incited Lord Byron to call him, in satire, the "deep-mouthed Bœotian." Later the poet is found making a home in Swansea, where he wrote *Gebir*, in 1798, and met Rose Aylmer. He did not leave South Wales till his father's death in 1805, when, at the age of thirty, he succeeded to his estates. Now his inherent revolutionary opinions urged him to raise a band of volunteers on behalf of Spain in her endeavour to free herself from the tyranny of Napoleon I., whom he hated, but did not betray when at Tours.

Landor married, in 1811, Julia Thuillier "with the golden hair," of illustrious family, penniless yet pretty. They were ill matched, and he left her, went to France, and thence to Fiesole, where he wrote his *Imaginary Conversations*. These are remarkable prose productions, and are certainly a reflex of the poet's self — contradictory: they abound in ideas and thoughts written in pure and nervous English, which are deemed to be a "joy for ever." His prose has eclipsed his poetry.

His *Gebir* treats of Egypt and appeals to a youthful imagination. His *Hellenics*, and dramas of *Count Julian*, etc., should be read on account of their beauty of diction, and in them we find tenderness and satire so blended as to seem oxymoron-like. His poetry has many passages marvellously lyrical, meditative, chaste and graceful, cameo-like, exquisitely cut, clear and sharp of outline. He was a close ally of the "most gorgeous Lady Blessington," the intimate friend of Southey and Robert Browning, and visited by Swinburne, at Florence, an occasion so memorable that in memory of it the latter wrote, notwithstanding our poet's peculiarities and seeming abruptness, that he was—

"Strong like the sun, and like the sunlight kind."

He died at Florence on 16th September 1864, winning immortality and a double crown of glory in prose and in verse, like his great model Milton.

C. H. POOLE.

ROSE AYLMER

Al, what avails the sceptred race !

Al, what the form divine !

What every virtue, every grace !

Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes

May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and sighs

I consecrate to thee.

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not ; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him ; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart ; for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
“ Merciful God ! ” such was his latest prayer,
“ These may she never share ! ”
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And, O, pray too for me !

TO ROBERT BROWNING

THERE is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer ; and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above,
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech ! and brief for thee,
Browning ! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing : the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

AN ENGLISH SCENE

CLIFTON, in vain thy varied scenes invite—
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height ;
The sheep that starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant churches' mellow chime ;
As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
And shake above our heads the craggy steeps,
Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower,
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
The frolic Naiads drawing^u from below
A net of silver round the black canoe,

Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

SIXTEEN

IN Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me ?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not culled as sweet before ?
Ah yes, Lucilla ! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone, for ever.

PLAYS

ALAS, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover !
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage !
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands ! beside,
How long the audience sit before us :
How many prompters, what a chorus !

LITTLE AGLÄE

To her father, on her statue being called like her

FATHER ! the little girl we see
Is not, I fancy, so like me . . .
You never hold her on your knee.
When she came home, the other day,
You kissed ; but I cannot say
She kissed you first and ran away.

MURMURING SEA-SHELLS

From " Gebir," i.

BUT I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed

In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave :
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

WILLIAM HAMPER



AS an antiquary and not as a verse-writer was William Hamper known, yet he has his small part in the pæan of Warwickshire song, and should be remembered for his versatility.

Birmingham was his birthplace on 12th December 1776; his father, Thomas Hamper, was a brassfounder in that city, and to this business William was trained. He worked hard to increase it, to that end travelling over much of England, and during his peregrinations he laid the foundation for his future knowledge of antiquarian lore, though poetry attracted him also, and his first literary venture was a poem to *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1798. It has been discovered that those verses signed "H.D.B." were from his pen, the initials standing for Hamper, Deritend, Birmingham. He spent much of his life in Warwickshire, as letters from him to *The Gentleman's Magazine* extending over some period are dated from Birmingham. His connection with this journal is considerable, drawings by him, and antiquarian notes, often giving inscriptions from monuments and tablets, appearing from time to time. He was of an old Sussex family, which may account for his especial interest in the antiquities of that county.

To trace the history of all his writings would be a long affair, but the main facts of interest in reference to these and his life may be briefly mentioned.

In 1803 he married Jane, the daughter of William Sharp of Newport, Isle of Wight, the marriage taking place at Ringwood, Hampshire. In 1811, the year his father died, he was appointed a justice of the peace for

his native county, and in this capacity did much strenuous work. The year 1821 saw him elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, having been a correspondent thereto for several years. His best writing appeared in 1827, *The Life, Diary, and Correspondence of Sir William Dugdale*. Hamper was exceedingly painstaking in his research, and spent years in the preparation of an edition of Dugdale's *Warwickshire*. Valuable letters of his once shared the probable fate of many good writings and were burnt, but fortunately copies of some were preserved. He also had a store of knowledge in reference to books, seals, and many other matters, contributing a number of articles to volumes on these subjects. His research was even minute to a fault, an example being his list of ways of spelling Birmingham, of which he put forward one hundred and forty.

The antiquarian knowledge that Hamper acquired was ever at the disposal of other writers, and among those who availed themselves of his researches was Sir Walter Scott, who thus acknowledged his indebtedness in a note to *Kenilworth*: "In revising this work, I have had the means of making some accurate additions to my attempt to describe the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, by the kindness of my friend William Hamper, Esq., who had the goodness to communicate to me an inventory of the furniture of Kenilworth in the days of the magnificent Earl of Leicester." The list is a very detailed one. The research of the antiquary had literally discovered what the mind of the poet imagined, and both were inevitably enthralled by the great charm and fascination of Kenilworth Castle and its history.

Among Hamper's many acquaintances were John Britton the antiquary, the Rev. Rann Kennedy (father of the two poets Benjamin Hall and Charles Rann Kennedy, both born in Warwickshire), and another poet, mentioned in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, John Morfit.

William Hamper died on 3rd May 1831, at Highgate, near Birmingham, and was buried at King's Norton, Worcestershire, the resting-place of his father and mother. His poetry is not striking, though some of his verses are of interest. He published separately *Invasion, a Song for 1803*, and other songs and "ayrs" with variations for piano and harp. He also edited an Elizabethan *Masque and Verses on the Meeting of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria in the Valley of Kinton, below Edge-Hill, 13th July 1643*.

Among the poems signed "H.D.B." in *The Gentleman's Magazine* are: *The Beggar Boy*, his first contribution; *On the Incarnation*; and a *Pindaric Ode*. In the last-named are some good lines wherein is seen the antiquary:

"But see—amid the howling storm,
Secure in massive strength arise
Some yore-built tow'r, whose giant form
The fury of the wave defies.
Unmov'd, it braves the fierce assail,
And stands—the glory of the vale!"

His most popular verses, however, were entitled *The Devil's Dike, a Sussex Legend*, given below, which appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1810. The poem, in its familiarity with "Old Nick," is refreshingly reminiscent of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. It is included at the end of a letter by him from Birmingham, dated 26th January 1810, and is accompanied by two views of the church of Poynings, Sussex. He concludes his letter with this remark: "Near Poynings is that remarkable chasm in the Downs called *The Devil's Dike*; which, although nothing more than a precipitous valley formed by the hand of Nature, is ascribed to the labours of the grand author of mischief, whose name it bears. This

ryghte plesaunte legend so easily 'slides in a verse,' that you must pardon my wandering above 'the cool element of Prose' to relate it."

R. M. INGERSLEY.

THE DEVIL'S DIKE

A SUSSEX LEGEND

FIVE hundred years ago, or more,
Or, if you please, in days of yore ;
That wicked wight yclept *Old Nick*,
Renown'd for many a wanton trick,
With envy, from the Downs, beheld
The studded Churches of the Weald :
(Here Poynings cruciform—and there
Hurst, Albourne, Bolney, Newtimber,
Cuckfield, and more, with towering crest,
Quae nunc præscribere longum est) ;
Oft heard the undulating chime
Proclaim around 'twas service-time,
While to the sacred house of pray'r
Went many a pious worshiper.

" Can I with common patience see
These Churches—and not one for *me* ?
Shall I be cheated of my due
By such a sanctimonious crew ? "
He mutter'd twenty things beside ;
And swore, *that* night the foaming tide,
Led through a vast and wondrous trench,
Should give these pious souls a drench !

Adown the West the Steeds of Day
Hasted merrily away,
And Night in solemn pomp came on,
Her lamp a star—a cloud her throne :
The lightsome Moon she was not there,
But deckt the other hemisphere.

Now, with a fit capacious spade,
So large, it was on purpose made,
Old Nick began, with much ado,
To cut the lofty Downs in two.
At ev'ry lift his spade threw out
A thousand waggon-load, no doubt !
O ! had he labour'd till the morrow,
His envious work had wrought much sorrow ;
The Weald, with verdant beauty grac'd,
O'erwhelm'd—a sad and watery waste !

But, so it chanc'd, a good old dame,
Whose deed has long outliv'd her name,
Wak'd by the cramp at midnight hour,
Or just escap'd the nightmare's pow'r,
Rose from her humble bed : when, lo !
She heard Nick's *terrible ado* !
And, by the starlight, faintly spy'd
This wicked wight, and dike so wide.
She knew him by his mighty size,
His tail, his horns, his saucer eyes ;
And while, with wonderment amaz'd,
At workman and at work she gaz'd,
Swift 'cross her mind a thought there flew,
That she by stratagem might do

A deed which luckily should save
Her country from a watery grave,
By his own weapons fairly beating
The father of all lies and cheating !

Forth from her casement, in a minute,
A sieve with flaming candle in it,
She held to view :—and *simple* Nick,
Who ne'er suspected such a trick,
(All rogues are fools,) when first his sight
A full-orb'd luminary bright
Beheld—he fled—his work undone—
Scar'd at the sight of a *new Sun* ;
And muttering curses, that the Day
Should drive him from his work away !

Night after night, this knowing dame
Watch'd—but again Nick never came.
Who now dare call the action evil
“ To hold a candle to the Devil ? ”

ROBERT EYRES LANDOR



WARWICKSHIRE presents in this volume two examples of brotherly affection. The first is that of the junior towards his senior in the instance of the devotion of C. J. Feilding to Viscount Feilding. The second that of Walter Savage Landor, the elder for his younger brother, Robert Eyres Landor, born at Warwick in 1781. The former's affection was not only fraternal, but also one begotten in admiration for learning. Hence the brothers were found together in 1814, making a tour through Italy and France, which no doubt gave our poet an impetus to his innate love for the fine arts—a love which grew stronger and stronger as age advanced. His great delight was in pictures, and his Rectory at Birlingham—a living purchased by his mother in 1829, which he held until he died in 1869—became a veritable picture gallery. It is said that even when almost blind he would recall to memory the art story of the pictures as he stood before them. Art, however, did not prevent him from attending to the duties of his sacred calling, for it is noteworthy that he was never absent from his church even for one Sunday, and, until he was nearly eighty years of age, very seldom from his pulpit.

He received his education at Bromsgrove School and Worcester College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship; this he resigned on coming into an independent income.

The literary life of Robert Eyres Landor affords a striking comment on the fickleness of the art of the critic. Critics sometimes blame and condemn what is good; sometimes they praise and exalt what is bad. Some, too,

are influenced by a name. A writer has often only to write one masterpiece and, if it be a success, that will ensure praise for any later production coming from his pen. Again, if a work gains praise on being attributed to a great man and facts prove later that it was the outcome of an anonymous writer, then all its prestige is gone, however good it may be in itself. *The Dictionary of National Biography* gives us an instance of this treatment in laconic words: "He was Robert Eyres Landor, the author of *Count Arcezi*, a tragedy, 1823, which, as he says (Forster, p. 406), had some success on being taken for Byron's. On discovering this he acknowledged the authorship, and the sale ceased!" He also published three tragedies in 1841: *The Earl of Brecon*, *Faith's Fraud* and *The Ferryman*; *The Fawn of Sertorius*, 1846, and *The Fountain of Arethusa*, 1848. This latter was taken for his brother's, until he published his own name.

The two Landors were indeed *par nobile fratrum*:

"Rare, since the sons of Leda, rare a twain
Born of one mother which hath reached the goal
Of Immortality: the stem is rare
Which ripens close together two rich fruits."

C. H. POOLE.

SONG

From "Faith's Fraud"

THE heart of grief is breaking—come to rest!

Look back no more, since leaving what thou hast

Is not forsaking.

Come, then, twice-called! the meek are blessed

With calmer sleep when this is past—

With happier waking.

The veil is fallen—Faith's innocent fraud confessed—
All which life loves and loses lives at last—
The heart is breaking.

MAHEL'S COMPLAINT

From "The Earl of Brecon" Act IV. Sc. 3

MAHEL

I thought
On honour once as misers think on gold :
It was my hope, mine idol.—God forgive me,
I cannot quite cast out this covetous spirit !
Why should I care for honour ? What am I—
Coward, bastard, vagabond—to think of honour !
I asked of Him for patience, and endured
To make reproach the garment next my skin,
Living in fellowship with infamy.
Scorn galled me like a hair-cloth. I have known
The shame, and who proclaimed it too—fie on thee—
Even from the lips I loved ! All else is gone
Almost beyond my wishes. What I asked,
Besides this patience which has well-nigh failed,
Were truth and justice from the just and righteous—
And I believe He grants them me.

STEPHEN

He does !

Thou wilt not falter in a race half won,
And leave its crown behind thee ? Patience still !
He and His peace are with thee.

MAHEL

I am patient—
A patient vagabond, or what they will—
Coward, bastard, runaway—and yet repent not.
If Geoffrey met me on the mountain top,
And mocked me there, I would turn again from him.
With fifty miles between, by day and night,
I heard the cry from throats as loud as his—
“ Out with the cuckoo from another’s nest !
Coward, bastard, hollow-heart—ah, fie upon thee ! ”
From children idling at their mother’s door
In every lane I heard it. Like Cain’s curse
It crossed the mountain’s after me. My brain
Was grown so hot and giddy with its din,
I fancied speech and laughter everywhere—
The dumb beast mocked me :—twice I stepped aside
To strip my doublet off, and look behind it,
Whether the words were written on my back.
I have been patient, but I would not die,
And leave a felon’s name for jests and proverbs,
Rousing the drunkard’s song with ribaldry—
“ Mothered like Mahel, base as Bernard’s son ! ”
They are so hotly branded on my heart
That only death can cool it. Honour now ?
Who shares it with me—mother, sister, bride ?
I crave God’s mercy in the world to come,
In this, no more than justice.



CHANDOS, LORD LEIGH

*From a picture in the possession of
The Right Honourable Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh.*

CHANDOS, BARON LEIGH OF STONELEIGH



HE above was born in the county of Middlesex, 1791, and he, although not actually born in Warwickshire, ever proclaimed himself to be of that county, so that we can ungrudgingly allow him his claim, for in his notes on *Warwickshire* he wrote: "Surely a Warwickshire man is privileged to be garrulous about his Shakspeare."

At Adlestrop, Gloucestershire, in the church register is still preserved an account of his birth. By the courtesy of the present rector, a grandson of the poet, the quaint extract couched in the phraseology of the eighteenth century finds a place in the pages of this work:

"1791.—CHANDOS, son of James Henry Leigh, Esq., and ye honble Julia Leigh, was born in Queen Anne Street west, in ye parish of St Mary la bonne, in ye county of Middlesex, June 27th, and privately baptis'd ye same day."

His juvenile years were spent at Adlestrop, whose hill and surroundings seem to have influenced him so that he wrote, in 1833, that here the trees, the ever-lovely rill, the stars that cheered his nightly walks, shed their spiritual influence on him.

Joyous childhood past, he was sent to Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Byron, his senior by nearly three years. He retained the great poet's friendship even to later life, for he accompanied him to the theatre in

London the evening before Byron left England for ever. From Harrow he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1810, and completed his education by foreign travel with Dr Shuttleworth, afterwards Bishop of Chichester. Lord Leigh had a warm friend in the celebrated Dr Parr. At Hatton he tells us that he met many of the most distinguished wits and scholars, including Magee, Maltby and Basil Montague. He married, in 1819, Margarette, daughter of the Rev. W. Shippen Willes. He also was a member of a London coterie, meeting at Holland House, which included Sheridan and others.

Ill health prevented him from taking an active part in the political questions of the day, but his poems, first printed in 1839, show how deeply he was interested in the independence of Poland, the renovation of Italy and the abolition of slavery in America. He died at Bonn, 27th September 1850, and was buried at Stoneleigh.

Lord Leigh's poetry is of a stately kind and strictly classical. It breathes of Nature as is seen in his *Warwickshire*, an *Invitation to the Banks of the Avon*, etc. His poetical works may be classified under the following headings:—Political, Descriptive, Moral and Religious, Miscellaneous and Elegiacal. His elegy on the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales earned an eulogy from Warren Hastings, who, in a letter to his mother in 1817, expressed his thanks to her for the copies of her son's "beautiful and affecting ode on the death of our beloved Princess and his admiration of that composition"; to this he added that what is quoted was "the uniform sentiment of our whole family, and we think it beautiful, and in a great degree original; which is much to say for a subject on which no individual of a whole people can have felt a thought that was not in union at least with the same common affliction."

C. H. POOLE.

ODE

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF THE PRINCESS
CHARLOTTE OF WALES AND SAXE-COBURG

Now all was quiet and serene,
Hope's morning star on earth was seen,
 Its light our bosoms cheer'd :
Then, then, the hurricane arose,
The dreadful tempest of our woes,
 And nought but gloom appear'd.

 The festal song is o'er—
 The voice of mirth no more
 Is heard throughout the land :
With quivering lips and pale,
The young and old bewail
 The Almighty's dread command.
Grim death ! oh what a blow thou gavest us here !
The thought is ev'n too bitter for a tear ;
It spreads a gloom that never will depart,
A settled thunder-cloud around the heart.

And she is nothingness, who late
With joy, and hope, and love elate,
 A fairy vision seem'd !
She realised those pleasures known
To few, to none who wear a crown,
 Nor ev'n of sorrow dream'd.
But who can paint that dreadful grief
That asks not, wishes not relief ?

The fierce, unutterable anguish,
That shuddering pity must conceal :
It gnaws within her widow'd consort's breast,
(Ah ! happy once, with smiling pleasures blest !)
And will not through exhaustion languish—
Oh ! who would this reveal ?

Was it for *this* that Hymen join'd their hands,
Amid a people's shouts, in rosy bands,
That when with loyal hopes all hearts were gay
His lovely bride should thus be torn away ?

We hoped to hear the merry bells :
Alas ! they're changed to funeral knells ;
Heard ye the solemn sound ?
Again it tolls—the bell profound.
Would it were fancy ! but she's gone—
The truest, dearest, loveliest one
That e'er a nation's wishes bless'd
That e'er a husband's love possess'd ;
Friend to the poor, the fatherless,
Friend to all virtue in distress !
But wherefore grieve we so ?
There's selfishness in woe.

Angels of love, with gratulations high,
Welcome their sister-spirit to the sky :
O ever-living bride ! all beauteous sprite !
With them thou dwell'st in everlasting light.

Not hers the glare of royalty—
The pride, or pomp of place ;
But mild, domestic charity,
And every winning grace.

Yet Death has dimm'd the lustre of her eyes :
 In lifeless loveliness his victim lies ;
 Britannia, frantic, clasps her favourite's urn ;
 Wit, Virtue, Beauty, for their darling mourn.

But through the royal house,
 No loud laments arise :
 Silence that loathes repose
 There stalks with tearful eyes.

Ne'er may our querulous complaints intrude
 On the lone mourner's sacred solitude :
 The flower is broken from its stem,
 The ring has lost its only gem :
 Oh ! princely Claremont, wither'd be thy bowers ;
 Cold is the hand that cull'd thy fairest flowers :
 Like them, in bloom of youth she died !
 Go, tell it to the house of pride—
 Mock the self-loving fair—
 Go, whisper in the ear of kings,
 (While Death aside the curtain flings,
 And shows his victim there,
 Cold, voiceless, joyless, motionless—)
 How vain is human happiness !

Away, away ! it is not meet
 To view her in her winding-sheet :
 I see her on her sapphire throne,
 A circling halo is her crown,
 A halo of eternal light :
 How mild her features seem, and yet how heavenly
 bright !

INVITATION TO THE BANKS OF THE AVON

THIS is the balmy breathing-time of spring,
 All Nature smiles, and Mirth is on the wing ;
 The sun is shining on this lovely scene,
 Gladdening with light the meadow's tender green,
 Studding the waters with its lustrous gems,
 More brilliant than ten thousand diadems.
 Beautiful Avon !—how can I pourtray
 Thy varied charms, where'er thou wind'st thy way ?
 Now through the sunny meads,—now in the glade
 Thou sleep'st, beneath the wood's o'er-arching shade
 The “ sedge-crown'd ” Naiads, from their cool re-
 treats,
 Welcome my loved one, with their gather'd sweets.—

We cull'd these flowers at break of day,
 Take, oh, take them, lady fair ;
 Fresh in the light of the morning ray,
 They glisten on thy nut-brown hair.
 Merrily, merrily in the trees,
 The birds are merrily singing—
 While rose-buds are opening,
 And fruit-trees are blossoming.
 How clear—how musical
 Is yonder water-fall !—
 Oh, God ! how glorious is the genial ray
 That issues from thy “ Light of lights ” to-day !

'Tis night !

And SHAKESPEARE, near this river, gazed upon
 The lovely moon, that now as softly smiles

Upon the stream, as if Endymion
Was bathing there ;—Shakespeare, the kindest,
best

Of casuists, who knew humanity,
Nor deem'd the gravest the *elect* of Heaven !—

See, there's " high-graced " Oberon,

Prince of fairy land,

A moving throne he sits upon,

The sceptre's in his hand.

All-glorious his attire,

With jewels powder'd o'er ;

Each with his silver lyre,

The minstrels go before :—

As dazzling in their cars,

As numerous, as stars

That in Cumana's clime

Fall by thousands at a time ;

With their winglets as profuse

As the humming-bird's of hues ;

The light-encircled queen

Now trips along the green ;

As beauteous as the rose,

Which lilies white inclose.

THE CIGAR

CIGAR, thou comfort of my life,

With joy I taste thy fragrant leaf ;

It soothes me when my heart's at strife

With the world's cares ; it gives relief

When at an inn in lonely hour
Blue devils rush before my sight ;
Its sweet intoxicating power
Turns devils into angels bright :
The cold that chills my feeble frame,
As damps arise, it soon dispels ;
In thee composure, or what name
Does better suit the feeling, dwells.
A self-complacency that creeps
O'er all the senses, thou alone
Canst give ; till every passion sleeps,
And thought assumes a milder tone.
At every whiff, a gentle heat
Like that of Love within me glows :
Through thee my friends are doubly sweet,
I almost love my few of foes.—
If such thy virtues be, Cigar,
When other consolations fail,
If thou canst drive from man afar
Those sorrows that his heart assail ;
If thou canst make the world appear
As in the glass of Claude Lorraine
Of loveliest hues—why then, 'tis clear
Thou better art than—Wright's Champagne !

WARWICKSHIRE

I

HERE is the aspect of the country grand ;
Green are the meads through which clear rivers flow ;
Here o'er the road, as guardians of the land,
Vast oaks their venerable branches throw ;

And in the sunlight woods continuous glow,
Where Perdita might choose her choicest store
Of flowers with artless comment to bestow
On high-born swains ; and where, with Hellenore
Laurel-crown'd, sylvan boys from openings might
outpour.

II

Here Flora's spots of loveliness surpass
Armida's gardens or Alcina's isle :
Gay flower-beds, fountains bosom'd in soft grass,
And bowers, o'er which with parasitic wile
Wind flower-inwoven creepers, here beguile
The slave to Mammon of his golden cares,
As plays o'er Avon's stream eve's roseate smile.
And Nature here her richest livery wears,
Flourishing as her poet's fame, whose throne no rival
shares.

III

Beautiful are the fields that brighten round
Stratford, where fairies dance beneath the moon ;
And Ariels, as he sleeps on sacred ground,
Such poetry is in the air, at noon
Visit the day-dreams even of rustic loon.
Juliet before the eye of fancy glows
With love, far lovelier than in grand saloon
The richest gems of beauty : Shakespeare throws
There round the mind a charm it never elsewhere
knows.

IV

Mightiest of mighty bards ! may I unblamed
 Approach thee with the homage of my praise ?
 Hamlet, Macbeth, scarce by historians named,
 Familiar to our minds from earliest days,
 Haunt us *all*, " like a passion " in thy plays.
 'Twas thine all characters of life to hit
 Or in the soul sublime emotions raise,
 Or melt with tenderness, delight with wit ;
 Then people fancied worlds with beings for them fit.

[Stanzas V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X. deal in apostrophes
 to Somerville and Dr Parr, both of whom have received
 attention in this volume.]

XI

Kenilworth Castle ! history relates
 Its pristine grandeur, and tradition tells
 A tale of more than even romance creates,
 Though fancy aids the work with magic spells,
 Of pomp, that splendours of the East excels ;
 What deities salute the Virgin Queen ? ¹
 Each sea-god who in coral cavern dwells !
 Triton and Proteus strange, in vesture green
 Diana with her nymphs—the gods of Greece are seen !

XII

And Glory, with her glittering wings extended,
 Mantles at sunset these time-hallowed towers :
 Here features beautiful with stern are blended ;
 Evergreen ivy arches rough imbowers,

¹ See Lancham's letter describing the magnificent pageants
 presented before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in
 1575 ; also Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*.

And crumbling walls are crown'd with gay wild
flowers
As if in mockery of their former state ;
Luxuriantly green through frequent showers
Thickens the couch-grass near the castle-gate,
Where gaudy vassals stood their lord's approach to
wait.

XIII

And are the ensigns of thy grandeur gone,
(" Thus unlamented pass the proud away ! ")
Proud Leicester—thou aspirant to the throne,
Homaging with thy chivalrous array
The Gloriana of our Spenser's lay ?
Thou art immortalised, but not thy lot
To have the guerdon of Fame's purest ray
By genius pour'd around thy name by Scott ;
The portrait is too true to life—'twere best to be
forgot !

BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY



BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY was born in 1804, at Summer Hill, near Birmingham, in which city his father, the Rev. Rann Kennedy, was engaged as a master at King Edward the Sixth's School, and as curate of St Paul's Church (1797-1817). The boy's second name was that of his mother's family. He was educated by his father and at King Edward's School, and from early childhood read largely the works of the poets. In his own studies and essays he was encouraged by Dr Samuel Parr, a friend of the Kennedys. Benjamin was sent to Shrewsbury School in 1819, where he became head boy when scarcely sixteen. In 1823 he entered St John's College, Cambridge, and became noted for his scholarship, wit, and social qualities. Here he was an intimate friend of Edward Bulwer, first Lord Lytton, who relates in his Autobiography: "There came to the University an ardent, enthusiastic youth from Shrewsbury, a young giant in learning, who carried away the prize from Praed—Benjamin Hall Kennedy. . . . He, too, spoke at the Union." In 1827 he returned to Shrewsbury as assistant master, and in 1830 held a similar post at Harrow. He took Holy Orders and became deacon and priest respectively in 1829-1830. In 1831 he married Janet, daughter of Thomas Caird, of Paignton, Devon. The most memorable period of Kennedy's life commenced in 1836, when he was appointed Headmaster of Shrewsbury, a post he held for thirty years. He did much for the school in classical training, and also encouraged athletics, the first cricket ground being laid out under his auspices. In 1866 Kennedy accepted the living of

West Felton, Oswestry, and in 1867 he was appointed Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and Canon of Ely. He died at Torquay in 1889.

The universality of Benjamin Hall Kennedy's gifts was very remarkable. He was a man of wide reading and retentive memory, possessing a great knowledge of history—particularly of military and naval history in England; further, he was a fine speaker and conversationalist, full of anecdote and humour. Passionately devoted to poetry, in his own work he particularly excelled in classical poems, for as Dr William Hepworth Thompson observed: "Kennedy is an original Latin poet." He very rarely essayed original verse in the English language. His many publications included sermons, works on Latin and Greek grammar, and his well-known translations of *The Birds of Aristophanes* (1874); *The Agamemnon* (1878); Plato's *Theætetus* (1881); and *The Œdipus Tyrannus* (1882). Kennedy's lighter poetical work will mainly be found in a volume entitled *Between Whiles, or Wayside Amusements of a Working Life*, 1877. This contains, principally, very skilful translations of the English poets into Latin, and of German songs into English. The latter often display a pensive melancholy—an elusive sentiment of regret, as the following examples will show:—

EINSAM?

(WEBER)

*Lonely, lonely? no, that I am not :
for the kind and tender-hearted,
whom I loved in years departed,
haunt me with their love.*

*Happy, happy? no, that I am not :
 tears into my eyes are thronging,
 and my inmost heart is longing
 for a far-off home.*

*Dreary, dreary? no, that I am not :
 for I feel that those who love me
 from their hearts will ne'er remove me
 till we meet above.*

ES SINGT EIN VÖGLEIN

(LUISE REICHARDT)

*A bird is singing loud and clear,
 "Come here, come here."*

*O happy bird, had I wings to fly,
 I would soar with thee through the deep blue sky,
 Or roam o'er the hill, or skim the stream,
 And dry my wings in the sunny beam :
 The earth is small, the heaven is wide,
 The earth has woes and little beside,
 In the heaven alone true joys abide.*

*Away and away the bird hath flown
 And fills the air with its joyous tone,
 "Up high, come fly with me."
 Soar, blessed bird, to the bright blue sky ;
 I sit on the bank and longing sigh
 Up high to fly with thee.*

Sweet-sadness is the characteristic quality of Benjamin Kennedy's English verse, distinct from the stately sombreness of his renderings of the classical dramas of Fate.

S. M. ELLIS.

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY



CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, born at Birmingham in 1808, was the second son of the Rev. Rann Kennedy, and, like his elder brother, Benjamin Hall Kennedy, received his education at King Edward the Sixth's School, Birmingham, and at Shrewsbury. Literary and poetical gifts seem to be an hereditary quality in this family. The Rev. Rann Kennedy (1772-1851), a friend of Coleridge's at St John's College, Cambridge, wrote a good deal of verse, including *Poem on the Death of Princess Charlotte*, 1817; *Britain's Genius: a Masque on the Occasion of Queen Victoria's Marriage*; and *The Reign of Youth*, 1840, which were printed in the published works of his sons, Benjamin and Charles. His third son, George John, a master at Rugby, also wrote poetry, and the fourth, William James, Vicar of Barnwood, was a scholarly man. A great-great-grandson of the Rev. Rann Kennedy was Herbert Kennedy, whose early death at the age of eighteen, in 1910, robbed the world of a poet of infinite promise.

Charles Rann Kennedy, after leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar in 1835. He practised at first in the Home Circuit, but after his election as Professor of Law at Queen's College, Birmingham, 1849, he desired to join the Midland Circuit, and the official refusal led to the publication of Kennedy's *A Letter to the Lord Chancellor* (1850). In 1856 Kennedy became legal adviser to Mrs Patience Swinfen, plaintiff in the famous will case. The testator was her father-in-law, Samuel Swinfen, of Swinfen Hall, Stafford, and the defendant in the case

was the deceased's half-nephew, Frederick Hay Swinfen. Kennedy won the suit for his client, and their legal relations became those of intimate affection. But Mrs Swinfen eventually married a Mr Brown, and was not willing to settle her monetary indebtedness to Kennedy for his successful conduct of her lawsuit. He accordingly sued her for twenty thousand pounds for fees and other matters owing. The case was heard at Warwick Assizes in 1862, when sensational evidence was given, letters and poems written by Kennedy to Mrs Swinfen being read in court. Kennedy obtained a verdict, which, however, was overruled in the Court of Common Pleas, the judges deciding that a barrister could not sue for fees ; and a deed, giving him the reversion to the Swinfen Hall estates, which Kennedy had received from Mrs Swinfen, was ordered to be delivered up by a judgment of the Master of the Rolls in 1863. Kennedy published several pamphlets in support of his case. He was a fine scholar and linguist, and his more important works comprised translations of *The Works of Demosthenes* for Bohn's Classical Library, 1848, in five volumes, and of *Virgil* in 1861. Kennedy, who was married and left a family, died in 1867. His *Poems : Original and Translated* were published in 1843, a new edition appearing in 1857. His muse was both serious and humorous, and his work, though not of superlative merit, well done.

S. M. ELLIS. .

DEMAGOGUES

1843

THE name of Patriot is no more in vogue ;
 For 'tis usurp'd by men who in a name
 Contrive the means to cloke their selfish aim.
 It grieves me that in Virtue's catalogue

A place her baleful opposites should find ;
That mountebanks upon our social stage
Strut without shame, and vent their noisy rage,
To catch the vulgar ear and cheat mankind.
Freedom and Justice ! ye whose sacred call
Commanded once the spirits of the brave !
Why now on ears unheeding doth it fall ?
The demagogue, the braggart, and the slave
Profane ye with their praise ; and statesmen sneer
At sounds that once were to a nation dear.

THE GOLDEN TIME

Translation from RÜCKERT

THE golden time is not yet o'er,
For it is ever young and new ;
Of gold there is enough in store,
Were there enough desire in you.

The golden stars at eve return,
And never cease all night to sing,
That mortal man from them may learn
The golden tune of golden string.

Foams up from earth's full breast the wine,
To you its golden bubbles wink ;
Which ye, to make more golden shine,
At feasts from golden beakers drink.

Still wreathes itself in golden twine
The lovely maiden's golden hair,
And sparkle thro' its shade her eye
With flame of gold, a sunlike pair.

In gloomy thought no more believe ;
Your hearts for new enjoyment prime ;
And haste from golden stuff to weave,
Each for himself, a golden time.

THE POET

From " The Poet's Dream "

THE poet's aim is pure and high ;
The poet's love can never die :
He pants for gales that ever blow,
He thirsts for streams that ever flow :

His eye is soft as Luna's ray,
Yet dazzling as the orb of day,
Light as the silver-shining rill,
Yet, as the ocean, deep and still.

Now loves he in the shade to lie,
Now sparkles like the butterfly,
Now like a swallow skims the stream,
Now basks him in the sunny beam.

He softly breathes on Nature's lute ;
To hear his lay, the winds are mute,
And air and heaven and earth and sea
Swell with deep love and sympathy.

He soars where never bird hath flown,
O'er regions vast, to man unknown ;
He comes, and tells where he hath been,
He comes, and tells what he hath seen ;

And few believe ; yet still he sings
Of his unearthly wanderings,
And whispers into kindred ears
A music tuned for happier spheres.

In great and small his heart hath place,
Of love divine he finds the trace,
In woman more than beauty sees,
In life unnumber'd mysteries :

Dreams, if thou wilt ! so let it be :
Fresh glories ever weaveth he ;
Truthful and bright and spirit-free
He dreams of immortality.

HERBERT KYNASTON



IT has been said that Dr Kynaston, though he became High Master of St Paul's School and was beloved by all that ancient foundation, will be remembered mostly as a poet and hymn-writer, though his Latin verses are superior to many of his English ones, his reputation resting on the former; and so he finds a place among the poets of Warwickshire, for Herbert Kynaston was born in its capital in 1809. His father, Roger Kynaston, who married the daughter of Sir Charles Oakeley, was descended from an Irish family.

The elder Kynaston sent his son Herbert to Westminster and in 1827 to Christ Church, Oxford, Gladstone being his contemporary, where hopes of a good career were justified. Among his successes were the college prize in 1829 for Latin verse, and a first class in the "schools," with six others, for classics in 1831. He entered the Church in 1834 and became curate of Culham, tutor, and eventually philological lecturer at Christ Church, and one of the select preachers of Oxford University.

The chief event of his life occurred in 1838, when, on the retirement of Dr Sleath, he was elected High Master of St Paul's School, and proved a not unworthy successor of Dean Colet. Dr Kynaston's methods were not always those practised at other schools, but such as well complied with the old mandate of the founder that scholars should acquire "good manners and literature." He gained the respect and regard of his boys through what has been termed by the French Commissioners of 1866, his "paternal" care, and he was, besides, possessed of a

fine presence, geniality, a sense of humour and a quiet beauty of conversation. His life went smoothly at St Paul's, and in 1841 he published *Miscellaneous Poetry*, followed in later years by other writings, many in his favourite lyrical manner, for which he had a very true ear, as also strong descriptive powers, which may be discerned in some of his poems. His works include: *Strena Poetica*, *Occasional Hymns*, *The Number of the Fish*, a poem in Greek and English on St Paul's School (originally the school was limited to one hundred and fifty-three scholars in allusion to the miraculous draught of fishes taken by St Peter), *Doce, Disce aut Discede* (the motto of St Paul's School), *Cantica Coletina* and many others, often in praise of Dean Colet, the founder of the school. One of these is a lay which will long be remembered to his credit:

“ *Though Colet's bust be turned to dust, his
sepulchre to gloom,
His glory Time shall epitaph, the World
shall be his tomb.*”

Some lines of his, *To Our Governors*, are dedicated to Markland Barnard “by the last High Master of the Régime.”

In the year Sir Francis Hastings Doyle was elected to the chair of poetry at Oxford, 1867, he contested for this honour, but, though well fitted for the professorship, he was unsuccessful. During this time he took little or no active part as a clergyman, but held the living of St Nicholas, Cole Abbey, for some time after it was presented to him by Lord Truro, Lord Chancellor—an *alumnus* of St Paul's—and also a prebendal stall in St Paul's Cathedral—this latter he retained until his death, though he resigned his high-mastership two years before, after holding it nearly forty years, and spent his last days calmly, writing to the end. He underwent an

operation in 1878, from which he could not recover, and died on 26th October, in South Kensington, and was buried in the country churchyard of Friern Barnet.

Though Dr Kynaston loved a country life, yet a man of his sympathetic and poetical character would find a deep interest in the school of Milton and its quaint customs, a school which was also that of Leland and Camden, Pepys, Benjamin Calamy, John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, Halley the astronomer, Robert Nelson, Jowett of Baliol, Charles Harris Barham of *Ingoldsby Legend* fame, not forgetting a Mr Christmas, and innumerable bishops, lawyers, politicians (the latter including three privy councillors of Henry VIII.), and men in most walks of life, some of these great ones of the school being mentioned in *The Number of the Fish*, quoted below, wherein is seen how well Dr Kynaston drew poetical inspiration from the glories of the past.

R. M. INGERSLEY.

FAMOUS PAULINES

From "The Number of the Fish"

UNROLL, unroll our glory's scroll, and praise our
 praised of yore ;
 Hail tripled gems for bluff King Hal which *Colet's*
 necklace bore.¹
 Hail Milton, hurching of its wreath the blind, old
 Chian's brow ;
 Who saw no Seraphs shine above till all was dark
 below.
 Hail Churchill, spanning in thy march the Danaw
 and the Rhine,

¹ *Denny, Paget and North, three Privy Councillors of King Henry VIII., pupils of Lilly, Colet's first High Master.*

To plant with Eugene's flag in one the doubled
standard's sign.

As on Metoro's banks two horns rang on the Afric's
ear

Two battle-calls in one, and blanch'd his swarthy
cheek with fear.

Hail, quaint, old Pepys, hail with all thy cheery
prattle's chime ;

And He who saw his Comet's march with measured
steps sublime,

And tied the flaming vagrant to the chariot wheels
of time.

Hail Merchantman, whose goodly Pearl shone where
thy sails were furl'd ¹ ;

Whose Fast was Heathens perishing, whose Feast
the Gospell'd world.

Hail Cumberland whose Letter'd Faith unmask'd
the Serpent's head ² ;

Hail philanthropic Clarkson hail, by Colet's teaching
bred

To rend in twain the negro's chain in savage slave-
gangs led.

The time would fail to tell what fish, as still the
morning grew,

To crown night's heaviness with joy, the Gospel
fishers drew ;

The mitred Peer, the ermined Judge, the scholar
bright, and yet,

For all there were so many there, not broken was the
Net.

¹ *Robert Nelson.*

² *Bishop Cumberland, who wrote against Hobbes' LEVIATHAN.*

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL



AMONG the poets and song-writers of Warwickshire Thomas Hornblower Gill deserves mention, if only for his many beautiful and helpful hymns, which have found their way into the service of the Church among almost all denominations of Christians.

Gill was born in Birmingham, 10th February 1819, educated at the famous Grammar School, which numbers amongst its *alumni*: Archbishop Benson, Bishops Lightfoot, Westcott and Chavasse, Sir Edward Burne Jones, and others. He left school in 1838, and would have proceeded to the university but was debarred from doing so by his Nonconformist principles. Of Puritan ancestry, he, like many others, found the atmosphere of Birmingham conducive to freedom of thought, and many of his earlier verses bear traces of his love of liberty. *The Fortunes of Faith* was published in 1841, and was followed by a volume of *Songs of the Revolution* in 1848. A volume of "poems in commemoration of great men and great events," entitled *Anniversaries*, appeared in 1857, and *The Papal Drama: a Historical Essay*, in 1866. But it is unquestionably by his hymns that Thomas Hornblower Gill will be remembered, and these were collected in a volume entitled *The Golden Chain of Praise*, in 1868. These hymns speedily found their way into use among the churches, and the volume has been reissued, the last edition being published with a new preface by the author, in 1894. They are, says Dr Julian, characterised by a certain quaintness of expression which is reminiscent of George Wither or John Mason, and he is described by Dr Freeman Clarke as "a more intellectual John Wesley."

There is a vigorous spirit in such hymns as "We come unto our fathers' God" which would have delighted Wesley, who hated the "namby-pambycal" school of hymn-writers; and "Lord God, by Whom all change is wrought," and "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place" are also favourites among modern congregations. The latter may be quoted as a worthy example of Gill's poetry:

*"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place,
In every generation;
Thy people still have known Thy grace,
And blessed Thy consolation;
Through every age Thou heard'st our cry;
Through every age we found Thee nigh,
Our strength and our salvation.*

*Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
And oft Thy patience provèd;
But still Thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy name we still have lovèd;
And Thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,
Unshaken, unremovèd.*

*Lord, nothing from Thine arms of love
Shall Thine own people sever;
Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never,
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee;
Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be
For ever and for ever."*

Thomas Hornblower Gill lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1906, at the age of eighty-seven.

ROBERT K. DENT.

GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS

In compiling these notes, the writer—by the courtesy of Mr C. W. Sutton, M.A., Chief Librarian to the City of Manchester—has had access to MS. material in the handwriting of Mrs George Linnæus Banks.



GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS was born at Birmingham, 2nd March 1821; married Isabella Varley, 27th December 1846; died in London "of a long-concealed cancer," 3rd May 1881, and was buried in Abney Park Cemetery. His father, John Banks, a Wesleyan of a hard type, now happily extinct, was a Wakefield man. Hence the son is claimed for Yorkshire in *North Country Poets*, edited in 1888 by the late William Andrews of Hull.

His mother was descended from the historic Richard Penderel of Boscobel, who is reputed to have concealed Charles II. in the oak.

It is given as an early effect of stern upbringing that Banks once played truant from school for a whole term, except for the first day. His father meant him to be an engraver. Failure of sight precluded his apprenticeship. Modelling proved an equal failure, his health giving way. Later, he bound himself to a cabinet-casemaker and successfully produced inlaid workboxes, etc., until his master failed, and he became a salesman, but continued the writing habit acquired as a boy. His first volume of poetry came out in 1841 and led to his introduction to Miss Isabella Varley of Manchester, who became his wife, and found fame as the author of graceful poems and

many novels—notably *The Manchester Man*. Banks was attracted by her poems in *The Oddfellows' Magazine*, while she, says a writer in *Manchester Faces and Places* (vol. iv.), “had been not so much attracted as amused by a review of his book, *Blossoms of Poesy*, appearing in the same magazine.”

In 1848, two years after his marriage, he began an erratic career as newspaper editor. *The Harrogate Advertiser* came first; then *The Birmingham Mercury* in 1852; *The Dublin Daily Express* in 1854; *The Durham Chronicle* in 1858; *The Sussex Mercury* in 1860; *The Windsor Royal Standard* (of which he was founder and part proprietor) in 1861, and, later, *The Exchange*, a financial paper—his own property. The last two left him a heavy loser.

He was a contributor to many magazines and newspapers, including *The People's and Howitt's Journal*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Felix Farley's Journal*, *The Dispatch*, *The Sunday Times*, *Lloyd's Newspaper*, *The Dublin University Magazine*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *La Belle Assemblée*, etc.

Banks held many secretarial positions of an honorary kind and was deeply interested in the movement to establish mechanics' institutes. In that connection his book, *Onward!* was written. In London he organised the Working Men's Shakespearean Tercentenary movement. In Durham he was active in the Burns centenary celebration. In Birmingham (1852) he was one of the originators of a scheme to entertain Charles Dickens at a public dinner, and then and there to present to him a silver salver and a diamond ring. Dickens, in a letter to Banks, after welcoming “such a mark of confidence and approval,” wrote: “I hasten to return the gauges of which I have marked one as the size of the finger from which this token will never more be absent as long as I live!”

In addition to these activities he was a lecturer, an

orator, an amateur actor and withal an ardent reformer—a socialist, without rigid formularies, and not unduly embittered against the aristocratic and the well-to-do.

His published and acted plays comprised: *The Swiss Father*, *The Slave King*, *Old Maids and Mustard* and *Ye Doleful Wives of Windsor*.

Of his prose writings the best known are a very interesting *Life of Blondin*, the rope-walker (1862), and *All About Shakespeare* (1864). The list of his volumes of collected poems embraces, in addition to those dealt with below: *Lays of the Times*, 1845; *Poems from the Belfrey*, 1853; and *Slander and Remonstrance*, 1860.

Blossoms of Poesy (Birmingham, 1841) was dedicated to his publisher and issued under the gracious patronage of H.R.H. Prince Albert. The list of contents and many of the poems themselves are reminiscent of Haynes Bayley and of that poet of lachrymose memory, Henry Kirke White. *Fade not, Flowers! The Condemned One's Soliloquy; Weep Not for Her!* are titles snatched haphazard.

In *Spring Gatherings* (Liverpool, 1845) his muse had strengthened her wings and the melancholy of extreme youth had lost its poignancy by a process of evaporation. The smallness of this collection points to more careful selection. The author, in his preface, makes the quaint announcement: "Circumstances which I cannot controul compel me to withdraw from all intercourse with the Muses." But this was not his last appearance in that seductive association.

Staves for the Human Ladder (Dublin and London, 1850), is curiously arranged in three sections: "Staves for the Human Ladder," "Staves from Fancy's Ladder" and "Staves from Jacob's Ladder," dedicated respectively to the Earl of Carlisle ("trusting your Lordship may never have a less sincere and ardent admirer than myself"); to Viscount Goderick ("I . . . simply design to shew my admiration of those noble qualities and that

kindly spirit which appear to form so large and hopeful an element in your Lordship's character") ; and to John James Harrison, Esquire (" wishing you and yours a safe ascent up the Golden Ladder of Life ! "). These small sidelights are eloquent of the man. Many of the poems in this book are stated to have been set to music, and admirably, no doubt, they suited their purpose, but they largely fail to reach a literary or poetic standard. In the best of them you may find the author's hatred of injustice and oppression, his abhorrence of war and his sanguine hope for the " good time coming." The quality of his convictions is better than that of his expression, which is platitudinous.

In *Daisies in the Grass* (London, 1865), poems by Banks and his wife alternate. One striking thing by him is a fine appeal on behalf of the sufferers by the Lancashire Cotton Famine, *A Word for the Workers*. Below, *The Heavenly Chorister* is quoted from this book, and with it a poem which his wife thought to be his most celebrated production in verse, *What I Live For*, first published in *The Family Herald* and then included in *Poems from the Belfry*.

MARK BAILEY.

THE HEAVENLY CHORISTER

I HAVE a child in Heaven,

Singing with perfect grace before the Throne ;
Our God, by whom 'twas given,

Missed from the angel quire that dear one's tone,
And, longing for it, with a Father's pride,
Called back the little wanderer to his side.

Placid his brow and fair

When the swift-winged messenger drew near
And my heart groaned a prayer,

Which e'en Death shuddered, while he smote, to
hear,
And half relented, when the work was done,
To see my arms still clinging to my son.

I have a child in Heaven,

Singing, with radiant face at God's right hand,
And when life's closing even

Fades out upon the verge of that bright land,
My angel-boy shall leave the shining quire
To fling his arms about his earthly sire.

WHAT I LIVE FOR

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true ;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake ;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake ;

Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil God's grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future, in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

ALBERT HENRY WRATISLAW



THE Rev. Albert Henry Wratislaw was of Czech descent, his father, Wratislaw von Mitrowitz (1788-1853), a solicitor of Rugby, being the son of Count Marc Wratislaw von Mitrowitz, a Bohemian noble, who came to England about 1770, and was foreign language master at Rugby School. His descendants are still represented in the town. Albert Henry Wratislaw (he and his brothers discontinued the use of "von Mitrowitz") was born in Rugby in November 1822, and entered the school at the age of seven. He matriculated at Cambridge in 1840, and became Fellow of Christ's College in 1844. In 1850 he was appointed Headmaster of Felsted School, and five years later removed to Bury St Edmunds to assume the similar position at King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School. He resigned teaching in 1879 on his preferment to the college living of Manorbeer, Pembrokeshire. In 1889, owing to failing eyesight, he retired to Southsea, where he died in November 1892.

Wratislaw's literary pursuits were many and varied ; he was particularly interested in the Czech language of his ancestors, and was a noted Slavonic scholar. In 1862 he issued a literal translation from the Bohemian of *The Adventures of Baron Wenceslas Wratislaw of Mitrowitz* (which until 1777 had remained in MS. at Prague), an interesting account of Constantinople and the Turkish Court in the sixteenth century, combined with the narrator's startling adventures, which included imprisonment in irons for three years. In 1852, A. H. Wratislaw published *The Queen's Court Manuscript*, translations from the original Slavonic of the most

ancient Bohemian poems known to exist, and dating from 1219. Here is an example :

THE CUCKOO

*Upon the plain an oak-tree stands,
A cuckoo there does sing,
And still she mourns and still complains
That 'tis not always Spring.*

*How in the fields could ripen corn,
If Spring were evermoe?
How apples on the orchard trees
Were Summer ne'er to go?*

*Or how the ears in garners freeze,
Were nought but Autumn known?
How woeful were it for the maid,
If always left alone!*

Albert Henry Wratislaw's original verse will be found in *Lyra Czecho-Slovanská, Bohemian Poems, Ancient and Modern*, 1849, from which the following lines are quoted:—

*“ Whither, O whither, now all things are over?
We to our journey and he to his home;
Eyes cannot pierce through the veil that must cover
Him whom we've laid in the still, silent tomb.*

*He hath but ended his journey before us,
We for a season are sojourning still
On the same earth with the same heaven o'er us,
Turn we, O turn we, our tasks to fulfil.*

*Whither, O whither, now all things are ended ?
We to our labour and he to his rest ;
Let not the heart by its woe be offended,
Man seeks the pleasant, but God gives the best."*

The Rev. Albert Henry Wratislaw was an uncle of Mr Theodore Wratislaw, who is noticed elsewhere in this work.

S. M. ELLIS.

CLEMENT MANSFIELD INGLEBY



IT is pleasant to look upon the page of history and to notice the lives of men who, by untiring industry, notwithstanding obstacles seemingly unsurmountable, have been led on successfully to the goal of their high destiny.

Birmingham's motto is "Forward," and some of its high-born citizens seem in literature, science and art to have been true to its ideals.

Clement Mansfield Ingleby, "a citizen then of no mean city," was one of them, born, too, of an ancient stock, for his grandfather, William Ingleby, was a county gentleman of Cheadle, and his father, Clement, a well-known solicitor of Edgbaston, was highly esteemed in the Midlands for his probity and honour.

Clement Mansfield Ingleby, born at Edgbaston, 27th October 1823, from his cradle to his grave was subject to ill health, which interfered in early life somewhat with his education—a home one; but, notwithstanding this disadvantage, at the age of twenty he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained a "senior optime"; and after proceeding through the usual course of studies obtained his Doctorship in Laws in 1859. He quitted the university on taking his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1847, and for ten years served as a partner in his father's office; but the legal profession was distasteful to him, so he embarked on studies afforded by literature, science and art.

In literature he acquired great fame by his Shakespearean studies, and so attained a high place among the most learned scholars of the nineteenth century. He gained, too, a somewhat unenviable notoriety by suggesting in his brochure, *Shakespeare's Bones*, that the poet's

remains should be disinterred and the skull examined so that light might be thrown on the vexed question of the portraiture. The writer of these lines received from Dr Ingleby in 1882 the little booklet, and was much struck with its reverential tone, and written in no mere spirit of curiosity. The investigation naturally never took place, for so many protests were made against it that it was abandoned. From the year 1850 till 1886 publication after publication on Shakespearean topics, too numerous to quote here, appeared, which were crowned by his edition of *Cymbeline*—published at the last-named date—for it became his crowning glory, for in that year it was said by many who revered and loved him, that he need

*“ Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta’en thy wages.”*

His *Cymbeline*, as stated in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, was “ a model of what conscientious editing should be.”

Dr Ingleby distinguished himself in science and art, and to no mean degree. He was at home when dealing with Logic and Metaphysics, or writing essays dealing with abstruse subjects ranging from Acoustics to Spelling Reform. He was a musician and composer of songs and occasionally wrote verses, scholarly and graceful and reverent, for periodicals, which were collected after his death and published in 1887 under the title *Poems and Epigrams*, from which is culled the following :—

THE CRY OF THE UNREGENERATE

*Willingly, willingly, would I resign
All that of pleasure or profit is mine,*

*If I could purchase the power to undo
Each sinful act, and begin life anew—*

*Take life again, with the will to impede
Each sinful thought ere it grows into deed ;
In a word, to be able to blot out the past,
And live as I ought from the first to the last.*

*Vain thought ! For if God were to give me His will
The law of my conscience henceforth to fulfil,
Were He with His Spirit my soul to renew,
Even He is not able the past to undo.*

*Each act of my life, be it virtue or crime,
Once realised counts in the records of time ;
Should God in His mercy redeem me at last,
My soul would be sad for the sins of the past.*

C. H. POOLE.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD



THE life story of John Alfred Langford is one which should encourage any young aspirant for the career of literature or journalism. Born of humble parents, in Crawley's Court, Deritend, in the oldest quarter of Birmingham, on the 12th September 1823, he was brought up to his father's trade, that of a chairmaker, and received the rudiments of education at a private school in the neighbourhood. But ambition, and an ardent thirst for knowledge, made him his own schoolmaster, and he taught himself German and some French and Italian ; and by the aid of the local Mechanics' Institution, which at that time had a most enthusiastic teacher—Mr Daniel Wright—he fitted himself for a more congenial calling than that of a chairmaker. He began early to contribute verses to *Howitt's Journal*, and, breathing the atmosphere of liberty which characterised the mid-land town in those days when reform, and even revolution was in the air, he voiced in the pages of that journal the cry of the oppressed peasant during the "hungry forties!" Two stanzas of this *Song of the Peasant Labourer* are worth quoting as an example of his early poetry :

*" Soon as the sun is in the sky,
I rise to toil and plod,
And labour till he sets again,
In turning of the sod.
My life is one long working day,
No hope nor rest have I ;
O God ! It were a happy thing,
If such Thy will—to die.*

" *Are we not men ? Have we not ²souls ?
One God created all !
Then why should wealth hold poverty
In unprotected thrall ?
All have their woes ; but we, alas !
More than our share endure.
One crime is ours—a great one here,
The crime of being poor.*"

At the time when Langford was growing into manhood, George Dawson began his career in Birmingham, and the young man was early attracted to the undenominational church which Dawson founded. Forsaking his father's calling, Langford became a printer, and put forth several of his early volumes and pamphlets from his own press. He afterwards became a journalist, working as sub-editor on *The Birmingham Daily Gazette*, and afterwards on *The Birmingham Morning News*, which was founded by Dawson in 1871. Langford's connection with *The Gazette*, which, as a weekly newspaper, dated back to 1741, suggested the happy idea of making the newspaper files tell the story of his native town, and *A Century of Birmingham Life*, published in 1868-1869, gained him much credit, and served as an invaluable quarry for the local historian.

His first volume of poems, *The Lamp of Life*, was published in 1856, and was followed in 1859 by his *Poems of the Field and of the Town*, which contains some of his freshest and most pleasing poems, one of which, a charming love song of a life, is a very good example of his work :

SONG

*Dear my love, the Spring is come ;
Haste away, haste away ;
The birds are blithe on every bough,
Singing to the flowers below,
And we must travel far to-day.*

*Dear my love, the Summer's come !
 Haste away, haste away ;
 The heavens above are bright and blue,
 And earth is blessed, and we are true,
 And life is bright with us to-day.*

*Dear my love, the Autumn's come.
 Haste away, haste away !
 The yellow corn the reapers reap,
 And, singing o'er their labours, keep
 A merry heart for us to-day.*

*Dear my love, the Winter's come ;
 Haste away, haste away.
 The earth is grey, and grey our hair,
 And calmly, gladly, we prepare
 To welcome in a brighter day.*

In 1860 he published a volume containing, besides shorter poems, two longer ones, entitled *Shelley*, and *The Death of St Polycarp*. He followed up his two volumes of Birmingham history from *The Gazette* with two more, forming a supplement, and carrying on the history to 1871. These were entitled *Modern Birmingham and its Institutions*, published in 1874. Later on he gave to the world two further volumes of verse, his *Child Life*, published in 1884, and *On Sea and Shore*, 1887. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from an American university about 1868, and devoted his later years in some measure to the service of his native town, as a member of the School Board and of the Free Libraries' Committee. He died 25th January 1903, in his eightieth year, and was buried in the General Cemetery, the *campo santo* of Birmingham worthies, where rest the remains of George Dawson, Charles Vince, Harriet Martineau, and many other well-remembered men and women who have won distinction for the mid-land city.

ROBERT K. DENT.

GERARD MOULTRIE

It may seem somewhat incongruous to include John Moultrie, born in London, in this sketch, but a slight mention of him is necessary, to show the influence he possessed over the poetic genius of his children, but his poetry is not included in this volume.



HEN, as a boy of sixteen, I was exhausting the poetry of the Birmingham Old Library and the patience of its librarians, I was told that one of the books which no conscientious student could slight was John Moultrie's poems. One piece that it contained was reckoned a masterpiece, a nursling of immortality. It divided with some of Chatterton's and Kirke White's best things—I didn't hear much of Keats in those days—the reputation of being the noblest achievement of youth. The poem that had won such singular honour was *My Brother's Grave*. I got the book, and I had the faith, and so I was suitably impressed. Strange to say, it took me about fifty years to find out the folly of the whole thing. The verses were good of their kind, calm and wise in thought, dignified in language, filled with deep and sincere emotion: but they were verses and not poetry, they were only gentle, perishable blooms in the garden of Milman. Every generation sees some false god of literature enthroned and worshipped. Kirke White—who ought never to have lived—is not quite dead yet. In the Victorian age enormous misjudgments were made. Tupper—mild, reflective planet—and Bailey—sudden and portentous fire—have faded or fallen from their skies: we hold bits of stone in our hands, and wonder if they ever shone.

They did ; they lit a dark hour : they satisfied a contemporary need, and went their way. Peace to their starry dust ! In John Moultrie, I fear, life is quite extinct. In his fame, perhaps, there was always a false accretion : other achievement was involved with his own ; the glory of the light in which he lived dazzled onlookers' eyes. He was one of a little brotherhood that founded *The Etonian*, the best, perhaps, of all magazines ever put forth by a public school. Praed was its editor, Macaulay was one of its chief contributors : in its pages appeared originally *My Brother's Grave*. Poor Moultrie, who for fifty years was rector of Rugby, must have been troubled all his exemplary life by the noisy splash of his youth. He seems to have abandoned verse, or verse seems to have abandoned him, rather early. His only volume contains, besides the famous *Grave*, one piece worthy of notice. It lingered in school poetry-books for many years, and I, who learned it as a child, remember it to-day. It is *The Three Sons*. It has much merit in a rather obvious, slightly sentimental way.

GERARD MOULTRIE made an excellent start in being his father's son. He was born at Rugby in 1829, and at Rugby he was educated, beginning his career there at a time when Arnold's influence must have been strong. Yet Arnold did not brand or mould him. In Gerard's poetry I find no trace of muscular Christianity : I fancy that in practical life Tom Brown would have appeared to him a rude and disagreeable person. When he went to Oxford—Exeter was his college—he was much more a fish in water. He caught all that was epidemic in the spiritual way, and had it pretty badly. Oxford found him wood of an excellent grain, and she carved him cunningly. He must have been a worthy representative of high-church spirituality just when the second half of the nineteenth century was setting in. He held successively an assistant-mastership in Shrewsbury School, the Vicarage of Southleigh and the Wardenship of St

James' College, Southleigh. There he died in April 1885. His life had only spiritual adventures. He published the following works :—*The Primer set forth at large for the Use of the Faithful* (1864) ; *Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons and Saints' Days of the Church* (1867) ; *The Espousals of St Dorothea* (1870) ; *Cantica Sanctorum, or Hymns for the Black-Letter Saints' Days in the English and Scottish Calendars* (1880).

Gerard Moultrie has more scholarship, more technical skill than belonged to his father, but less sincerity, or less simplicity, of appeal. He is, above everything else, an ecclesiastic. He views the world through narrow diamond panes ; duty is half dogma ; the lives of the saints are more to him than the lives of the sinners around him. To do him justice, perhaps one should share his outlook, and that I cannot do. When his sister, loved, and worthy of all love—the sister who was partner in much of his literary work—died and left him lonely, he thought of her “ lovely virginity ” as lighting her path to heaven and consecrating the gift of her song. That seems to be painfully perverse, morbidly wrong. And that feeling pervades his verse and directs his choice of subject. None the less he is a writer worthy to be considered. He translated from the Latin with metrical knowledge and skill not commonly brought to the task. Of all those who have sought to give a home in English to *The Heavenly Fatherland* of Bernard of Morlaix—familiar to most of us in John Mason Neale's *Jerusalem the Golden*—he alone respected and duly rendered the rhythm of the verse. He has given it to us with fine sonority ; he has preserved for us the solemn expectation, the sense of vigil, which fills St Bernard's Latin lines. Indeed in all the theory of verse he was thoroughly accomplished, and his reading in ecclesiastical byways was curious and deep. A few of his hymns have crept into collections and will live longer than his better work. Churchman as Gerard Moultrie was, he could

turn his eyes when he would and see noble deeds in the doing. *The Loss of the London*—another essay in St Bernard's rhythm—moves nobly to noble emotion. It is a pity that ugly rhymes hurt it here and there.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE LOSS OF THE *LONDON*

IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, *9th January* 1866

PROUDLY she left the port ; trim were her shrouds
and taut ;

The breeze sang o'er her :

Above, the winter gales filled her topgallant sails ;
And full before her,

Sullen as death and cold, the waste of waters rolled,
With bootless warning,

White-crested, mournful-toned, as the wind sighed
or moaned

In the chill morning :

Veiled in her sable smoke strongly her engine-stroke
Throbbled to her motion ;

Like a dark citadel she ruled the heaving swell,
Breasted the ocean ;

Silent and still and vast, out of our sight she passed
On her last mission.

Dear were the souls she bore, and with hearts sick
and sore

We lost the vision.

Drearily, mournfully raising their crest on high,
The wild waves drove her ;
Fierce howled the southern blast, sweeping in whirl-
wind past
Her bulwarks over :

Three suns rose, three suns set ; onward still, onward
yet !
No fears may hold her ;
Nor moon nor stars appeared ; onward her course
she steered,
Bolder and bolder :

Into the raging sea boiling around plunged she ;
Then, like a courser,
She rose and shook her mane free from the surge
again,
While hoarse and hoarser

Rolled the deep thunder-peal, till, in wild rock and
reel,
Like a man drunken,
She lurched and missed her stay, staggered, and fell
away
In the trough sunken.

Then rose a shout,—“ The hull with the storm-wave
fills full,
We cannot clear her ;
Life is not worth a throw, and the bilge swells below
Nearer and nearer :

“ Man the pumps ! Work the crane !—all our toil is
in vain ;

All we have striven
Counts not a farthing's worth ! Vain are the thews
of earth
To cope with heaven ! ”

Out spake the Captain then, “ Brothers and English-
men,

God has decided ;
We have done what we could ; refuge beyond the
flood
He has provided :

“ Quail not beneath the stroke ; England has hearts
of oak

Which must upbear us :
Earth's tempest lulls, and o'er God's everlasting shore
The dawn is near us ! ”

Low was his voice, and calm : no cry rose, no alarm
When he had spoken :

Loud roared the tempest's din : perfect peace reigned
within,
Silent, unbroken :

Hour passed on hour, and no cry of distress or woe
To fear could yield them :

Earth with its joys has fled ; they look up : God has
spread
His wings to shield them.

There hung those spirits brave over the yawning
grave ;

Death was before them :

Death, with his pain and fear, won no cry, drew no
tear,

Nor triumphed o'er them.

Husband and wife and child heard the tornado wild :

'Twas but the weather,

Which ever hangs around life's and death's neutral
ground

They pass together :

Unflinching, crank in hand, staunch did the pumps-
man stand,

And felt the quarter

Slowly beneath him sink : his to work, not to think
Of wind and water :

There the fresh-wedded bride, in life's bright morning-
tide,

Gave, unrepining,

Back to her God and King her cherished wedding-
ring,

So new and shining ;

Her husband looked on her, and she seemed lovelier
Than in that far land,

When the late bridal wreath pressed her fair brow
beneath

Its myrtle garland.

There the brave Minister points to the haven, where
The Church United
Kindles the beacon light through the death-shades
of night,
For souls benighted.

Lord, on the Judgment Day, when fire the dross and
clay
From gold shall sever,
Grant us to stand near him in Thy Jerusalem
At one for ever.

All knees are bended there, and the strong voice of
prayer,
Calm and unfearing,
Rose through the tempest-moan up to the golden
Throne,
To win a hearing :

There, where no storms may beat, before the Mercy-
seat
In the still heaven,
On the sweet incense-cloud it rose to God aloud
For sins forgiven.

Clouds, drop your tears on them ! Waves, sing your
requiem
O'er the departed !
God trusts their forms to you—the brave, the loved,
the true,
The gallant-hearted :

In your deep silent bed, till the sea yields her
 dead,
 Rocked by the billow,
Soothed in their tranquil sleep by the melodious
 deep
 Be their last pillow :

Sleep they in peace awhile, beneath His loving
 smile,
 Who now has found them,
Whose path is on the seas ; who rules the wayward
 breeze
 Which sighs around them.

I see that God-like form sleeping amid the storm,
 While the waves foaming
Madly their surges throw upon the weary brow
 In the dim gloaming ;

Noise and dismay around :—here peace of God pro-
 found,
 There fear and wailing ;
Here, “ Peace, rude waves, be still ! I keep my
 Israel
 From your assailing.”

O Peace of God above ! O Life ! O deathless love !
 O blest endeavour !
When our saved souls may pass across the sea of
 glass
 To live for ever !

ST GEORGE, PATRON SAINT OF ENGLAND

23rd April

SONG

SAINT GEORGE is the pride of England's throne,
From east to west he holds his own ;
And none may dare in their pride to say,
That Saint George's Cross has seen its day :
Saint George for merry England.

When battle clouds at evening frown,
And the sun of peace in shade goes down,
The meteor flag shall its radiance cast
Lit up by the light of the gorgeous Past :
Saint George for merry England.

When armies muster front to front,
That Cross must face the battle-brunt ;
For the heart of the Briton beats more warm
When he sees that beacon amid the storm :
Saint George for merry England.

Through England's fleet the watchword ran,
" SHE CLAIMS HIS DUTY OF EVERY MAN,"
And forth the standard of battle flew.
And what it signalled each man knew :
Saint George for merry England.

He knew that England's mandate says,—
When life and duty point two ways

The whole world shortly witness can
There's but one choice for the Englishman.

Saint George for merry England.

Beneath that Cross he stood at bay
On the Belgian plain, through the livelong day,
That Europe's lords might the mettle try
Of Saint George's blood-red infantry.

Saint George for merry England.

The sun sank low on the pride of France
As our Captain said, " Brave Flag, advance ! "
And she quailed as she saw the last rays shine
On the triumph step of that thin red line :

Saint George for merry England.

Saint George's Cross bars the gates of Day
Where the snow ne'er melts on the Himaleh :
That bannered Cross shall wave o'er them
While Japhet dwells in the tents of Shem.

Saint George for merry England.

Blazed high the Cross of the sea-girt isle,
When the death-reek rolled o'er the waves of Nile ;
By sea, by land, it peerless is,
For no cheer comes home to the heart like this—

Saint George for merry England.

No plain of Europe lies so far
But has hailed that Cross in the van of war :
But the fairest motto that flag can claim—
" I fight for honour and not for fame."

Saint George for merry England.

Old England loves her God too well
For Glory's gold her soul to sell,
And when she arms her for the fight
She arms, FOR GOD AND FOR HER RIGHT.

Saint George for merry England.

Unfurl, brave flag ! as thou hast unfurled
Through a thousand years of the changing world,
And be thy Cross as pure from stain
When the thousand years come round again.

Saint George for merry England.

ALFRED CAPEL SHAW



ALFRED CAPEL SHAW, although a native of Warwickshire, being born at Leamington in 1847, is classed by Borlase, in his *Bibliotheca Cornubiensæ*, among the poets of Cornwall, inasmuch as his first volume of poems was put forth at Redruth in 1874. He was educated at the Baptist College, Bristol, and matriculated (Inter-Arts) at London University. In early life he was a schoolmaster at Redruth, but, having some acquaintance with library work, he was appointed assistant librarian in the Birmingham Free Libraries in 1878, just before the fire which destroyed the famous Reference Library there in January 1879. For some years, during which the then chief librarian was incapacitated by illness, Mr Shaw was virtually in control of the libraries' staff, and when the former retired, in June 1898, Mr Shaw was appointed chief librarian, an office which he held until 1912, by which time he had reached the age of compulsory retirement. Mr Shaw is best known by his volume, *Two Decades of Song*, from which we quote the subjoined poems.

Mr Shaw's term of service as chief librarian of Birmingham was one marked by great progress. The Reference Library was, to some extent, built up under his care, after the fire of 1879; and the Shakespeare Memorial Library—the most notable collection of Shakespearean literature in the world—which had also perished in the fire, was also built up under his fostering care, so that it is now more valuable than the one which was destroyed; and we owe to Mr Shaw an interesting and comprehensive index to this collection.

The "leisured ease" which has come to Mr Capel Shaw, after a life of strenuous toil, will, we may venture to hope, be marked by further efforts in poetry worthy to take their place beside his *Two Decades of Song*, and other verses which entitle him to a place in this gallery of Warwickshire poets.

ROBERT K. DENT.

IMPROMPTU

ON 23RD APRIL, 1883

It was a happy chance, if chance
In any thing there is,
Which linked our glorious Shakespeare's name
With such a day as this.
For everywhere on English ground
The birds begin to sing,
And every hedge and tree is gay
With garments of the spring.

O happy day, O happy day,
Which gave our Shakespeare birth,
Well might all nature sing and play,
And overflow with mirth.

AS SHINES YON STAR

As shines yon star among the orbs of night,
So shinest thou upon us from afar,
Foremost among the radiant sons of light
As shines yon star.

Nor clouds of prejudice have power to bar
Thy piercing rays, nor hide thee from our sight,
Nor hate nor envy can thy glory mar.

Nay through all clouds thou breakest by the might
That in thee lies, and thy triumphal car
Flames 'midst a host of feeble orbs as bright
As shines yon star.

THE POET'S MISSION

WHAT words should one of the children of men
Say to his fellows who toil and fight ?
That life is a worthless possession, and when
'Tis over there follows a dreamless night ?

Shouldst thou, if a poet, stand forth and cry,
Vanity, Vanity, all that is here,
Truth is a phantom, and goodness a lie,
There's nothing worth living for, nought to revere ?

'Tis thine to kindle the flame of hope,
To purge the heart of its grosser sense,
To wake in the bosoms of men, who grope
And grovel along in blindness intense,

Some thought of the marvellous beauty and worth
Of the life they waste, in their savage greed
For the baser wealth and delights of earth,
Of the room there is in it for noble deed.

'Tis thine to stand on the higher ground,
To sight the land that is far away,
To sing a song in the night profound
Aglow with the light of the coming day.

But silence, O Poet, becometh thee best
If thou canst not see through the gloom that
 enshrouds,
Such sight of thy mission to sing is the test,
For all men can see the o'ershadowing clouds.

SONG

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR HAEMON IN "EURYDICE"

So young my love, so young, sixteen,
 Not sixteen yet, my Helene,
A budding rose, my love, my queen,
 And dearer than my life to me.

I care not, I, though there be found
 Ripe charms in fuller womanhood.
A rose full blown soon falls to ground ;
 'Tis better plucked when in the bud.

A bosom innocent of wiles,
 Nor careful lest its love be seen ;
Fresh innocence and joyous smiles :
 These are the graces of sixteen.

O love, my love, in whom combine
These charms ; for whom alone I live,
Let me but feel that thou art mine,
And life hath nothing more to give.

TO MY NOTE-BOOK

THOU tell-tale record of my wasted hours,
As here I sit, the feeling on me grows
To hold thee up to ridicule. Who knows
If my self-scorn may not revive the powers
Which once I seemed to have. The fault is ours
Most often when we fail. Some habit throws
Its spell upon us, and, though if we chose
We could break loose, the will within us cowers.
And thou revealest where my fault has been,
So many "shreds and patches," here a line
Without its fellow, songs half done between
The opening of a novel, waifs of thought
At random scattered ; every page gives sign
Of wasted power in work that comes to nought.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE



SELDOM has a poet found utterance earlier than Frederick Langbridge, seldom has a poet been longer in attaining the full power of his genius. The work of few writers exhibits such striking contrasts; he has written musical lyrics, stirring war songs, stately and thoughtful blank verse, romances full of human sympathy and pathos, beautiful sonnets, couplets and quatrains as refreshing as a draught of clear water to a dusty and thirsty wayfarer, and ballads dealing with mysterious things, legendary or supernatural. In his poetry we find a cheery graciousness as gentle and quaint as Herbert's, and depths of fantastic imagination as strange and haunted as Edgar Allan Poe's.

The contrasts in Canon Langbridge's poetry are the reflection of his own many-sided personality. Circumstances must have been a small influence in moulding his powerful imagination, for his life outwardly has been usual enough. He was the youngest of a family of six, and was born in 1849 in Birmingham. Here his first literary effort ended in sorrowful failure. One of his brothers, who was several years older, had been learning *Horatius*, and on hearing him recite Macaulay's stirring lay, Frederick Langbridge, then five years old, was filled with an ardent desire for self-expression. A sister who had acquired the necessary control over pen and ink consented to undertake the mechanical work required, and he dictated to her, stamping about the room in an ecstasy of creative joy whose like he has never since experienced. Tragic were his feelings when, at the end of an hour, he



CANON LANGBRIDGE

commanded his faithless secretary to read it, and she calmly replied, "I haven't got a word down."

Later on, at school, he devoted what his masters possibly considered unnecessary energy to the editing of a school magazine. A poem was written for this when he was a boy of thirteen, but the magazine came to a sudden end, and he stole, as one hiding a guilty weapon, to the office of *The Birmingham Gazette*, and with nervous fingers slipped his creation into the letter-box. When the longed-for and dreaded day arrived for the publication of *The Gazette*, he bought and opened a copy with palpitating heart and experienced the happiness, seldom attained so early, of the author who reads his first published work.

He left school at sixteen, and for a year his fate was one which seems curiously liable to befall all manner of artists—the practical routine of a business office. Part of his duty was to bring large sums of money to the bank each day. Walking by instruction in the middle of a Birmingham street whose reputation was not of the best, he used to devote his whole mental energy to composing verses; but, in spite of this, he escaped unscathed by omnibuses or thieves.

Next he went to Sidcup, in Kent, to help his brother, who was a clergyman and had a school; but he left Sidcup in a year's time, and eventually graduated from Merton College, Oxford, when he entered the ministry in 1876, and was appointed to the curacy of St George's, Kendal. In 1878 he married Miss Jane Wilson, and in the same year came to Ireland as rector of Glen Alla, Letterkenny.

No one can say what the difference would have been had Canon Langbridge chosen another country for his home, but perhaps it is fair to claim for Ireland that her influence was peculiarly favourable to the development of his particular individuality and genius. As the soft Irish climate and colouring are woven into the romantic

picturesqueness of Edmund Spenser, surely their undefined suggestiveness contributes the vividness of expression that always in his later writings Frederick Langbridge has at command ; and his fund of humour thrives in an atmosphere where it is so well "understood of the people."

He has been for many years rector of St John's, Limerick, and it is here that his best work has been done.

In 1907 Trinity College, Dublin, honoured him with the degree of Doctor of Literature ; and it is interesting to note that Dr Tyrell specially requested that *The Bishop's Candle* should be among the works submitted.

Dr Langbridge has three daughters, two of whom are already known in the literary world.

In appearance he is a rather small, slight man, whose face, grave in repose, brightens in conversation with a kindly, humorous smile, or lights up with intellectual interest. His musical voice suggests a pleasant nature. Original, witty, and full of sympathetic interest in his fellow-man, he is a delightful companion. He is entirely without the irritability or unreasonableness we usually look for, rightly or wrongly, in persons of highly strung nerves and artistic temperament.

His preaching is full of a wonderful vividness—a power of breathing the breath of life into the dry bones of bygone ages and events. The familiar names which have often since childhood been to us merely the names of "people in the Bible" become real men and women, living, loving and hating. Moses and the prophets stand before us as we listen. He never preaches to an inattentive congregation ; he is too fresh, too unexpected. There is the same power of handling the terrible and mighty, the tender and homely, which we find in his poetry ; he can pass from the majestic and sublime to the quaint and familiar without an effort or a discordant note. His simple language is apparently unstudied, and yet, if analysed, every sentence is balanced and finished. The

literary style is as rounded and complete as if the sermon were a carefully written treatise. The ethical conclusions to which great philosophers climb by arduous ways are reached by him with a strange simplicity—a sort of instinctive directness. Though his sermons are often poetical and imaginative, their application is usually practical. The insight with which he exposes humanity's everyday faults and failings makes his hearers' consciences uncomfortable, but his words are always encouraging and full of the wise sympathy of one who understands his fellow-man.

We are too ready to think that poets cannot have a practical side. Shelley, one of the most imaginative of modern poets, took a deep interest in social problems, and many of his proposals, rejected at the time as unpractical dreams, have since been adopted. Canon Langbridge has ever been the friend of the poor and the oppressed. A Liberal, in Matthew Arnold's sense of this much-abused word, he is always on the side of justice and progress, and his outlook on life is essentially moderate and wholesome. Much of his charm is due to the true balance in his personality between the dreamer of dreams and seer of visions, and the man gifted with a rich endowment of clear-headed common-sense.

We should expect this type of intellect to seek expression in prose as well as verse, and Canon Langbridge's prose is always new and very pleasant to read, but, with the exception of some dramas, he has not found subjects that are likely to endure. His greatest dramatic success up to the present has been *The Only Way*, the dialogue of which was written by him, while the construction was done by the Rev. Freeman Wills and Mr Martin Harvey.

But it is as a poet that Frederick Langbridge will be judged, and so he himself would have it be. In his early verse there is little promise of the growing power of his later poetry. It is mostly musical and charming. The lyrics, many of which have been set to music, are full of

tenderness and flowers and song birds. There is a joyous lilt in some stanzas that suggests graceful dancing. But the most vivid bit of word painting in the little volume entitled *Gaslight and Stars*, is gaslight indeed beside the splendid colouring, the sunshine, the smell of the balmy spring in *Lady Eve and Wisdom Tree*. Was ever daintier picture of a woman than this?

*" Eve look'd out on a fair morning,
The time of blossom'd thorn,
But she was whiter than the tree,
And brighter than the morn.*

*' God made you of porcelain fair
And not of Adam's loam ;
You shake the sun out of your hair,
Your limbs are flowers and foam.' "*

What glowing tropical richness in the description of the serpent !

*" She looked upon a quaint thing
That shifted green and gold
And wound among the goodly branches
Fold on splendid fold."*

Or :

*" Shimmering like a sunset sea
Roll'd he down the shining tree,
Wind on mailed wind."*

The sorrowful is as a rule attractive to young writers, perhaps because it is generally to them an unknown world. Dr Langbridge's early poetry abounds in a gentle melancholy ; but there is hardly a glimpse of the world of grim tragedy to which he takes us later on—" a region," as he says himself in the preface to *The Power of Red Michael*, " stark and sheer, dim, forbidden,

peopled by evil ghosts." We catch our breath to hear Angèle's spaniel

*" Utter a cry
That seemed to loose some awful sluice
Beyond mortality."*

With growing horror we feel the dim presence that was

*" Holding itself against the doom
Of utterly vanishing "*

become evident, until

*" The thing has substance now, and lo !
Some cold primeval dread
Crawl'd in the roots of my soul, to know
I communed with the dead :
My God ! what shape of woman or ape
Was crouching by the bed ? "*

Yet long ago he has given us just a glance into this mysterious region. As early as the publication of *Gaslight and Stars*, the idea of our divided and warring personality, and the awfulness of utter isolation fascinated the imagination of Frederick Langbridge. The agonised cry of *A Forsaken Soul* as it looks down on its "dear dead clay" forebodes the even intenser horror in *A Soul Shut Out* :

*" Alone, alone, O God, alone !
I shiver and make piteous moan,
Alone in the measureless night and sea,
Alone amid the up-piled years,
Foul with blood, blurred with tears,
All that have been or shall be—
Alone amid Eternity ! "*

In *A Soul Shut Out* the same unbearable loneliness is described with a surer touch, almost dreadful in its heart-rending simplicity :

*" I crept to her grave in a cold despair,
And whisper'd, ' Come ' :
There was not a daisy that knew her there,
And the night was dumb.*

*I stretch'd my hands to the glooming sky,
Strong hands that drew ;
There was nothing in Heaven that made reply
Nothing that knew."*

The whole ballad is beautiful but haunting in its grimness. Edgar Allan Poe has never written anything more tragic than this :

*" For ever—for ever—I move without :
I cannot die :
I shall watch the last faint star go out
In the aged sky.*

*I envy the life of the man forbid
And the living who lie
While the screws bite home in the coffin-lid,
And cannot cry."*

Again the pain of utter loneliness is expressed in *Isolation*, though here without any supernatural horror of great darkness, only the feeling of being

*" Gulf'd and orb'd by the lone mystery
Wherein each sayeth ' I.' "*

The lines also are a good example of Canon Langbridge's grave and dignified blank verse :

*"Thy questionings, thy clinging hopes that hug
The very heart of being—touching these,
No dog that looketh up into thine eyes,
And catcheth at thy gown and moaneth low,
Wears a more piteous dumbness."*

A skilled metrist, Canon Langbridge will never allow beauty of conception to excuse carelessness of workmanship. In the long, sonorous lines of *The Pity of Allah*, we have a fine example of what he can do with elegiacs :

*"And, lo, as the seabirds rise, white wings that cannot be
counted,
Up from the gulleys of Hell, the gulfs of unplummeted
woe,
The shapes of the lost that were saved in a luminous
ecstasy mounted
And whiten'd the Garden of God, a dream and a
wonder of snow."*

He has written many lovely sonnets, poetical in conception, and carefully finished works of art, free from the defects in construction which injure the works of Elizabeth Browning and some of the best sonneteers in the language. He has a special gift for preserving a single thought in a short form—sonnet, or quatrain, or other epigrammatic stanza. He loves to use homely words and illustrations, and in his hand they are quaintly fashioned settings for clear-cut cameos—many of which are destined to remain with us as household proverbs, such as the well-known couplet :

*"Two men look out through the same bars ;
One sees the mud and one the stars."*

Not only has he power over the grim and terrible, and the gentle and quaint, he can call a scene vividly before us

in a few words more suggestive than descriptive, as in the opening stanza of the *Ballad of the Babūshka* :

*“ The moon’s light shell did ride alone
Toss’d in the racing rack ;
The poplars whitened with a moan
Each in its belt of black.”*

Compare Canon Langbridge with Herbert and Edgar Allan Poe. He owes them no more than every poet must owe to his poetical ancestry. Poe himself, though his genius was strange and original almost to madness, learnt much from James Clarence Mangan. During the time Canon Langbridge was seeking his style and subjects he came under many influences, but, like every true artist, the influences of his predecessors only helped him in realising his individual thought and style. The mere fact that he could have learnt anything from sources so absolutely diverse as Herbert and Poe but serves to show how entirely his own are the creations of his intellect and imagination.

HELEN MORONY.

THE DARK RIVER

THE river flowed wide and stilly,
And the voice of its crooning deep
Lulled even the dreaming lily
To a yet more charmèd sleep.

The umbrage deepened and darkened,
And the river’s runic roll,
As I hearkened, and mused, and hearkened,
Grew into my wistful soul.

Instead of the dreaming lily
Were weeds all clinging and black,
And the river, sluggish and chilly,
Seemed clogged in its inky track.

I woke with a start and a shiver
And a gasp of difficult breath—
I had dreamed I walked by the river
That cleaves the Valley of Death.

I turned, and behold ! a shimmer
Of mystical light untold,
The glory and molten glimmer
Of ruby and pearl and gold !

Mine eyes with the deep tears thickened,
And lowly I bowed my head ;
And there as the splendour quickened,
I spoke to my heart and said :

“ Fear not ! through the valley of shadows,
In faith be the dark bank trod,
For the river flows out to the meadows
That glad the city of God ! ”

AFTER YOUR SORROW

A VALENTINE TO EVERY GOOD WOMAN

You were another woman one year ago :
Your eyes have pour'd an unfamiliar rain,
And you have stretch'd your drowning arms in vain
To a blind Power that did not care or know.

Your right and wrong totter'd to overthrow :
And narrow peace can never come again,
But the great peace is nigh : your feet attain
The garden where the leaves of healing grow.

Nothing to-day is common or unclean
To your large pity : everything that cries
Runs to your bosom and is comforted :
All sorrows are your sisters : your deep eyes
Plant a young hope where a despair has been
And earth is greener for the tears you shed.



PROFESSOR POSTGATE

JOHN PERCIVAL POSTGATE



R POSTGATE is known to every scholar by his contributions to classical lore, and to teachers as an accomplished composer of Latin in prose and verse, yet few know him as an occasional writer of graceful English verse. He worthily upholds the poetical dignity of Warwickshire by his artistic poem, "*In Memoriam*" *Condensed*, which is now given to the world for the first time. It was written before the publication of the great laureate's last Idylls, and curiously enough it anticipated a phrase which Tennyson employed later—"And gleam and gloom," which occurs in the one hundred and fifty-fifth line of *The Last Tournament*.

Dr Postgate was born in Birmingham in 1853. He is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Latin in the University of Liverpool, a Fellow of the British Academy, and a Litt.D. of Cambridge, Manchester and Dublin.

And, notwithstanding his scholarship, it may be said that he wears

*"all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower":*

for he is as versatile as learned.

C. H. POOLE.

ON A FAVOURITE PARROT

WHICH ESCAPED ON THE FIRST OF MAY 1880, AND
WAS NEVER RECOVERED

FLOWN ! If Greek fancy hold our faith,
That spirits wing, as birds, their way,
Part of a human soul took flight
With thee that day.

One purpose less. The thoughts that set
Round that poor purpose, planned thy fare,
Nor lowlier ministry disdained,
Ache for their care.

'Tis not thy form of ruffled grey
And drooping red our grief demands,
Thy yellow shrinking eye, charred tongue,
And wrinkled hands.

Rather thy mimic art of speech,
That oft with snatch of sense would fill
The lagging time, as if with ours
Conspired thy will.

Yet no ! It is love's daily use
That wound the little that thou art,
The sameness of thy petty ways
About our heart.

What cuckoo cry hath won thee hence ?
Though all the wooded spaces ring,
Lone stranger, there shall come to thee
No vocal spring.

Wouldst thou against those silver trills
And rapture changing lest it cloy,
Against the lark's sweet wellings pit
Thy harsh annoy ?

Alien ! those beaks may pluck and pierce
Which now love's gentler chorus swell ;
The rescuing human hand may take
To starve or sell.

Thee have I seen ; but one I heard,
Between the meadows and the mill,
At the ways' turning, deep in boughs
Which now are still,

Calling and clanging on the air,
When the years thawed, as if to greet
The first faint flutter of the spring,
Harsh presage sweet.

She went : thou followest ; and the news
Comes wrapt in picture of thy prime,
A woman with her bird at play
Tear-stained by time.

This touched me ; and I wrote these lines,
Discordant as discarded lute
That jangles to a passing wind,
Thenceforward mute.

“ IN MEMORIAM ” CONDENSED

A TENNYSONIAN STUDY

FAIR moon, whose silver glance of power
Doth heavenward draw the earth-bound wave,
Where'er it smile or fret or rave
On shelving sands and cliffs that tower,

Dost thou with hither-turning sheen
Gloss an Above supreme, benign,
Or mock us with a watery sign,
Of changing floods a changing queen ?

I know not. But throughout this room
Of sense, wherein our fates are bound,
I seem to trace a ceaseless round
Of void and fulness, gleam and gloom.



Theodore Wratislaw

THEODORE WRATISLAW

THEODORE WRATISLAW



THEODORE WILLIAM GRAF WRATISLAW is a member of a family settled in Rugby for four generations. His great-grandfather was a Bohemian noble, Count Marc Wratislaw von Mitrowitz, who came to England about 1770, and held the post of foreign language master at Rugby School until his death in 1796. Theodore Wratislaw, born at Rugby in April 1871, is the son of Mr Theodore Marc Wratislaw, for many years a solicitor practising in that town. He was educated at Rugby School, 1885-1888, passed the final examination for solicitors in 1893; and in 1895 entered the Estate Duty Office, Somerset House, where he still holds a position.

His earliest little volumes of poems, *Love's Memorial* and *Some Verses*, were published at Rugby in 1892. They were followed by *Caprices*, 1893, with a cover design by Gleeson White. Mr Wratislaw was now a member of that talented coterie of writers and artists—including Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, Lord Alfred Douglas, Arthur Symons, Lionel Johnson, Gleeson White, Henry Harland, and Max Beerbohm—who will ever be associated with the last decade of the nineteenth century. Some of these men were called “decadent,” but in the main their work was arresting, distinctive, and daringly original, and its characteristics are indelibly impressed upon the artistic history of the epoch in question.

Theodore Wratislaw's last volume of verse, *Orchids*, 1896, was produced by Leonard Smithers, the remarkable publisher who identified himself with the uncommon

literature of this time. He has also written *The Pity of Love*, 1895, a tragedy based on the dramatic love story of Sophie Dorothea (wife of George I.) and Philip von Königs-marck ; and *Algernon Charles Swinburne : a Study*, 1900, which is his best-known work. Mr Wratislaw's verse is characteristic of the literary movement he allied himself with, or, as he put it : " A shrine of loves that laugh and swoon and ache, a temple of coloured sorrows and perfumed sins." But there is something finer in many of his poems—a plaintive regret for the fleeting joys of life, and, further, an interpretation of the sadness that underlies all earthly things and the transient beauties of Nature. For instance :

A MOOD

*The tide was weary as it came
Towards the shore this autumn eve :
It caught the sun's descending flame,
And sighed and seemed too faint to grieve
Because the summer hasted to be gone
And all the days were done.*

*The sea heaved languidly and rolled
Its purple breakers on the sand ;
An infinite sadness manifold
Fell on the deep and quiet land ;
The seamews rested on the dipping foam
And had no thought of home.*

*The poppies shivered as the breeze
Went by and fell before it passed,
And from the cliff I heard the sea's
Faint requiem, the first and last,
Above the tomb of pleasures that were sped
And with the tear lay dead.*

*One with the season's languor, I
Lay long to watch the changing flight
Of colours in the dreary sky
Until the advent of the night,
While banks of cloud above the sea-line rose
And sorrow found repose.*

And what a delicate, sad little threnody—worthy of Verlaine, with whom Wratislaw's verse may rightly be compared—is this :

*So vague, so sweet a long regret !
So sweet, so vague a dead perfume
That lingers lest regret forget,
A memory from an old-world tomb
Where vainly sunshine gleams and vainly raindrops fret,
And dying summer's wind-breath goes
So lightly over petals of the fallen rose.
Autumnal starlight, scents of hay
Beneath the full September moon,
And then, ah ! then ! the sighing tune
That fades and yet is fain to stay :
Ah ! weep for pleasures dead too soon,
While like the love-song of an ancient day
The distant music of the perfume dies away.*

*Somewhere, some day—I pray the day be soon !—
Shall I lie dead, perchance when this green floor
Of chequered grass beneath the sycamore
Is burnt up by the fierce September noon :
Some midnight when the sea's wan waters croon
Their lullaby to the enchanted shore,—
An ebb-tide with its vague and muffled roar—
Past where the wet sands glisten to the moon.
Then shalt thou gain at length thy great desire,
O heart of mine, O heart of tears and fire !*

*Thy life is troublous as the changing foam.
Then shall thou lie at peace and solemn rest,
In calm attainment of thy life's long quest,
The haven of thy wish, thine only home.*

This, indeed, seems to sum up the philosophy of the "decadents" of the nineties: how few of those who made that period memorable survive to-day.

S. M. ELLIS.

PART II

THE POETESSES OF
WARWICKSHIRE

ARRANGED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

“ Behold a train of female wits aspire,
With men to mingle in the Muses’ choir.”



Photo

Emery Walker, Ltd.

GEORGE ELIOT

From a Portrait by Sir F. W. Burton in the National Portrait Gallery.

GEORGE ELIOT



MARY ANN CROSS, who will always be best known as George Eliot, might have been a great poet if she had not preferred to be a great novelist. Not that she had a divided allegiance in her work. For she was always loyal to what she believed to be truth and pursued her inflexible path without counting the cost and without any regard to consequences. And she thought she knew that her passionate desire to do good found a fuller opening along the lines of prose fiction. But in her the artist and the philosopher or speculator were for ever at strife. She had an appetite for study and inquiry and the accumulation of learning and an almost morbid desire for accuracy, *akribologia*, which militated against the æsthetic side of her nature. Her strong emotions and deep capacity for friendship and love were severely restrained by an iron will, with the natural result of much depression and unhappiness. Sentiment and feeling were kept well in check by her sense of fitness, and her wonderful faculty of self-control. Born in Warwickshire at Arbury Farm, she found herself in an atmosphere fatal to the development of her peculiar powers, and her broad and daring genius, an environment of illiterate and illiberal evangelicalism which in Shelley only raised the spirit of revolt. Here her beautiful soul was starved for lack of spiritual pabulum.

“The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.” In this uncongenial medium her thoughts and feelings were naturally driven inwards, and encouraged that habit of reserve which she carried with her through life. She received the education common to girls of her class, and

no doubt extracted some nourishment from it, as (according to De Quincey) bees can even get honey out of soot—one of his greatest flights of imagination. But at the age of seventeen she was called home, to keep house for her father, an estate agent. This must have been beneficial to her, in imposing a useful service and definite responsibilities. And it is probable that, at this early age, she began to store up materials and humorous information for her future novels, such as *Adam Bede* and the *Mill on the Floss*, without any consciousness of the fact. Her powers of observation were great and nothing escaped her eye, and delightful data for her keen and curious and amused outlook on humanity must have been diligently recorded and laid away in the orderly pigeon-holes of her memory. She was perpetually learning, nothing came amiss to her, and she never forgot anything worth retention. But when in 1841 her father left the country and took another house in Coventry, Mary Ann Evans must have found the change a perfect paradise. It not only opened her mind and enlarged her interests, but brought an intellectual heaven to her side, with the right of free entry. No forbidding sword, no barring gates,

“ with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms,”

stood in the way. She discovered immediately liberty and light. It was there that she made acquaintance with highly educated persons, who presently became intimate friends and advisers, and introduced her to a new world of wonders.

*“ Then felt I as a watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak of Darien.”*

Mr and Mrs Charles Bray and Mr Charles Hennell were just the counsellors that she needed at this critical epoch in her life. The first had published *The Education of the Feelings* and *The Philosophy of Necessity*, and the latter *An Enquiry on the Origin of Christianity*. Miss Evans was now twenty-two. And here close at hand lay the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and the tree of life. And she could, as Oscar Wilde has said, resist everything but Temptation :

“ *She touched, she took, she tasted.*”

It is impossible to overrate the effect of this sudden awakening on Miss Evans. It may be that, if she had remained in the country all her life, she would still have produced something and produced literature, because she possessed the fairy gift or the magic wand of Prospero. But the result would have been incomparably less, although stamped with the hall-mark of genius. Probably in this case her poetic powers would have asserted themselves more, and dramas in verse taken the place of dramas in prose. For she unquestionably was endowed with the dramatic instinct, the sense of crucial situations and the inevitable climax. But speculations of this kind are idle, and we must accept George Eliot as we find her, with the opulence of imagination, her quiet humour, and her wealth of thought. Yet she carried with her to the grave the shadow of the old narrow evangelical bondage, though the shadow often shone through and let out the radiancy of imperishable truths seen by her *sub specie æternitatis*—yes, truths that were also *semina æternitatis*. The religious training (or torture) of her childhood had given her something, and left behind a legacy of conscientiousness and a passionate sincerity, in teaching the fact that only the highest motives ultimately count. It also perhaps enabled her to draw Dinah Morris, one of the finest creations in the characters of fiction. And

from the same source she gained an insight into the psychology of the working classes and middle classes, the farmers and labourers among whom she lived so long, and the ideas of squires and their families. It was this knowledge that taught her to represent the young ladies at the Hall, in *Felix Holt the Radical*, one of her least successful ventures, as wondering why the Government did not put a stop to Dissent.

In the more congenial and higher atmosphere of Coventry, Marian (as she signed herself) Evans began to think and unthink, to learn and unlearn with a vengeance. Nothing was spared now, nothing kept sacred, and she followed out her logical processes to the bitter end, though the pathway of illumination lay over shattered idols and broken altars and friendships. Her supreme loyalty was to the light : "*He serves all who dares be true.*"

*" This above all : to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

She had the same difficulty with her old-fashioned and bigoted father that Shelley had with his, but she escaped an open rupture. Church services vexed her soul ; she felt them to be tedious and prolix and unprofitable ; and her correspondence with an old governess was of a rebellious kind and saturated with all the devilries of doubt.

*" She fought her doubts and gathered strength,
She would not make her judgment blind,
She faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them ; so she came at length
To find a stronger faith her own ;
And Power was with her in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light
And dwells not in the light alone."*

Orthodox, in the popular sense, which may not really be the correct sense, she never could have been, after she had launched out into the deep of speculation. She grew rapidly on her career of emancipation, into a cosmopolitan. Determined to see things clear and whole, she could not endure the cloud and slavery of the conservatism which everywhere shut out the view and eclipsed the avenues of opening interest and beauty. She soon saw and resented the emptiness of society, with its cheap charms and gilded bondage. Years later, when at one of Dr Chapman's famous gatherings, conversation turned on a celebrity of the day and his noble entertainer, George Eliot remarked that if Christ were to come again and visit London, Lady —— would certainly invite Him to breakfast !

When in 1844 she translated Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, she must have found the task a real relief, because it compelled her to proclaim her own liberality of thought in helping to publish the challenge (so terrible then and so trivial now) of the great German champion of heterodoxy, whom so many timid Christians held to be the Man of Sin. She had now shown her colours and taken a definite side and stand on the ground of the right of private judgment. Her lot for the future was cast in with that of the freethinkers, who even then, by the multitude, were looked upon rather as lepers than as honest men and women who refused to endorse what they did not and could not believe. We call such people at the present day by Huxley's euphemism of Agnostics, but then they were reviled indifferently as atheists or infidels. In our more modern times the same advanced thinkers have become the darlings of society, of the press and public opinion. Some dukes and duchesses, of indubitable orthodoxy, will go any distance to see or hear the latest heretic and will invite him to splendid receptions. Heresy has become a fashion, which is much more likely to kill it than ridicule or resistance. It will find

its Capua, not in persecution, but in petting and pampering and the enervating air of admiration or the fatal breath of flattery. Of old the Christians were thrown to the lions, but now the policy has been reversed and the lions are thrown to the Christians and the lions are the martyrs. The cross, the sword, the fire and the faggot of old saved the Church and its faith, but now these will be suffocated with incense, be killed by kindness, and die of dignity.

Mr Evans died in 1849, and then Marian Evans went abroad, and, we presume, studied and observed and accumulated fresh stores of learning and wisdom. Her intensely catholic mind and energetic nature demanded broader spheres of interest and influence, while she added fact to fact and thought her principles out, finding enchantments everywhere.

*"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God ;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries."*

Of her foreign experiences we do not know very much, but all was grist that came to the mill of Marian Evans. Any tendency to contraction of outlook, any lingering littleness bequeathed by the evangelicalism which had left scars on her soul, must have discovered here a divine remedy in contact with different minds and different scenes, and given further expansion to a naturally lovely character. She regarded all things not so much through the medium of a particular temperament as in the light of the Universal.

On her return to England, we hear soon of her increased mental activity, when she became a contributor to *The Westminster Review*, which indeed she helped to edit. This proved to be another great epoch in her life, for it brought her into touch with some of the greatest thinkers

then living—men like Carlyle and Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes. Her connection with the last, however irregular and unconventional, does not concern us now. The friends whose judgment she valued the most did not condemn her, though many must have disapproved. She paid to the uttermost farthing the price for her violation of law and her defiance of orthodoxy. But she did not recognise the authority of the Christian Church or the Bible ; she did not consider herself bound by the popular religion and morality. She simply acted according to her own light and faith. But there can be no doubt that her friendship and intimate intercourse with G. H. Lewes proved a turning-point in her career, and produced rich and splendid results. He supplied the quickening love and sympathy and inspiration which her genius required, and he gave the critical correction and steadfast stimulation, the intelligent encouragement for which she had longed. They appear to have been mutually created for each other. And we may add, without any approval of their relations, that the world would have been the poorer if they had not lived so many years together. She would never have written so well and left behind her such immortal masterpieces, but for his close and affectionate companionship. At the beginning of their association she translated Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity* and *Spinoza's Ethics*. But in 1856 she published *Amos Barton*, and commenced her *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Of her shorter works in this her most fertile field of literary labours, *Silas Marner* (1861) perhaps is one of the most effective. Her manipulation of the actors in this sordid tragedy, the vivid presentation of squalid characters and squalid conduct, closing in an effective *coup de théâtre*, convince us that the author is describing what she knows at first-hand. It was said at the time that no woman could have written some of the conversations given, but we never heard that G. H. Lewes claimed any credit for them. But it remained for

Adam Bede, published in 1859, to make her famous and *facile princeps* among contemporary novelists. Here George Eliot was at her very best, her truest self, among scenery and people she had known from her birth. The figures, especially the heroine Quakeress, stand out with living distinctness and startling reality, prizes and possessions for all time. The next book was *The Mill on the Floss*, conspicuous for its humour and pathos and that exquisite creation, Maggie Tulliver. This appeared in 1860, *Romola* in 1862-1863, *Felix Holt* in 1866, *Middlemarch* in 1873 and *Daniel Deronda* in 1876. Of these last four novels, *Middlemarch* has always been the most celebrated and the most warmly praised. Yet there is something ponderous about it—it moves, and it moves us also, but sometimes like a piece of adequate and expressive machinery, and produces an artificial effect. We must agree to call it great, but the greatness occasionally seems to crush reader and writer alike. It lacks the fresh, warm, human, palpitating passion of *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*. It always captures the reason, but not always the heart. And yet we have no better psychological analyses of the special characters and classes described in it. But the brilliancy is cold, the shadow too grey, although it shines. But of all George Eliot's books we would rather put in the hands of young people on the threshold of life the one that most critics consider her worst—namely, *Daniel Deronda*. Many men and women after choosing, and choosing hastily and wrongly, their work must have regretted they had not first read this novel with its noble ideals and enthusiasm and its intensely human interest. Here we have the poet in her laboratory creating and inspiring and compelling us to follow her exalted and exalting principles.

George Eliot the artist practically died with Mr Lewes in 1878, for she produced no more books, excepting, of course, her collection of essays, called *Theophrastus Such*, and though she married Mr J. W. Cross eventually, she

lived but a short time longer, and died on 22nd December 1880. People have compared her with Jane Austen, but with little reason, as they had not much in common. Jane Austen belonged to a particular period and was racy and redolent of that period. George Eliot wrote for all time, and possessed a far broader, we may say a universal, mind, more like Shakespeare's. Besides, by nature and by culture, she was far more liberally endowed and more widely accomplished. They both had irony and humour and satire, but these were dissimilar. Jane Austen lacked the divine discipline of suffering, from which George Eliot was never free to the last. No doubt the latter was through temperament a born *Heautontimoroumenos*. But only those who have been tried by fire, as she was, can have the full sweetness and richness of humanity wrung out and wrought to a perfect and permanent fruitfulness.

In *The Spanish Gypsy* we have the adequate conception, and the adequate conception that touches the deepest truths of our nature. Fedalma, the heroine, like Iphigenia, must be sacrificed for her people's destiny. She finds herself compelled to choose between her own personal happiness and a devoted admirer, *and* the demands of her race—between loyalty to love, and allegiance to duty. The two claims are antagonistic and refuse to be reconciled. Her heart is the battleground of conflicting passions, and rival motives each of the mightiest force. Individual interests and universal (national) interests stand out as the competitive powers in this magnificent drama, which contains all the essential elements of the truest tragedy. Fedalma appears in the opening scene on the threshold of a splendid marriage with a Spanish grandee she adores, who returns her love with the same intensity of feeling. Then her father suddenly appears and reveals the mystery of her birth, and the magnitude of his mission as the saviour of his people. Convinced of the intimate relationship between

them, and the grandeur of his appointed work, she accepts the call of destiny and the call of the blood, renounces her lover and her love, discards for ever the dreams of selfish joy, and goes forth with him to suffer and share the fortunes of her kith and kin, and if need be to die with her oppressed and outcast nation. The unexpected appeal to the noblest side of her nature sounds like a message from heaven, a religious summons, and necessity (the obligation of a higher claim and a greater love) is laid upon her to obey.

The characters work out the inevitable action like the instruments of some awful overruling Fate. There can be no doubt as to the majesty of the drama's movement from beginning to end, as it advances with stately steps along its predetermined path. We find dignity, restraint, measure, balance, and always the sacred fire of supreme poetry, at once the heavenly inspiration and the earthly glow, which at the right moment bursts out into a blaze of beautiful song. "Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan line," or obvious imitations of classic models are conspicuous by their absence. George Eliot is sufficient for herself and her chosen task, with her own immense resources. Her lofty imagination, her affluent knowledge, her keen insight into all the workings of human nature, are backed up and reinforced by all the instincts and intuitions of the born dramatist. She draws upon an infinite store of learning, and clothes her thoughts and fancies with appropriate language. The characters are not mere types or abstractions, but flesh and blood creations of people we can love and understand. Her burning inspiration breathes into them the light of life.

The first book, out of all proportion in length to the four others, opens with an admirable picture :

*" To the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep :
Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love*

*On the Mid Sea that moans with memories,
And on the untravelled Ocean's restless tides
This river, shadowed by the battlements
And gleaming silvery towards the Northern sky."*

This book, as indeed the whole of the great drama, abounds in splendid passages that would arrest the most careless reader and haunt the mind. For instance :

*" And the time is great.
What times are little ? To the sentinel,
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.
So trust the men whose best hope for the world
Is ever, that the world is near its end :
Impatient of the stars that keep their course,
And make no pathway for the coming Judge."*

*" The time is great, and greater no man's trust
Than his who keeps the fortress for his king,
Wearing great honours as some delicate robe
Brocaded o'er with names 'twere sin to tarnish."*

The last couplet reminds us irresistibly of Tennyson's famous line :

" Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Again, we have a grand scene daintily described of Fedalma's dancing :

*" Sudden with glancing motion like a flame
That through dim vapour makes a path of glory,
A figure lithe, all white and saffron-robed,
Flashed right across the circle, and now stood
With ripened arms uplift and regal head,
Like some tall flower, whose dark and intense heart
Lies half within a tulip-tinted cup."*

At the close of the first book we have a fine scene, beginning :

" So soft a night was never made for sleep."

Fedalma, gorgeously dressed and laden with the jewels just given her by her lover, Don Silva, unexpectedly confronts her father, who reveals her birth, and claims her for the appointed destiny :

*" To be the angel of a homeless tribe :
To help me bless a race taught by no prophet
And make their name, now but a badge of scorn,
A glorious banner floating in their midst. . . ."*

Fedalma, the prey of conflicting emotions, finally consents to renounce her lover and go with her father.

*" Father, my soul is not too base to ring
At touch of your great thoughts ; nay, in my blood
There streams the sense unspeakable of mind,
As leopard feels at ease with leopard."*

*" I will not take a heaven,
Haunted by shrieks of far off misery.
The deed and I have ripened with the hours :
It is a part of me—a awakened thought
That, rising like a giant, masters me,
And grows into a doom."*

*" The saints were cowards, who stood by to see
Christ crucified : they should have flung themselves
Upon the Roman spears, and died in vain—
The grandest death, to die in vain, for love
Greater than sways the forces of the world !
That death shall be my bridegroom. I will wed
The curse that blights my people."*

Meanwhile she has stript herself of the jewels and costly robes given her by the duke. And thus she goes out into the night, a Pariah possessed with a holy passion greater than the earthly love which yet thrills her heart. She leaves behind a letter :

*"Silva, sole love—he came—my father came.
I am the daughter of the Gypsy chief
Who means to be the Saviour of our tribe.
He calls on me to live for his great end.
To live? Nay, die for it. Fedalma dies,
In leaving Silva : all that lives henceforth,
In the poor Zincala."*

It is impossible to criticise this drama at any length, owing to its magnitude, but it sustains throughout the same high level of dignity and power and tragic grandeur. Don Silva, on his return, is in despair, to find the cup dashed from his very lips. Eventually he decides to follow Fedalma. He succeeds in his search and enters the Gypsies' camp, where he is soon discovered in the midst of a passionate interview with her, by Zarca himself. In the end the proud Spaniard surrenders everything, his nation, his rank, his honours, his wealth for the daughter of the chief, to whom he now swears allegiance. And then comes the catastrophe. Father Isidore has been captured by the Gypsies and is led to execution. Don Silva strives to save him and offers his own life instead, but all to no purpose. Then in a moment of frenzy he tears off the Gypsy's badge and disowns his deed.

*"I am a Catholic knight,
A Spaniard who will die a Spaniard's death."*

Suiting the action to the word, he draws a hidden dagger and plunges it in Zarca's breast. But the dying Gypsy proves as noble as a Christian, and he gives Don Silva

his life and adjures his followers to let the murderer go free.

*" They lifted reverent the prostrate strength,
Sceptred anew by death."*

The fifth and final book is full of great poetry, and the close worthy of the stately drama. Don Silva and Fedalma meet once more.

*" Nay, Silva, think of me as one who sees
A light serene and strong on one sole path
Which she will tread till death. . . .
He trusted me, and I will keep his trust :
My life shall be its temple."*

*" I go to Rome, to seek
The right to use my knightly sword again ;
The right to fill my place, and live or die
So that all Spaniards shall not curse my name."*

*" We must walk
Apart unto the end. Our marriage rite
Is our resolve that we will each be true
To high allegiance, higher than our love."*

And so Fedalma, the Gypsy Queen, bids her lover farewell.

*" He did not say ' Farewell,'
But neither knew that he was silent."*

F. W. ORDE WARD.

THE HON. M. CORDELIA LEIGH



THE subject of this memoir was born at Stoneleigh, and might be quoted as an example of "Heredity." Euripides praises its theory in one of his plays. If there be any truth or not in the theory, Miss Leigh ably supports the opinion of those who believe in it.

In the life of Lord Leigh—her grandfather—we saw that he was a poet and philanthropist, one who loved his fellow-men in a marked degree, for he took an interest, notwithstanding ill-health, in the abolition of slavery, the independence of Poland, and the renovation of Italy. Miss Leigh, in lesser degree and secretive mood, believes, and rightly, that the mission of to-day of those who wish well to humanity is to influence children to acquire righteousness, truth, kindness, and a universal friendly citizenship. Her charming books on nature study tend to emphasise the qualities already mentioned. In *Our School out of Doors* it is assumed that a country walk taken twice a month throughout the year would be invaluable to teacher and taught, to the former instructive, to the latter fascinating.

The mantle, too, of poesy, inherited maybe from her grandfather, the schoolfellow and friend of Byron, is sparkled and adorned, as his, with jewels of the poet's feeling, the poet's eye, the poet's quest for beauty in all created things. Miss Leigh can, and has, invested plant, pond, rock and stone life with the same enchantment as she has the more mysterious cloud-land. Her religious poetry is of the Keble type, refined, refreshing, and certainly invigorating, tending to lead the mind into higher spheres. Her poetry is written in simple and terse



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THE HONOURABLE M. CORDELIA LEIGH

words. The *Eclipse of the Moon on Easter Eve* is a beautiful example of the characteristics just enumerated. Her poetry also evinces a love for her country, as is seen in *The Farewell*. The poem reminds one of Browning's *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, with this difference, that she bids us remember to make for a heavenly home. *The Arrested Hour Glass* is a beautiful and somewhat quaint poem. By the kindness of the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* a philanthropic poem, *The Call of the Children*, finds a home in these pages.

C. H. POOLE.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON ON EASTER EVE

EASTER EVEN the Moon went down
 Into the vale of the shades of death,
 (Darkened visage and laboured breath)
 Donned her mantle and doffed her crown.

Easter dawned, and she left the shade,
 Whitened the world with her tender light,
 Painted the sacred windows bright,
 Kissed the flowers on Altars laid.

Birds woke early, and chanted low,
 "Waken, earth, to your holy day!
 Sepulchre stone is rolled away,
 Life new risen has slain the foe."

Kingcups, daffodils, cowslips fair,
 Golden crown for the Day of days,
 Joined the lilies in triumph praise,
 Joy bells rang through the quivering air.

Shadows quailed, and the Moon was sped,
Owned her Master, the kingly Sun,
Morn victorious, and death undone,
Life triumphant, and darkness fled.

Heaven joined in the song of spring,
Spring re-echoed celestial lay,
Earth and heaven kept Easter Day,
Birds re-carolled what angels sing.

“ OUT OF THE NORTH COMETH GOLDEN
SPLENDOUR ”

ALL HALLOWS' EVE, and the islands are sighing,
Winter rides forth on the hill ;
Loud wail the moors, for the autumn is dying ;
Mourning from boulder and rill.
Sea birds have whispered the snowy dashed billow
Tidings of storm from the North ;
Cruel winds stirring the trembling willow,
Cold in their tumult of wrath.

Day of All Saints, and the storm clouds have broken,
Golden the splendour of morn ;—
Then in the North gleams the sevenfold token,
Rainbow of promise is born !
Here from the Isle, where in time-hallowed story
Columb's disciples have trod,
Rises the arch with its message of glory,
Points to the City of God.

A NIGHT IN MID MAY

Now tender Eve has kissed the drooping eyes
 Of sleeping daisies ; incense floods the air
 For Nature kneeling at her vesper prayer ;
 'Mid rustling leaves the pensive night breeze sighs.
 In heaven's garden brighter flowers arise ;
 Her wonted path the patient moon makes fair ;
 Aglow the coils of Berenice's Hair,
 While throned Arcturus fires the southern skies.
 Calm whisperers ! of splendours far away
 Glad messages in golden light ye bring—
 A heart's desire fulfilled one happy day,
 In perfect love and never-ending spring,
 Where painless pleasure shall no more take wing,
 Nor spectral winter close the eyes of May.

THE ARRESTED HOUR GLASS

AN ancient house I saw, where Time was still ;
 He passed with idle scythe and gentle breath ;
 While patient, long gone years of good and ill
 Lay sleeping at the gate 'twixt Life and Death.
 And here a glass to mete the hour was set
 With sands not all run down : o'er oaken floors
 There crept a whisper, " See, it lingers yet ! "
 And murmuring through empty corridors

The answer, " Wait !—the angel with the scales
Is waiting !—till the reckoning day is past
Of victor's losses, and his gain who fails,
Where last are crowned as first, and first are
last,
And servants, watching till the sands are run,
Shall hail redemption with the setting sun."

" BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW "

LIFE ! new life !
It bathes in glory meadow, bush, and tree ;
The birds proclaim it, and prolong the word ;
While, through the halls of dread Eternity
The echo of the trumpet call is heard—
Arise !

The garden grave is filled with angels now !
We sought it ere the breaking of the day ;
We met the Lord with laurels on His brow,
For lo ! the cruel stone was rolled away.
Up, drooping heart ! since failure cannot be
Where faith lends wings to hope and bids her
soar ;
New life is love ; Jehovah lives for thee,
And thou with Him art conqueror evermore.
Arise !

A FAREWELL

FAREWELL to the land of the olive grey,
 With sky of the azure hue,
 Where the red sun kisses the golden day,
 And the tideless sea laughs blue ;
 The land where the flowers never sleep,
 The rose and the lily reign,
 The glad morn sows for the morrow to reap,
 As she springs from her couch again.
 Away to the Northern isle !
 I weary of summer here ;
 Though skies are blue and the flowers smile,
 My heart and my home are there.

Away to the land where from cold white shroud
 The snowdrop lifts drooping head,
 Where 'neath pallid sun and 'neath iron cloud
 The earth shivers blanched and dead ;
 Where the frost and the cold shall bless the Lord,
 The Lord of the South and North,
 For the wind and the storm fulfil His Word,
 While the day and the night go forth.
 Away to the Northern isle !
 I weary of summer here ;
 Though skies are blue and the flowers smile,
 My heart and my home are there.

Shall we fear to bid farewell to the earth
 At dawn of the endless day ?
 In the land where eternal love has birth,
 When the shadows flee away ;

Where " they need no candle or light of sun,"
The King in His Beauty known,
And the life and love and glory are one
In the rainbow around the Throne.
All hail, thou land of the blest,
With the Light of the Ages fair !
Where swords are sheathed and the weary
rest—
Our hearts and our homes are there.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

I SAW the Night pass from the Western gate,
Her dark brow glittering with the Evening Star ;
Behind her, golden clouds in regal state
Were marshalled, bar on bar.

She stood upon the threshold of the year.
" Winter ! " she turned and cried, " A long adieu !
Hail, Spring ! the echo of thy laugh I hear—
Come, and make all things new."

Hope sang the sun to sleep with quiet rhymes ;
Birds flying homeward caught the happy lay :
Hope sang the long night through, and rose betimes
To greet the first spring day.

THE CALL OF THE CHILDREN

WE are marching out to strive where ye have striven,
 To stand firm where ye were strong,
 We will rend the tyrant chains as ye have riven,
 We will swell your triumph song ;
 We would grasp the flag to hold for coming ages
 Of justice, truth, and right,
 We would learn the faith by which the seers and sages
 Have waxed valiant in the fight.

Now, what armour will ye forge us for our proving ?
 Shall we meet the foe alone ?
 When we ask for bread will ye stand aloof reproving—
 Will ye proffer us a stone ?
 When we turn on you our eyes in infant wonder,
 Knowing little, trusting more,
 Will ye drown the angel voices with the thunder
 Of a Godless, joyless lore ?

When we bear the burden of the day of sorrow,
 Or the fever of the night,
 Shall no golden vision of a nobler morrow
 Strike across our blinded sight ?
 When we kneel and watch and wait where loved ones
 lying
 Fall to sleep from finished strife,
 Must we fail to know the word to reach the dying—
 God of Love, and Lord of Life ?

Ah, then, teach us what ye will of truth and beauty,
Laws of Nature and of Art,
So ye kindle yet the fire of our duty,
Love of God in mind and heart.
We will not fail you, shame our birthright, we your
glory !
Pure in heart, we shall be free,
And the ages yet unborn shall tell our story,
And the nation yet to be.

MARY LINWOOD



HIS talented lady excelled in two beautiful accomplishments—needle and rhyme craft. Her wonderful achievements in the former will ever make her memorable in her especial art, whose inception had its origin in a very trivial incident when she was in her twenty-seventh year. A friend lent her some mezzotinto prints which she copied with much success in needlework, using merely the ravelings of black and puce-coloured silk on white sarcenet. The effects were so accurate as to astonish all who saw them. The Empress of Russia, at that period, gave her patronage and encouraged her so much that she tried her hand in reproducing paintings. The most notable of these attempts in “colours” was the head of Our Lord after Carlo Dolci—a picture in the possession of the Marquis of Exeter, and valued, it is said, at three thousand guineas. Miss Linwood bequeathed it to Queen Victoria. Her largest picture, *The Judgment of Cain*, she finished at the age of seventy-five, taking ten years to complete it.

This accomplished lady was born in Birmingham in 1755 and died at Leicester in 1845.

A poetess sums up the skill that she brought to her work that gave

*“The matchless grace that bids the picture live;
With the bold air, the loving, lasting dye,
That fills, at once, and charms the wandering eye.”*

Her principal literary work is *The Anglo-Cambrian*, a poem in four cantos, published in 1818. Her *Lament for*

Llewelyn has a patriotic ring to "Cambrian" ears. She also composed some musical compositions—*David's First Victory*, songs, etc.

C. H. POOLE.

LAMENT FOR LLEWELYN

O FALLEN from glory's honoured height,
Who, foremost ever in the fight,
Gav'st lion-like the hostile blow,
Fled'st wolf-like, facing still the foe,
Magnificent in princely hall,
Thy throne accessible to all,
Llewelyn, we have lost with thee
All Cambria's bright nobility !

Thy rills in mournful cadence creep,
Thy mountains hang their heads and weep,
The stars desert their radiant home,
The morn is prematurely come,
Whose patron lends a distant light ;
He's gone to guide thy soul aright,
Where angels wait to welcome thee,
Bright star of our nobility !

We cannot bend to England's yoke,
Nor cower beneath the traitor's cloak,
We cannot bear the victor's swell,
We cannot of his glories tell,

Our hearts, our panoplies are thine,
Our voice is faint, our spirits pine,
Debas'd, enslav'd, they cling to thee,
Last proof of Cambrian liberty !

We'll lay thee in a warrior's grave,
Where oak spreads wide and laurels wave,
We'll choose the greenest, freshest sod,
Where Saxon foot has never trod,
We'll fondly mourn, and duteous bend
O'er thee, our Father, Prince and Friend,
Till Heav'n our willing souls to free,
Shall grant immortal liberty !

MARY DUNLOP MOULTRIE



MARY DUNLOP MOULTRIE, the eldest daughter of John Moultrie, was born at Rugby in 1837 and died in 1866. She collaborated with her brother Gerard, who loved her with a deep and almost mystical devotion, expressed in his *Hymns and Lyrics*. Either she was much under the influence of her brother, or she had drunk of the same fountain and been nourished by the same bread of Heaven, for her work mingles with her brother's with singular felicity: with singular oneness of handicraft and purpose. She has rather less surety of touch, rather more simplicity of thought. In her, as in him, the thought is ecclesiastic, mediæval. She seems to have kept her heart in a convent, though her body was excluded.

Of her original poems—she translated a good deal from the German—*Comfort Ye*, and *Jesus Lives* are among the best. She might have achieved something quite considerable, if she had lived a full life; but she died at twenty-nine, immature in hand and heart; never having touched any of the things that make a woman wise. Her life is a skeleton flower in a forgotten book.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

SHEPHERD'S SUNDAY HYMN

(From the German)

THE Sunday morn is here !
'Mid dewy meads I wander lone,
The Matin bell's soft distant tone
Spreads stillness far and near.

I kneel upon the ground ;
O holy calm ! serenest rest !
With me they kneel, divinely blest,
The viewless Saints around.

The Heavens far and near
Wear Hope's bright colour, festal blue :
They seem to open to my view,
O Day of Love and Fear !

CONSTANCE NADEN



CONSTANCE CAROLINE WOODHILL NADEN was born at Edgbaston, Birmingham. The name of Woodhill belonged to her mother. Her father, Thomas Naden, was Chairman of the Birmingham Architectural Association. On both sides of the family there seems to have been an easy independence, and all her life Constance Naden had as much money as she wanted. Her mother dying when Constance was a baby, Mrs Woodhill undertook the care of the child, and was to her that almost better mother that a grandmother often can be.

We have no stories of the childhood of Constance, and that is somewhat strange, since from very early days she impressed all who knew her with the certainty that if she lived she would do something worth doing. She was a pretty child, and grew up a tall, slight girl, fair, with strong features, that might have seemed a little heavy, but for the illumination of her fine and thoughtful eyes, her pleasant colouring, and the intellect that was behind her beautiful forehead and firmly pencilled eyebrows.

Casual acquaintances sometimes thought her a little stand-off, even a little repellent ; but everyone who knew her well loved her, trusted her, was absolutely sure of her rightness and her strength.

She came into touch with many forms of belief, for, though she was baptised into the Church of England, her early teachers were Unitarian ; and the first of the strong influences that caught her came from Congregationalism. A series of sermons preached by the Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan, subsequently published under the title of

Hours with the Mystics, had a singular charm for her, and proved a powerful stimulus to her imagination. James Hinton, too, moved and helped her, as he has moved and helped so many thoughtful minds.

But the influence which beyond all others moulded Constance Naden was that of Herbert Spencer. His *Data of Ethics* became her holy writ and made the watershed of her life.

She entered Mason College—the nucleus from which the University of Birmingham has sprung—and was soon recognised as amongst the most brilliant of its students. She worked hard, in her easy way, never setting up for being a genius or even a remarkable girl, but mastering nearly all the sciences which could give her a grip upon the facts of the world. She hated an opinion and loved a fact. But, with her need of knowledge, she felt that doing was more important than knowing, and that life was more than reasoning about life. She carried off many prizes, and distinguished herself as a debater, keen and trenchant, but always rating the truth above the argument. As President of the Ladies' Debating Society of Birmingham, she delivered, at the session of 1882-1883, an address on *Unity built up from Diversity* that was rightly regarded as a beautiful light for those who were groping to find the meaning of the world.

In 1887 Miss Naden began a long course of travel, finally reaching India, where she saw a great deal of country and of life.

Returning to England, she took a house in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, and began writing hard—mainly about evolution and ethics. But she was alive all over, and in all directions, and, so many years ago and before the creed had found a name, was a strong supporter of woman's claim to the vote.

Illness overtook her but never subdued her. She submitted to an operation, with supreme courage and quietude. It was too late. She passed away on the

23rd of December 1889, not quite thirty-two, with her singular powers only in the bud. If she had lived another thirty years she would have done something greatly memorable. She had a fascinating personality, and she has left a fragrant memory. It is one of the abiding regrets of my life that I was often so near to her, that I touched the circle where her reputation shone and her influence worked, and that yet I never met her. Nobody met her and forgot her: she was so bright, so kind, so large-minded, so big-hearted; so full of enthusiasm, of knowledge, of philosophy and philanthropy. Soon dropping her creed, she never lost her faith, her hope, her charity.

She spent a considerable part of her life in London, but Birmingham grew her and gave her the savour that she had. Her chief work would have been a book on Synthetic Philosophy. Perhaps she might have given us a great novel: hardly, I think, a great poem. Poetry was a violet in the youth of primy nature: she made verses because she had things to teach: generally it is found that one teaches better in prose. I think she would have outlived her muse if she had seen forty-five: perhaps if she had come to forty years. None the less the poetry that she has left is distinguished, distinctive; excellent in its art, stimulating in its thought; now, after a quarter of a century, almost as arresting as when it first came to us, and made us think and wonder and say that "Good" wherewith we praise and thank worthy wine.

If I desired to incarnate the thought and feeling of the great days of Spencer and Darwin, when the new wine of the doctrine ran royally in the veins, I should turn, not to any contemporary tract or treatise, but to the poetry of Constance Naden. The prose of the period is Darwin militant. Miss Naden's verse is Darwin triumphant. There is a strange zest in life—the hovering of glorious adventure, the gaze looking for unknown continents to

rise out of the sea—for new wonders to rise anywhere—that marked the literature of Elizabeth's day. Columbus and the buccaneers had opened a new world to our sails : Darwin had touched a dead world, and, behold, it lived. To many the thought that nothing was fixed and held down, that everything was moving on, that man was not set alone with his foot on the neck of the beast, but that he and it and the dust of the earth were all of one brotherhood, were all caught up in the rolling currents of life and were possible heirs together of some unimaginable unfolding—to many this was meat and drink ; to Constance Naden it was inspiration and song.

Hardly anything that she wrote fell wholly without that thought.

In the best and most distinctive phase of her work she made it her deliberate theme, and she handled it sometimes with reverent enthusiasm, sometimes with gay and mischievous delight, for, woman as she was, and earnest as she was, she had a child's love of fun, and more than a man's sense of humour. Evolution, from the days of Lucretius onward, has furnished the stuff of gorgeous dreams and elaborate guesses. Tennyson, before Darwin's work was known, had reached out to snatches of strange evolutionary knowledge, and had let them touch his profoundest meditation. Sir Rennell Rodd, Miss Naden's contemporary, has chosen it to yield the stuff of his most ambitious poems. Kipling has knocked it down with his cap ; but Constance Naden has made a daisy crown of it, and danced to the melody it taught her feet. Nobody else got much fun out of Darwin, except the endless link, and the eternal tail ; she got that astonishing thing :

*" We were a soft Amceba
In ages past and gone,
Ere you were Queen of Sheba,
And I King Solomon."*

The main body of Constance Naden's work is composed of tales. One is almost long enough to be called a short novel, and two others are fully-wrought stories.

They are written with somewhat monotonous repetition, chiefly in the stanza of Pulci made familiar to English readers by *Don Juan*, and recently used with singular brilliancy by Gilbert Frankau in his daring romance, *One of Us*. Mr Frankau has paid it a pretty compliment in rapping Byron's knuckles :

“ *The Magic of that metre*
Which thou, combining utile cum dulci,
Didst bone from my lamented confrère, Pulci ! ”

But Constance Naden's tales in verse have none of the whimsicality, none of the irreverence, none of the light morality of Byron or of his latest scholar. They are all true problem poems ; they all grow out of Constance Naden's relation to the new leaven thrust into the world's old dough. *A Modern Apostle* tells the story of a young minister from whom the old faith falls away, only that he may clasp a diviner idea and hear a diviner call. He becomes the prophet of a spiritual religion ; and the tragedy of the story comes when his ethereal eloquence wins to brief belief in his supernal creed a girl bred in science, and trained to exact thought. For a little while she wears the wings that her lover or her love has given her, but they fail her for real flight ; sorrowfully she has to look into her faith and she finds that it is dead, was in truth still-born.

She breaks with her lover, and they come together again only when he has gone the social martyr's way and is dying, her lover still. He adjures her with his last breath to be true to herself, true to truth :

“ “ *I cannot think, and scarcely can I feel—*
But you are strong, and now again you shine

*Truth's radiant herald, come to wound and heal
 A generation hungry for a sign—
 Be no sign granted, saving to unseal
 The meaning of the ages, and unshrine
 All errors, all illusions—theirs, my own :
 For though the wine-press that I tread alone*

*' Held blood-red grapes from the volcano's edge,
 Yet the true purple full-ripe fruit I missed :
 Seek you and find : oh give this one last pledge—
 Ella, my Love—my Wife !' His lips she kissed
 With tender lingering pressure : sacrilege
 It seemed to mar that silent Eucharist
 By uttered vow : the very soul of each
 Shone visible, disrobed of veiling speech.*

*Grieve not for them, but rather grieve for such
 As live with what they love, and night and noon
 Have joy of gentle voice and kindly touch,
 Yet famish for some unimagined boon :
 Too little Heaven they have and all too much
 Of Earth, whose bounties deaden late or soon,
 Their aspiration, or its torrent force
 Frays out some fleshly or ethereal course.*

*For such your grief ; what husbands and their wives
 Once in long years each other's souls can see ?
 But these found all to which high Passion strives—
 Perfect communion, from cold symbols free,
 The fleeting quintessence of myriad lives,
 A concentrated brief Eternity,
 The mountain-vista of an endless age,
 Not known by weary winding pilgrimage."*

The Story of Clarice is a slighter thing in plot and in purpose, but it, too, takes the pressure of the time, and

shows how a woman who thought had her work to do, her load to bear.

In *The Elixir of Life* Constance Naden digs in ground that has often been turned over. The recognition that the gift of immortality would be a gift of weariness and satiety—that only immortal endowment could make it other than a curse—is common to Miss Naden and many forerunners, and it must be said that neither she nor they have lifted their theme to that sublimity of vision with which Robert Buchanan, apart from parabolic machinery, surveys the world without death.

At the close of her poem, however, Constance Naden gathers herself for a new flight, and touches the thought to a new and noble issue. Life, mortal or immortal, is not a gift to the individual, but a gift to the race: life is for others. Here that "enthusiasm of humanity" which was the most generous wine crushed from the new scientific gains glows with royal light.

Miss Naden's sonnets, almost always handling scientific themes, are excellent in thought, and usually almost flawless in execution. I wish I had room to give one specimen, but already I have overstepped my boundary.

Constance Naden had many of the accomplishments, many of the gifts, of the poet, but I hardly think she had the poet's final commission—the need to sing. With her vivacity, her quick intelligence, her love of beautiful things, her knowledge of literature, she could not be deaf and dumb to poetry. But it was rather one of her interests than of her functions: a garment beautifully put on, rather than the breath of her being. She composed; she did not sing; in Froude's fine phrase, was heard, not overheard. She knew what she could do, and she did it well. She got her say said; she uttered herself. And she had luck: beyond the ground of her serious choice she found, on the edge of poetry, a little odd corner of virgin land. This she cultivated and made her own, raising some new and fantastic flowers. She

will be remembered by her *Evolutional Erotics*. Yet she has done at least one other thing that deserves to be remembered. I think it is in *The Pantheist's Song of Immortality* that Constance Naden climbs nearest the throne where the eternal spirit of poetry sits lonely and crowned. There is an ecstatic trembling in the music—an exaltation in the thought, a splendour in the vision—that is hardly hers elsewhere :

“ Look in her face, and lose thy dread of dying ;
Weep not, that rest will come, that toil will cease :
Is it not well, to lie as she is lying,
In utter silence, and in perfect peace ?

What though thy name by no sad lips be spoken,
And no fond heart shall keep thy memory green ?
Thou yet shalt leave thine own enduring token,
For earth is not as though thou ne'er hadst been.

Be calmly glad, thine own true kindred seeing
In fire and storm, in flowers with dew impearled ;
Rejoice in thine imperishable being,
One with the Essence of the boundless world.”

The thought is hard to make one's own : the poetry clutches us, whether we will or no.

Miss Naden published only two volumes, *Songs and Sonnets of Spring-time* (1881), and *A Modern Apostle and Other Poems* (1887).

I am happy, after all these years, to stand beside her grave and lay upon it these perishable flowers.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

ISA J. POSTGATE



MISS ISA J. POSTGATE, born in Birmingham, as her learned brother was, is one of a band of singers, whose poetry is ever musical, soothing, devotional and suggestive. Her *Dream of the Rood* will please all lovers of the Anglo-Saxon period of our literature—a period abounding in legendary and scriptural lore. Caedmon, who sang first of *The Creation*, was the forerunner of those who paraphrased in song, portions of the Sacred Scriptures. Cynewulf composed his *Rood* one hundred years later. Many of the poets of the period are not known to us by name, but Cynewulf distributed the letters of his over this poem—so unaffected, so true to the Gospel narrative, that he has thereby revealed his identity.

Miss Postgate is a bird lover, and she has written bird poem after bird poem. A little volume of these poems: *Song and Wings, Bird Poems for Young and Old*, has just been published by the De La More Press, London. *The Legend of the Skylark, The Golden Oriole*—appealing to those who wish not the destruction of God's feathered choir—and *The Messenger* are of exquisite beauty and cadence.

C. H. POOLE.

THE DREAM OF THE ROOD

(From the Anglo-Saxon of Cynewulf, A.D. 780)

IN watches of the still midnight
A vision beamed upon my sight ;
Methought that there before me stood
Uplifted high the blessed Rood.
Mine eyes beheld that royal Tree
Bedecked with light shine gloriously,
All radiant with a flood of gold,
And bright with jewels manifold,
While white-winged Angels of the LORD
Above it kept eternal ward.
No more a shameful gallows-tree,
It wore a robe of victory,
And drew beneath its healthful shade
All sons of men, all things GOD made,
That dwell in earth, or sea, or sky,
Its wondrous worth to magnify.
It stood in awful grandeur there,
A Sign that told of triumph rare ;
Yet well were seen through gems and gold
Marks of the war it waged of old.
Grief held my heart to see the sight,
For gazing on that Beacon bright,
It seemed to change its robe and hue,
And wrap itself in raiment new ;
Now bright with gold and gems it stood,
And now all dimmed with tears and blood.
As pondering long this Sign I saw,
My soul was filled with deepest awe ;

For now more wondrous mystery
Enwraps the sorrow-laden Tree,
And as it were some human thing,
From the dumb wood man's speech doth spring—

“ Of yore (I mind it well) I stood
Upon the border of the wood,
Till one day men with ruthless hands
Asunder clave my root's strong bands,
And from the quiet forest shade,
Upon their sturdy shoulders laid,
To the great city's dust and heat
Bore me with heavy tramping feet.
It was no honour or renown
That bore me to that fateful town,
But 'midst a mocking crew to be
The malefactor's loathèd tree.
There 'mid a crowd that sought His Blood,
The world's Creator meekly stood.
Beholding me His steps seemed grown
Eager, as Rood were His high throne.
Ah, had the LORD's word not been given
That Rood should bear the GOD of Heaven,
Then had I bent in homage meet
Till I had broken at His Feet !
I felt the earth beneath me quake,
And thought my very heart would break.
I had within me will and power
To slay His foes in that dread hour,
To crush them as men crush a worm—
He willed not, I stood still and firm.
With brave unfaltering steps He came,

As thirsting for the cup of shame ;
Well knew I Who that sad way trod,
The Son of Man, the mighty GOD,
Who in men's sight endured the Cross,
To save them from eternal loss.
At His embrace I trembled sore,
Methought I could endure no more ;
And fain had bowed to show His state ;
Yet I stood still and bore His weight.
The sharp black nails were driven through—
' Father, they know not what they do,'
He said : I must His will obey,
So in their hands all powerless lay,
While they reviled with insults sore
Both Rood and Him Whose form it bore.
With my dread burden I was raised,
While the rough soldiers stood and gazed ;
E'en then I might no homage show,
Nor bow myself before Him low.
On that sad Hill sore woes were mine ;
I saw Him die Who is Divine ;
I felt the cloud of darkness dread
Enfold the marred and thorn-pierced Head ;
On me was poured in crimson tide
Blood from the SAVIOUR'S riven Side.
I heard all Nature's cry of pain
And horror for her Maker slain.
It seemed, as there CHRIST hung on Rood,
That all creation near Him stood
To see the awful ransom paid—
GOD die in pain for those He made.
Some came at close of that sad day

Who bore Him from my arms away,
And left me standing there alone,
All rent with grief, an empty throne.
With loving hands, while tears fell fast,
They laid, now His long strife was past,
To rest awhile in rock-hewn cave,
Him Who should triumph o'er the grave.
His Limbs had stiffened 'neath death's hand,
His Soul passed to the Unknown Land,
While near His tomb they stood and wept
To see the sleep their Master slept ;
Nor ceased until the Angel said,
' Seek not the Living with the dead.'

" All past was then the woe and scorn,
And the deep sorrow I had borne.
Mine was erewhile the bitterest fate,
A thing o'erwhelmed with shame and hate ;
But I was for the Altar made
Whereon the Lamb of God was laid,
Who, by the pains He suffered then,
Unlocked the way of life to men,
When for their sake His Blood was shed.
Now far and wide my fame is spread !
Garments of shame no more I bear,
A royal robe henceforth I wear ;
With heavenly glory now I shine,
And all revere the Holy Sign :
A sorrow-laden Tree no more
Bent with my weight of anguish sore,
Through ages of Eternity,
I bloom the Tree of Victory ! "

THE MESSENGER

HE comes with a soft, wingèd sound
And flutters near me on the ground,
Or with his olive wings outspread
Keeps watch, like Angel, o'er my head.

A bird-like Angel surely he,
Sent from the Land of Mystery,
Amidst the sound of tears to bring
A note of songs the Angels sing.

Oh ; if the sweet hope be not vain
That ye, our best beloved, again
May come to earth from your far bourn
With comfort to the hearts that mourn ;

O, come not back as pallid shade,
To stay a moment, then to fade ;
But, in the form of little bird,
Bring us from Paradise a word !

MARY ROBINSON

TWO APPRECIATIONS

I



THE subject of this sketch, Agnes Mary Frances Robinson, now Madame Duclaux, was born at Leamington. She is the daughter of Mr George T. Robinson, F.S.A., and sister of the novelist Frances Mabel Robinson. In 1888 she married first Professor James Darmesteter, a lecturer in Persian; and then in 1901 Professor Emile Duclaux, Director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. She lived at first in London, where she made many friends and pursued her literary studies, and was educated partly abroad in Brussels and Italy and at University College, London. But after her marriage she proceeded to Paris, and then with her genius for society, in which she shone, she soon made a considerable reputation and became a rallying-point for all that was beautiful and best in letters. Her house was a veritable Home of the Muses, and she herself presided over her salon as if she had been the Tenth Muse. She is well known and even more admired abroad, in France and Germany and Italy, and much of her work has been translated into prose and verse. Essentially a woman of culture, she displays in all her poems an acquaintance with all the classics in every language. And it may be that her chief attraction, the width of her learning and the extension of her powers over so many fine interests, has prevented her producing any one masterpiece. For she has always been something more than a writer. Keats could never



A. MARY F. ROBINSON
(*Madame Duclaux.*)

have said of her that she was married to an Epic, and given away by a Novel. But he might have said, that she was married to Literature and consecrated to Poetry.

She has lately given to the world *The Collected Poems, Lyrical and Narrative, of A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Duclaux), with a Preface and Portrait*. Her second marriage has made no break in her literary life, which, however, has lately turned more in the direction of prose.

After reading her poems, we had almost said there is nothing great about them. Mary Robinson, for thus she desires to be called as a poet, would not wish for a throne, but just for a side chapel in the temple of literature. And yet in her directness and simplicity surely we have a touch of true greatness. What she has done she has done well in her interpretation of Nature, in her impressions and expressions of humanity. The artist is always present and always the woman. One can be great in little things. The piccolo can never be an organ, but it can be a perfect piccolo. Tennyson understood this, when once asked if he was much of a reader. He replied that he had not read a multitude of books, but he endeavoured to read a little greatly. The sincere artist will carve even a cherry stone in the best possible manner, as only a true artist could.

In the charming preface to her collection of poems, Mary Robinson undertakes the glorification of minor poets. It is an exquisite apology for her own life and labours, which she modestly and unduly depreciates as "sober little songs." And yet nobody could have given utterance to them but herself. In this witty and delightful defence, not so much of the second best as of the best in a narrower field, she says many wise and beautiful things. In her work we find recurring a sad note, eminently characteristic, but the sad note rather of temperament than of pessimism, the sad note that merely accom-

panies meditateness and the pensive attitude. She is meditative and not moody. "I have always thought," we read in her own words, "that one should write poetry only as one dies." But her history has told a different tale. Instinctively she set her life to song, and gave us for many years the diary of her soul's aspirations and wanderings, her mind's reflections in many green pastures and by many still waters. Her poems are essentially those of culture and consideration, without being exactly those of a student or thinker. And yet she shows a philosophy of her own in every line and a tender, religious feeling in the philosophy of all refined natures, the piety of all beautiful souls. And, unless we are mistaken, her literary work was ever sacred to her, cloistered even when a "joy in widest commonality spread"—a play, perhaps, sometimes, and yet serious, earnest play. It has been her religion, or a very considerable part of it. Such is her reverence, her dignity, delicacy, in treating the lowliest things. "We cannot all be great poets," she tells us, "but the humblest if they be sincere may give a genuine pleasure."

We gain the impression of a happy, sheltered lot, with just the right amount of shadows and thorns and agreeable shocks to make it interesting. No rude strife, no stormy passions, none of the fierce light that beats upon the highest genius, the mountain peaks,

*"The shining table-lands,
To which our God Himself is sun and moon."*

And all not too far away from the current of things, the rough hurly-burly with occasional glimpses of the blurs and blots and agonies, that constitute too often the fate of the genuine workers ("grinding fore done in the iron mills of labour") and the combatants on the field of battle with their "garments rolled in blood." But she never herself enters into the thick of the fight, except by

proxy, when she sends out a white dove from the safe sanctuary of her ark.

Mary Robinson speaks kind words about the Minor Poets, with whom she claims sisterhood, and seems to think theirs a preferable fortune to that of the greatest. A big man or woman is a broad target for the mud of missiles of envy, hatred and contempt.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

But the Minor Poets are not so famous as to excite jealousy, and so they can thoroughly enjoy themselves and their measure of reputation beyond the reach of slander and abuse. Indeed it may be admitted that the character of a nation can be read more clearly in the story or work of its second-rate writers than in the records of the very highest. The grandest poets present universal attributes, they belong to eternity and not so much to the passions of their period or the qualities of a particular people. They represent and reflect humanity at large. The second-rate authors, on the other hand, have more faults and imperfections, the colour and temper of their time, and the shadow outstands more darkly. "Each of us," she says, "worships in the temples of Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Molière—the very greatest names in poetry, who are to all of us a second religion. But each of us also has some private niche, some inconsiderable intimate shrine for the poet no one praises, who is all the more our own. How dreary the state and rank of the second best great poet." In some Norman church or cathedral, the writer forgets where, there rests in a quiet corner of shy shadows made for the delicious privacy of prayer, an unpretentious piece of sculpture called "le Petit Pleurant." Hidden away in its dim religious retreat, out of the broad track of the better-known sculptures, it betrays a tender solicitude of curves and craftsmanship, and lines of light, as if some unknown worker

in stone had wrought it on his knees, and lavished there just for himself a wealth of fancy and feeling, not expended or expressed in the more ostentatious carvings and the mere skilled cunning of a school. The figure lives, speaks, moves, weeps, and is sorrow of immortal tears set to music at the one eternal moment.

So is it with Mary Robinson, who appeals not to the multitude, but the elect and select few, the infrequent admirers, and all who worship the *dii minorum gentium*. She recalls James Darmesteter's own words: "Shall Life be an Ode? Or shall Life be a Drama?" And she answers it thus: "My Life has been an Ode, of which these pages are the scattered fragments. I have never been able to write about what was not known to me or near—near my gates, human models." Here we have at once the strength and the weakness of her genius, in which a delicate feminine temperament and the lens of love take the place of imagination and the loftier flights of a larger creativeness. Dainty woman's handicraft stands revealed, read through a divine medium of personal emotions and personal sentiments. It is as if now and then we are admitted into some beautiful chamber, half a boudoir and half a sanctuary, where everything is in perfect taste and harmony of tone, with soft subdued lights and colours and restrained ornament, with pretty paintings that fit admirably into the total picture, and offer us a final impression of the most excellent order, and pleasure that rises to the dignity of real power. One breathes the very perfume of culture, and the quintessence of refinement. We meet romance with the crowning effect and finish of a classical propriety, the *πείρατα τέχνης*. Mary Robinson's workshop is a shrine and also a phrontisterion, with the best models and the best accessories of every kind, a little cosmos by itself. But a sweet and graceful egotism pervades it all, and subjective sentiment creeps into the most objective studies and gives them a unique freshness and

fragrance. We will give a few examples of her poetry and the peculiar aroma of her little garden and its lovely flowers :

*“ The Triton in the Ilex wood
Is lonely at Castello.
The snow is on him like a hood,
The fountain-reeds are yellow.*

*But never Triton sorrowed yet
For weather chill or mellow ;
He mourns, my Dear, that you forget
The gardens of Castello !”*

It is not that we honour Browning less, if sometimes we prize Mary Robinson more. We find ourselves at home with her immediately, while with Browning, a yet more cultivated poet, we cannot—we dare not—establish an intimacy so soon. He is too great, too wonderful. We must reach him at last by long and tedious and circuitous approaches. A new language has to be learned. But Mary Robinson takes us by the hand and leads us straight into her private paradise, which is at once a studio and a boudoir and a *prie-Dieu* or oratory, and has the flavour of each and all, with kind words and glances that fall like caresses. And, after all, what is greatness? Shall we measure art by itself, or by the vastness and variety of the emotions it produces in others? Chaucer wins greatness by his exceeding *naïveté* and sublime simplicity, Milton achieves it by scaling the skies and conquering heaven and hell, Spenser attains it by wandering through Faery Land with his Faery Queen, and Browning captured it when he sounded unplumbed deeps of the human heart and showed us the divineness of man. The critics of our day call every other new poet great, though some of these immortalities of an hour are not even large enough to be considered small. But is there not a great-

ness of the little no less than of the big ? Have bulk and size and mere quantity anything in common with true greatness ? Is not this a matter of pure quality ? Few fragments remain of Sappho's work, and yet all agree to call her great :

*" The wind blows down the dusty street ;
And through my soul that grieves—
It brings a sudden odour sweet.
A scent of poplar leaves.*

*O leaves that herald in the spring,
O freshness young and pure,
Into my weary soul you bring
The vigour to endure.*

*The wood is near, but out of sight,
Where all the poplars grow ;
Straight up and tall and silver-white,
They quiver in a row.*

*My love is out of sight, but near ;
And through my soul that grieves
A sudden memory wafts her here,
As fresh as poplar leaves."*

Mary Robinson would never have written such lovely poems, could she not write as perfect prose, not only in French but also in English. To this the preface of her collected works bears witness. Many of her poems appear to have been stolen from another world—one of its finest features. They possess the directness, without the pedestrianism, of the best prose. And they are enriched thereby. The spontaneousness of their intense spirituality acquires a distinct gain, especially when like a wounded bird it trails a broken wing on earth.

*" You wandered in the desert waste, athirst ;
My soul I gave you as a well to drink ;
A little while you lingered at the brink,
And then you went, nor either blessed or cursed.*

*The image of your face, which sank that day
Into the magic waters of the well,
Still haunts their clearness, still remains to tell
Of one who looked and drank and could not stay.*

*The sun shines down, the moon slants over it,
The stars look in and are reflected not ;
Only your face, unchanged and unforgot,
Shines through the deep, till all the waves are lit.*

*My soul I gave you as a well to drink,
And in its depths your face is clearer far
Than any shine of sun or moon or star—
Since then you pause by many a greener brink."*

The contents of this book, which embraces the author's best work, are many and varied : *An Italian Garden and other Lyrics, Songs of the Inner Life, Poems and Idylls, The New Arcadia, and Romantic Ballads*. A rare level of high excellence seems to us maintained through all the poems, not excepting the last portion, which some think inferior to the rest. Even these display gleams of the unmoral but no unmeet pagan spirit, without which no genius is quite complete. For when this has been baptised with the Christian temper it produces an exquisite effect. We are irresistibly reminded of a well-known picture, called "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," by some of the more serious poems. The picture represents a priest at his devotions, looking through the fingers of the clasped hands at a lovely woman kneeling close to him. And so Mary Robinson, whatever the text of her poem may be, while expressing the lineaments of

a saintly soul in the attitude of prayer, yet involuntarily looks away now and then to the vision beyond of the beautiful world with all its appeals to her heart. Roses peep through the windows of the shrine, they wreath themselves around the crucifix.

*“ And shall not Beauty reign beyond the grave ?
There Life is, Life eternal, there as here :
For none may die, though he desire the dear
And dark repose of Death’s abysmal wave ;*

*Through Life’s unending round for æons still,
Even as we moved, so must we move and change
Through all the marvels of the mystic range :
Sea, rose or tempest, soul or star or hill.*

*But only here, perchance, we know the grace
Of Beauty and the magic of her dream,
And here I love to watch the things that seem :
The dawn that filters through the veils of space ;*

*The noon that spreads a glare implacable
O’er all the plain, and drives the shepherd home ;
The peace of forests, and the greeny dome
Of ancient oaks above a holy well.*

*I hold my breath, until the blackbird stops ;
I mark enchanted, past our cottage eaves,
The roses of the sunset shed their leaves
In shining pink upon the mountain tops.*

*I watch a lonely fountain dance all night
In silver music to the silent moon ;
While, trembling through the milky skies of June,
The stars shine faint amid the flooding light.*

*I dream ; I mix divinely soul and earth.
But if hereafter, 'mid the moving stars,
We find thee not in our long avalars,
May I forget thee, O Beauty, and thy dearth ! "*

It is a privilege to know Mary Robinson through her poems, an education to have read them, and a lasting joy to possess them as a treasure in the memory and the heart. For assuredly a sweeter woman soul, with the true authentic note, Elizabethan in its distinction, Victorian in its purity, eternal in its sincerity, has never set our spacious English language to softer music or gentler harmonies.

F. W. ORDE WARD.

II

Though claiming the hospitality of Warwickshire for her birth, Mary Robinson does not reflect Warwickshire in her song. Reading her poems, Warwickshire men and women, living away from the old county, will not feel the longing for her lanes and rich woods, and quaint, timbered houses, nor for her tall chimneys threatening the stars and the flickering red of her furnace-troubled sky, cry in their hearts. When she gives us glimpses of English country, they are mostly glimpses of a common in Surrey, near her garden gates. There, and not in Warwickshire—whereof we rejoice—she lays the scenery of her most unarcadian *New Arcadia*. But, wandering through Mary Robinson's pages, we wander over much of the world, and have to make ourselves at home among Tuscan cypresses and poplars of Touraine as well as among English elms. If ever the mischievous fates conspired to prevent a girl from finding her voice, and to induce the losing of her head, they had that purpose against Mary Robinson. Everybody spoiled her, and

she was better for the spoiling ; everybody cultivated her, and she grew her own flowers ; everybody tried to make her this and that, and she remained herself.

A name of strangely wistful appeal in the romance of royalty is that of "Perdita," Mary Robinson, the actress of 1776, whose beautiful face in itself is a half-told story. It is with quite a different interest that the name of our poetess, Mary Robinson, falls on the ear, and yet it falls wistfully, too. There is something in the little familiar name that ought to shut it in upon all kindly homeliness and to shut it out from all the dangers of deeds and aspirations ; and we feel that, though the outward life of our poetess would never tempt a novelist, her spiritual life has been full of adventurous stress. She has written—to say nothing here of her prose—poetry of many kinds, and she has poured herself into it all. It is possible for a poet to see life from a balcony : to watch the proud and sordid procession of the passions with understanding, with appreciation that is almost sympathy, and yet to hold his personal emotion from touching the procession with a lace or a fringe. Browning could do this, and often did it : the dramatists must do it to live or to get a living. But Mary Robinson's poetry is herself. Even her dramatic studies, as in *The New Arcadia*, close upon a personal shrinking or appeal. And, high in thought and purpose as those studies are, and good and gallant as are some of the "Romantic Ballads," they have little to do with the Mary Robinson whom we draw to ourselves as one whose thoughts have entered into ours. It is the direct expression of her own soul that makes this writer one who deserves to be loved, one who deserves to live.

One little protest, one little complaint, about one little corner of our pleasant field. In her lyrical and personal poems we accept Mary Robinson's verse as the natural yet distinctive clothing of her thought, but in some of her narrative pieces we have not that sense of satisfaction.

Very often in the studies of poor life that fill *The New Arcadia*, we feel the jolt and rattle of verse without springs. The heavily loaded lines move with a bump ; almost we think of Southey's ballads, that drove like Pharaoh's chariot wheels, and sometimes like the chariots when the wheels had come off. Occasionally, too, the expression is absolutely mean. Listen to this, from *The Wise Woman* :

“ *May she die in her bed !—a likelier chance
Were the dog's death, drowned in the pond.
The witch, when she passes it, looks askance :
They ducked her once, when the horse bit Nance ;
She remembers, and looks beyond.*”

The writer, of course, is trying to get down to her subject ; but, really, one should get inside the subject's soul, and never trouble about putting on the grey worsted stockings, and the other homely wear. Robert Buchanan, in his *London Poems*, showed how the passion of the story should spin its own raiment.

But let us get out of the thistles into the buttercups. Mary Robinson is one of the very few writers whose hand we can hold, whose heart we can hear, as she sings ; her lips move in poetry as naturally as in prayer. She never goes seeking for things to write about ; more often she shakes off the things that come seeking her. She sings—or, rather, she speaks aloud ; for the purely lyrical cry, the fusing of thought and words in mere music is not often a gift of hers—because there is no help for it. Her poetry is intensely intimate, and, in spite of her respect for worthy craftsmanship, intensely simple. When we have read her best little things, we do not praise them, or criticise them, or think much about them at all ; we just draw our hand across our eyes. However world-worn we may be, when she talks of love, she stirs the old wound and the old rapture ; she seems to be talking of

things that happened to us ; she is remembering our memories. Some of Mary Robinson's little things wake in us almost a shame, as Mrs Browning's sonnets sometimes do, as though our soul's hiding-places were being turned out ; as though Judgment Day had come, and our naked souls had to meet the light.

*" Ah, love, I cannot die, I cannot go
Down in the dark, and leave you all alone.
Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,
And never shut me underneath a stone
Dead in the grave ! And I can never hear
If you are ill, or if you miss me, dear.
Dead, oh, my God ! and you may need me yet,
While I shall sleep, while I—while I—forget ! "*

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE DEATH OF THE WYE

I

THE river Wye goes out to sea,
By stealth, in silent secrecy ;
Among the hills she winds and wends,
And wanders by the sombre woods,
And cleaves a way in circling bends
Through mountain solitudes.

2

She dreads the sea (for even as sheep
The slaughter house) she scents the deep ;

And oft she turns and aye returns,
And doubles like a hunted thing,
And hides among the rocks and ferns
In fearful loitering.

3

Yet something stronger than her will
Compels her on and drives her still,
Past Tintern, where she meets the tide
And suffers the salt-rolling surge,
And shrinks, and seeks to evade and hide,
Yet feels that spirit urge.

4

At last beneath a wider sky
She flows, where seamews circle high ;
And all the hills a river heaps
Drop ; and the waters heave and rise ;
Till through a muddy waste she creeps,—
Too well aware she dies !

5

But there's a peace in deep despair the broken spirit
knows,
And oft, when all is lost, at last a God will interpose :
Behold ! Between the stream and sea a puissant river
flows,
A mighty estuary at peace, to pause in and repose.

6

Flow seaward, trembling Wye, confused upon the
Severn's breast ;
Encircled in serener waves, forget thy hated quest,
Thy glistening guardian holds thee close and whispers
thee to rest,
Nor fears the tidal urge and surge, the seawinds
briny zest.

7

O fortunate and favour'd stream, tho' loud the sea
birds moan,
Thou shalt not pass the unpitying bar in terror and
alone !
The salt is dreadful to thy springs as death to flesh
and bone,
But give me such a friend as thine, and I'll affront
the Unknown !

RETROSPECT

HERE, beside my Paris fire, I sit alone and ponder
All my life of long ago, that lies so far asunder ;
" Here, how came I thence ? " I say, and greater
grows the wonder
As I recall the farms and fields and placid hamlets
yonder.
See, the meadow-sweet is white against the water-
courses,
Marshy lands are kingcup-gay and bright with
streams and sources,

Dew-bespangled shines the hill where half-abloom
the gorse is,
And all the northern fallows steam beneath the
ploughing horses.

There's the red-brick-chimney'd house, the ivied
haunt of swallows,
All its garden up and down and full of hills and
hollows ;
Past the lawn, the sunken fence whose brink the
laurel follows,
And then the knee-deep pasture where the herd for
ever wallows !

So they've clipped the lilac-bush ; a thousand
thousand pities !
'Twas the blue old-fashion'd sort that never grows in
cities.
There we little children play'd and chaunted aimless
ditties,
While oft the old grandsire look'd at us and smiled
his Nunc Dimittis !

Green, O green with ancient peace, and full of sap
and sunny,
Lusty fields of Warwickshire, O land of milk and
honey,
Might I live to pluck again a spike of agrimony,
A silver tormentilla leaf or ladysmock upon ye !

Patience !—for I keep at heart your pure and perfect
seeming,

I can see you wide awake as clearly as in dreaming,
Softer, with an inner light, and dearer, to my
deeming,

Than when, beside your brooks at noon, I watch'd
the sallows gleaming !



Maryann L. Woods

How

L. & B. Ford

MRS. M. L. WOODS

MARGARET LOUISA WOODS



WHATEVER the rail has done for the race, it has destroyed the racy. In the old days a man carried his county in his face. Every village had its individuality of speech. Lower Gornal was suspicious of Upper Gornal, and was ready to resent its doings with fists, when in sufficient force and liquor. The surrounding hills were the bourn beyond which no traveller pierced. You were born and buried in the ground where your family grew ; the burr or lisp or drawl of your habitat stayed with you all your life ; you thought it and spoke it, breathed it in and out ; it was your scent and savour ; you were of Warwick or of Bideford almost as decisively as you were English or French. It is of ill-meaning to a series of county poets that the counties have given way to lines and junctions ; that poets fly far, and sing of strange sunsets and un-native woods and fields. If Warwickshire poets had only kept at home they would have given the world a poetry rich, exquisite, their very own.

Margaret Louisa Woods (*née* Bradley) is a poet of great distinction and, although born at Rugby, does not taste of her county. The influences that shaped her were the central intellectual forces of her day. Her father, successively Headmaster of Marlborough College, Master of University, Oxford, and Dean of Westminster, was one of the great scholars and educationalists of his time, at whose table more than bread of the body was broken. There the thinkers, workers and dreamers came together, and you might have Browning to talk, and Lawrence to inspire, and Tennyson to hold his tongue.

Almost all her life she has been close to thought, close to culture ; she has inhaled the mellow leather of old editions and the sacred ink of private presses ; distinguished speech, fastidious opinion. But she has never stuck in the rut of learned leisure, never worn the straight corsets of preciousness ; she has never made the little world the great world ; she has never narrowed her heart or her head. If she has loved Oxford—where, a daughter at University, she became wife and hostess at Trinity—she has loved the slums, too, and the world's wide spaces, and its strange folk. She has explored Rhodesia, wandered in Spain, and jolted through Irish lanes with a travelling circus.

If her soul rejoices in the right word found, the rare word won, the fresh cadence taught to flow, it rejoices even more in the right thing done. Literature has not smothered humanity. In spite of her unusual learning, her long intimacy with French and German, her varied and adventurous life, it is at the heart of things that Margaret Woods is at home. She may study periods, as she has done, with minute observation, with imaginative realisation, enabling her, as in *Esther Vanhomrigh*, *Sons of the Sword*, and *The Princess of Hanover*, not only to upholster them, but to reincarnate them : yet this is not the vital achievement of her genius. She has dwelt in simple souls ; she has filled her pitcher at the fountain of tears ; she has felt the suck of the great tides, and heard the crying of lonely sorrows, as they pass between earth and heaven.

Mrs Woods has achieved two masterpieces : *A Village Tragedy*, in prose, and *Wild Justice*, a dramatic poem. I don't know where she found herself at home in Wales, but she was there long enough to give one of its forlorn coasts a heritage and home in story. *Wild Justice*, like all dramas that grow and are not made—that are the work of the poet, and not of the joiner—is sole, simple, indivisibly one. Its story, like that of all real dramas, is not

a plot ; it has no involutions, evolutions, or convolutions ; you don't see the carts come with the loads of bricks and timber ; you hear no sound of trowel or hammer ; you see a deadly flower unfold ; you see an infernal soul sowing and reaping hell. The scenery and the character and the destiny are all one. The mournful sands stretch to a fatal sea ; the damned soul can go only one way ; the human hands are fierce tools in the cold hands of Fate. The hideous man has made his wife and his children his enemies, inexorable, inevitable ; his iron will is the cage of their spirits ; it is a doom upon them all ; death or dishonour lies upon the touch of his hands. One by one the dreadful call reaches his household ; one by one they bow to its necessity ; one by one they are woven into the fate that says, " This man must die ; the Eternal will have it so."

The changed lantern that lures to the quicksand, and gives Gryffith Gwyllim to the death that saves the rest, shines like a lamp before a shrine.

So deeply is the righteousness, the necessity, of the riddance driven home that repentance when the deed is achieved strikes us as merely weakness. It is a pity that Mrs Woods bowed to conventions, and paid the ten commandments compliments ; you can't whistle off the hounds of Fate like good little dogs, with nice waistcoats and manicured toes ; you must not begin with *Wild Justice* and end with tame morality.

Mrs Woods' more elaborate play, *The Princess of Hanover*, has been much praised, and a little overpraised. It is enormously clever, but it is rather heavy ; it leans a little to the overfulness of the elector. It is finely tempered literature, but it sets you remembering. What excellent Webster, that ! What capital Tournour there ! Beddoes could not make the Elizabethans live again, and Mrs Woods has only given us a brilliant study in the great manner. And, really, people should not make the fates so easy to mislead ; virtue should not lie

at the mercy of a borrowed wig or a stolen domino ; you must dig your destiny deep in character acting on character ; you must not hang it like a tassel to a bell-rope, or it will come off in your hands.

Mrs Woods has reared the altar, laid the wood, and slain the victim, but one thing is wanting still—the fire has never come.

And yet it is full of fine stuff ; it gives us admirable historical pictures ; it has passages of splendour, and scenes of flame and tears. The lovers are real lovers, and you hear their hearts beat. If only the elector had been a little thinner, the humour a little less conscientious, the effort a little less obvious ! Well, we can't have everything in this apology for a world.

Mrs Woods has a delicate palate for phrase : a jewel-worker's joy in the splendid light, a scholar's need to prove the notable lineage of an illustrious word.

And—she is somewhat of a pioneer in the technique of verse. She upholds and embodies the theories of the poet laureate, seeking to release our English prosody from Greek and Latin chains, and to establish it in the freedom of its native stress. Perhaps she is a little too fond of her theory, and labours a little too hard at liberty. But Mrs Woods cannot be commonplace, and finds it difficult to be conventional. Distinction is a primal need of her soul.

In her non-dramatic poems Mrs Woods has done admirable work in three modes of verse. Her lyrics are clear and flawless, often a little touched by quaintness, often a little influenced by memories of the Elizabethans and Jacobeans, and the later poets whose verse carried a jingle of the spurs, a flash of the keen light of a consecrated sword. Her ballads have almost always a haunting spirit at their heart—and their strange scenery is in the dim land that lies just beyond the touch of certain knowledge, within the touch of intuitions, dreams and fears. Hear this :

*" In the dead of the night the children were weeping,
 The mother heard that where she lay sleeping,
 And scratched at the coffin lid.
 The shrill of the lark, the screams of the owl,
 The dogs that bark and the storms that howl—
 She never had heard them where she lay hid.
 But she heard her poor little children weeping."*

The third phase of her work seems to me the highest and best. Non-rhymed poems have fought for a footing in English verse since the days of Macpherson, and we of more than middle-age remember our Tupper. Matthew Arnold experimented constantly with classical measures, but never shook himself free—never got beyond a sword dance, or a dance with shackles on his feet. Mrs Woods has slipped off the shoes of rhyme to walk barefooted with the grace of an Eastern woman poising a pitcher on her head. *The Builders*, a nocturne in Westminster Abbey—one of many pieces informed by a wide patriotism—is a great poem, through which a great thought flows with the sound of a proud river under the light of clear and beckoning stars.

*" Who has beheld them, the feeling tenuous hands,
 About the stones clinging, the carven crumbling
 Work that they wrought ere they lay in forgotten grave-
 yards ?*

Poor blind hands !

*As wan sea-birds cling on untrodden ledges
 And pinnacles of a lone precipitous isle
 Or giant cliff, where under them all is mist
 And the sullen booming of an unpacified sea,
 So do the phantoms cling on thy wind-worn ledges
 And æry heights, thou grey isle of God."*

Ah ! if Walt Whitman could have learnt to touch unrhymed cadences like that !

The Passing Bell, a tribute to the memory of her father, *One last Word*, *The Forgotten Dead*, *Genius Loci*—though it is hardly defensible as a sonnet—and two ballads, the strong and clutching *Ballad of the Mother*, from which a few lines have been quoted, the haunted and haunting *Ballad of the Maiden and the Water Spirit*—must never miss their special word of gratitude when one thanks Mrs Woods for her noble use of her singular gifts. Warwickshire ought to be proud of the wonderful daughter who left her to see the world, and saw it so well.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

COME, no more of grief and dying !
Sing the time too swiftly flying.

Just an hour
Youth's in flow'r,
Give me roses to remember
In the shadow of December.

Fie on steeds with leaden paces !
Winds shall bear us on our races,
Speed, O speed,
Wind, my steed,
Beat the lightning for your master,
Yet my Fancy shall fly faster.

Give me music, give me rapture !
Youth that's fled can none recapture,
Not with thought
Wisdom's bought.

Out on pride and scorn and sadness !
Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Sweetest Earth, I love and love thee,
Seas about thee, skies above thee,
 Sun and storms,
 Hues and forms
Of the clouds with floating shadows
On thy mountains and thy meadows.

Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,
Not thy lords it is that have thee ;
 Not for gold
 Art thou sold,
But thy lovers at their pleasure
Take thy beauty and thy treasure.

While sweet fancies meet me singing,
While the April blood is springing
 In my breast,
 While a jest
And my youth thou yet must leave me,
Fortune, 'tis not thou canst grieve me.

When at length the grasses cover
Me, the world's unwearied lover,
 If regret
 Haunt me yet,
It shall be for joys untasted,
Nature lent and folly wasted.

Youth and jests and summer weather,
Goods that kings and clowns together
Waste or use
As they choose,
These, the best, we miss pursuing
Sullen shades that mock our wooing.

Feigning Age will not delay it—
When the reckoning comes we'll pay it,
Own our mirth
Has been worth
All the forfeit light or heavy
Wintry Time and Fortune levy.

Feigning grief will not escape it,
What though ne'er so well you ape it—
Age and care
All must share,
All alike must pay hereafter,
Some for sighs and some for laughter.

Know, ye sons of Melancholy,
To be young and wise is folly.
'Tis the weak
Fear to wreak
On this clay of life their fancies,
Shaping battles, shaping dances.

While ye scorn our names unspoken,
Roses dead and garlands broken,
O ye wise,
We arise,

Out of failures, dreams, disasters,
We arise to be your masters.

TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD

To the forgotten dead,
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.
To every fervent yet resolvèd heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its stately fabric overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace.
To the unhonoured dead.

To the forgotten dead,
Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the
rein
Of Fate and hurl into the void again
Her thunder-hoofèd horses, rushing blind
Earthward along the courses of the wind.
Among the stars, along the wind in vain
Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed,
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.
To the thrice-perished dead.

L'ENVOI

*“ Adieu ! ye Bards, our teachers and our friends,
Ye went your ways unto your destined ends.
Herein your steps are traced, and heard anew
The songs ye sang ; the fragrant flowers ye grew
Within your gardens here are pluckt afresh !
Their perfume draws us to your magic mesh.
Around immortal Shakespeare’s throne ye stand—
The fairest gem that sparkles on the hand
Of Poesy ! and by his mighty name
Ye gain a meed of his undying fame ;
His very name doth all our thoughts inspire—
And ye were of his well-belovèd Shire !
May hearts attuned to sympathy and praise
Attest your merit and preserve your bays.”*

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